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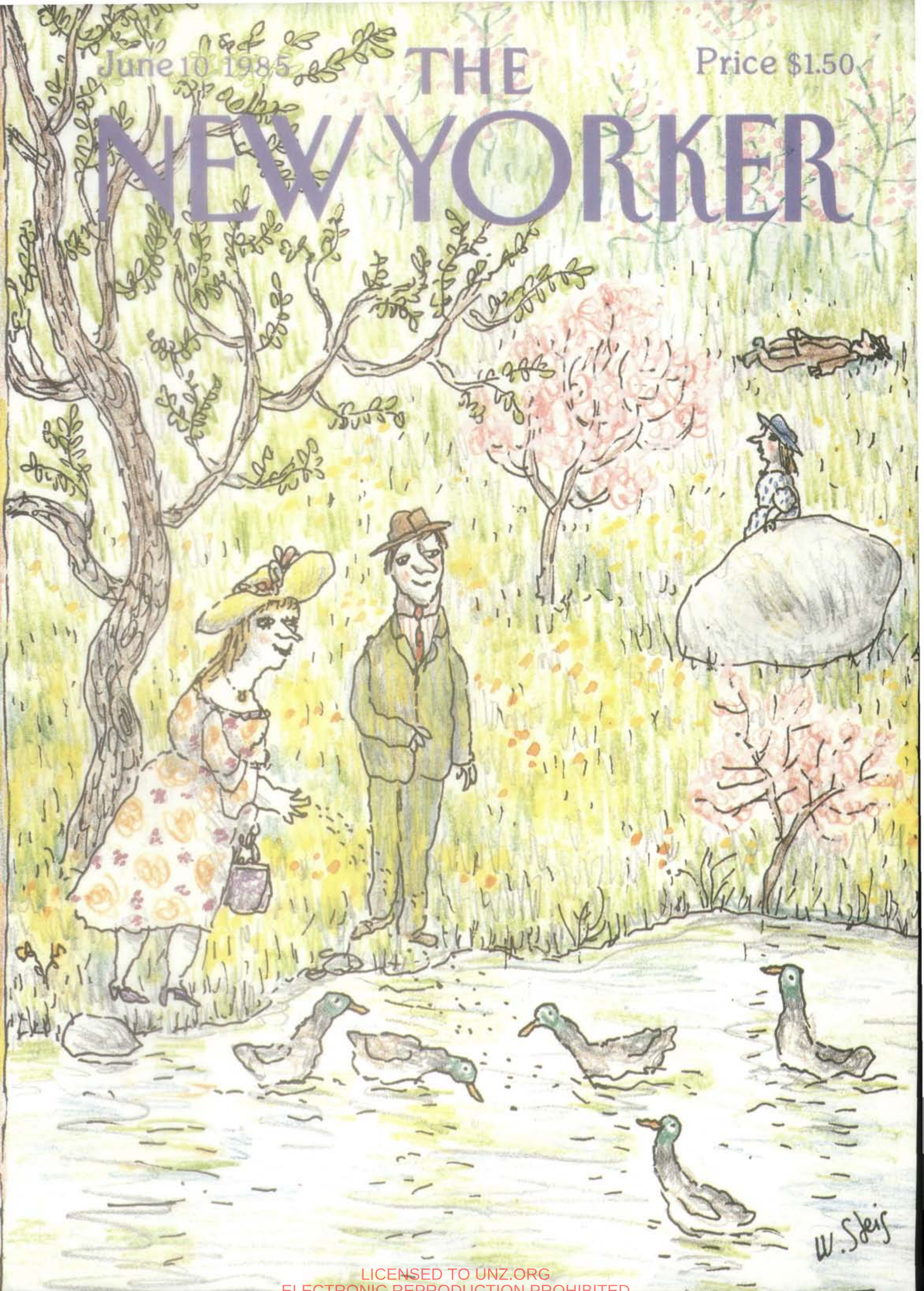

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Theatre Exchange—A festival of three productions by American regional theatre companies which will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. The opening play, from the Yale Repertory Theatre, is **FAULKNER'S BICYCLE**, by Heather McDonald. Preview Wednesday, June 5. Opens officially on Thursday, June 6, and will run through Saturday, June 22. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Wednesday, June 12, at 2.)

Aren't We All?—Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and a superb assortment of supporting actors bring back to merry life the Frederick Lonsdale drawing-room comedy of 1923. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/13/85.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A charming early Shaw comedy has been given an exaggerated, overly energetic production, directed by John Malkovich. Kevin Kline is admirable as Captain Bluntschli; the rest of the cast is showing off. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The cast is first-rate. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Childhood and **For No Good Reason**—Whatever Nathalie Sarraute's contribution to French letters may be, her contribution to the theatre—as made manifest in these two one-acters adapted from her work—is zero. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

Chopin in Space—A play by Phil Bosakowski. (Ark, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 9.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of a play by Sam Shepard. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Austin Pendleton, John Cullum, Ron Leibman, and Tony Roberts. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays, running through Monday, June 17. "Road to the Graveyard," by Horton Foote; "Desperadoes," by Keith Reddin; "Aggressive Behavior," by Stuart Spencer; and "Between Cars," by Alan Zweibel: Wednesday, June 5, at 7; Friday, June 7, at 7:30; Saturday, June 8, at 7 and 10; Sunday, June 9, at 3; and Monday, June 10, at 7:30. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . ¶ "North of Providence," by Edward Allan Baker; "The Semi-Formal," by Louisa Jerauld; "Painting a Wall," by David Lan; and "The Happy Hour," by Shel Silverstein: Thursday, June 6, at 7:30; Sunday, June 9, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, June 12-14, at 7:30; and Saturday, June 15, at 7 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

Fighting International Fat—A comedy by Jonathan Reynolds. Opens Wednesday, June 5. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St.; near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grind—An ambitious musical (book by Fay Kanin, music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh) about life in a burlesque house in Chicago in 1933; black and white performers are professionally segregated, the Great Depression is on, and even a newly arrived Irish immigrant is in trouble. Directed with his usual energy and skill by Harold

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Prince and starring Ben Vereen, Leilani Jones, Stubby Kaye, and Timothy Nolen. (4/22/85) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

I'm Not Rappaport—A new comedy by Herb Gardner, with Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. Previews Wednesday, June 5. Opens officially on Thursday, June 6. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Juno's Swans—Betty Buckley, Daniel Hugh-Kelly, and Mary Kay Place in a comedy by E. Katherine Kerr. Directed by Marsha Mason. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 944-9300. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A torrent of early-sixties songs, written by Ellie Greenwich and her collaborators. The songs are affixed to a soap-opera version of Miss Greenwich's life, and Miss Greenwich herself puts in an unexpected and rather touching appearance. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lies and Legends: The Musical Stories of Harry Chapin—A musical entertainment using works by the late composer. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 9.)

The Marriage of Bette and Boo—Christopher Durang's very funny, mordant satire on a Catholic *mariage à la mode*, with the playwright himself as the luckless son of the couple under examination. The performance, under Jerry Zaks' direction, is absolutely first-rate. (5/27/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Miss Universal Happiness—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, June 22.)

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Negro Ensemble Company—A spirited revival of the fine **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN,** by Lonne Elder III, with Douglas Turner Ward again doubling as director and leading man. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A revised version of Neil Simon's comedy, starring Rita Moreno and Sally Struthers. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews through Monday, June 10. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 11. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, June 13, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rat in the Skull—The scene is a police station in London, where an Irish Catholic terrorist is questioned by two English cops and questioned and tormented and smothered in words by a member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. The play, by Ron Hutchinson, is an import from the Royal Court Theatre; it is very well acted, under the expert direction of Max Stafford-Clark. (6/3/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

The Return of Herbert Bracewell—The admirable Milo O'Shea is lightly disguised as a failed actor in his eighties, who recites speeches and scenes from the parts he never got, in this monologue with interruptions, lightly disguised as a play. Frances Sternhagen, as the actor's wife, is the tactful interrupter. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (6/3/85) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Singin' in the Rain—A musical based on the 1952 film, with a book adapted by Betty Comden and Adolph Green from their original screenplay, and songs by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed. Directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp. Previews through Wednesday, June 12. Opens officially on Thursday, June 13. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Submariners—A comedy by Tom McClenaghan. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A revival of John van Druten's 1943 comedy, with Chris Sarandon, Patricia Elliott, and J. Smith-Cameron. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (*46th Street Theatre,* 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. *Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées*

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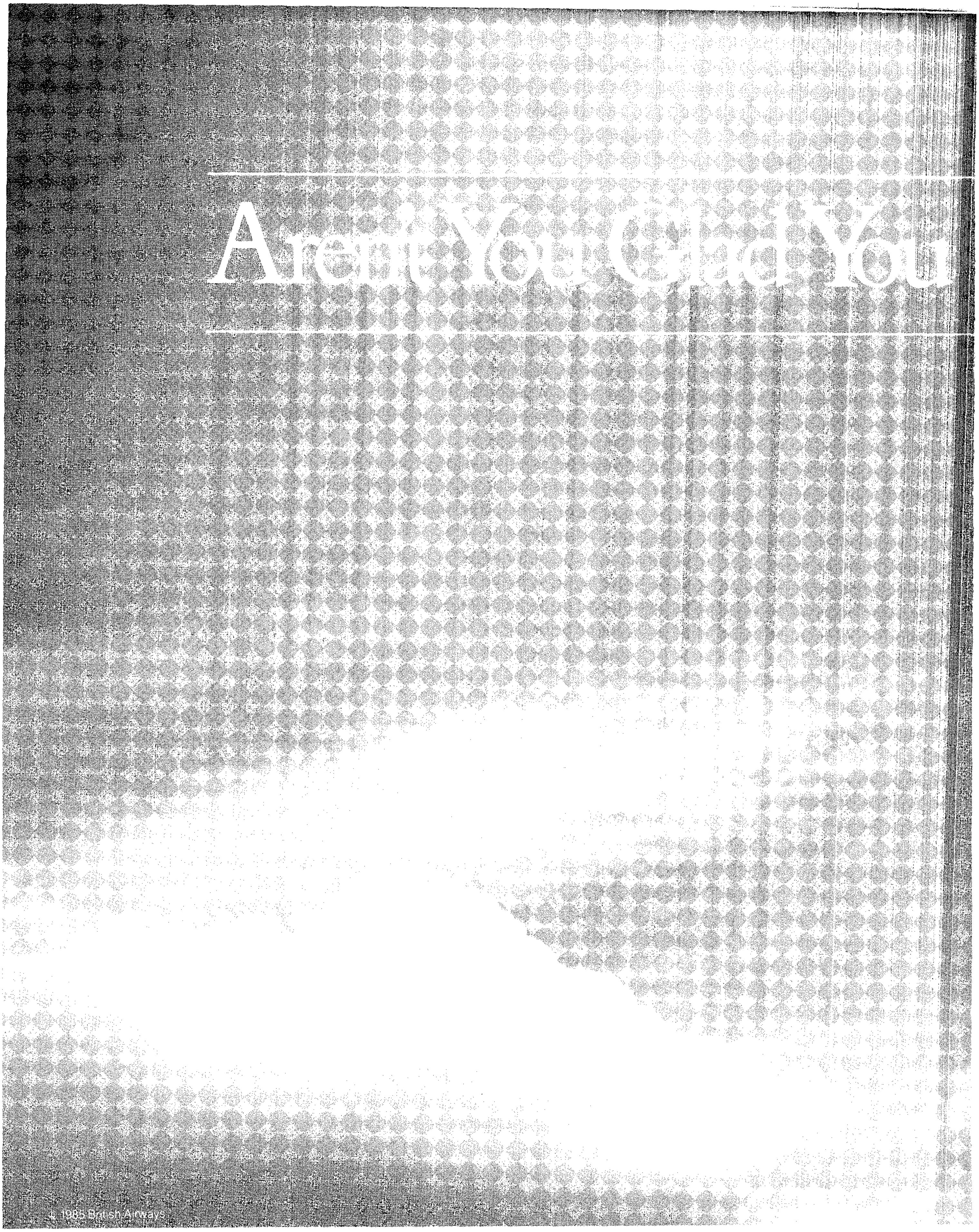

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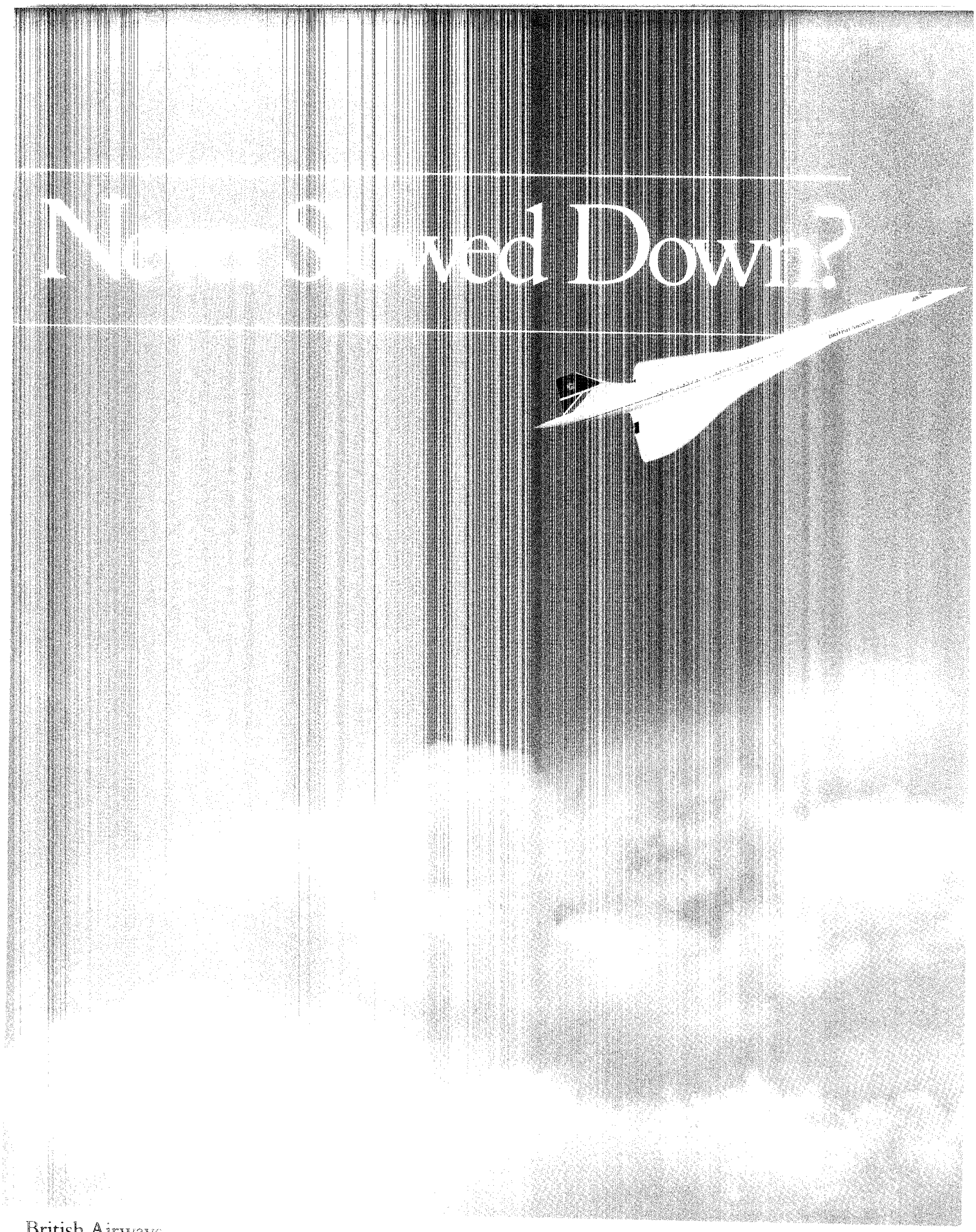

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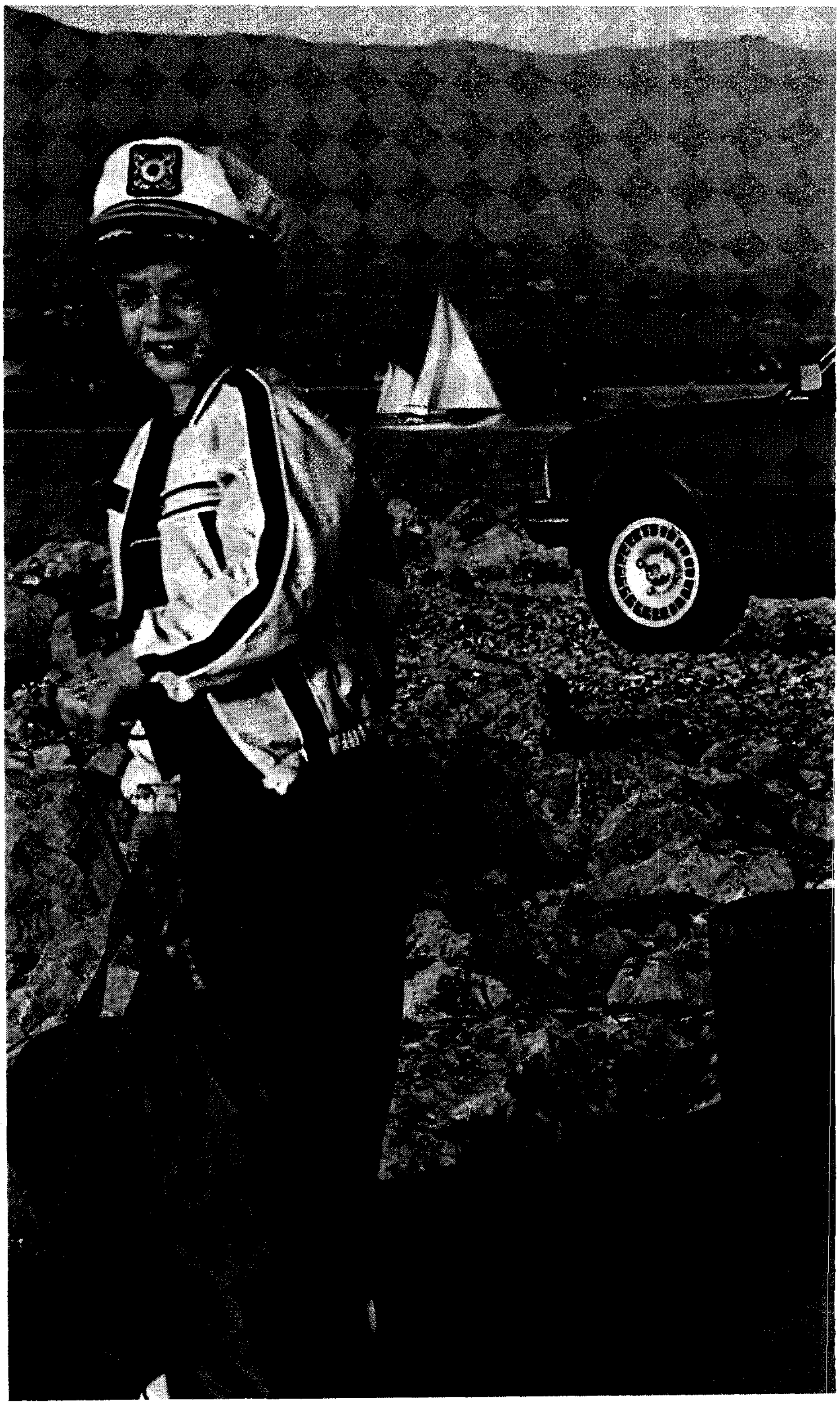

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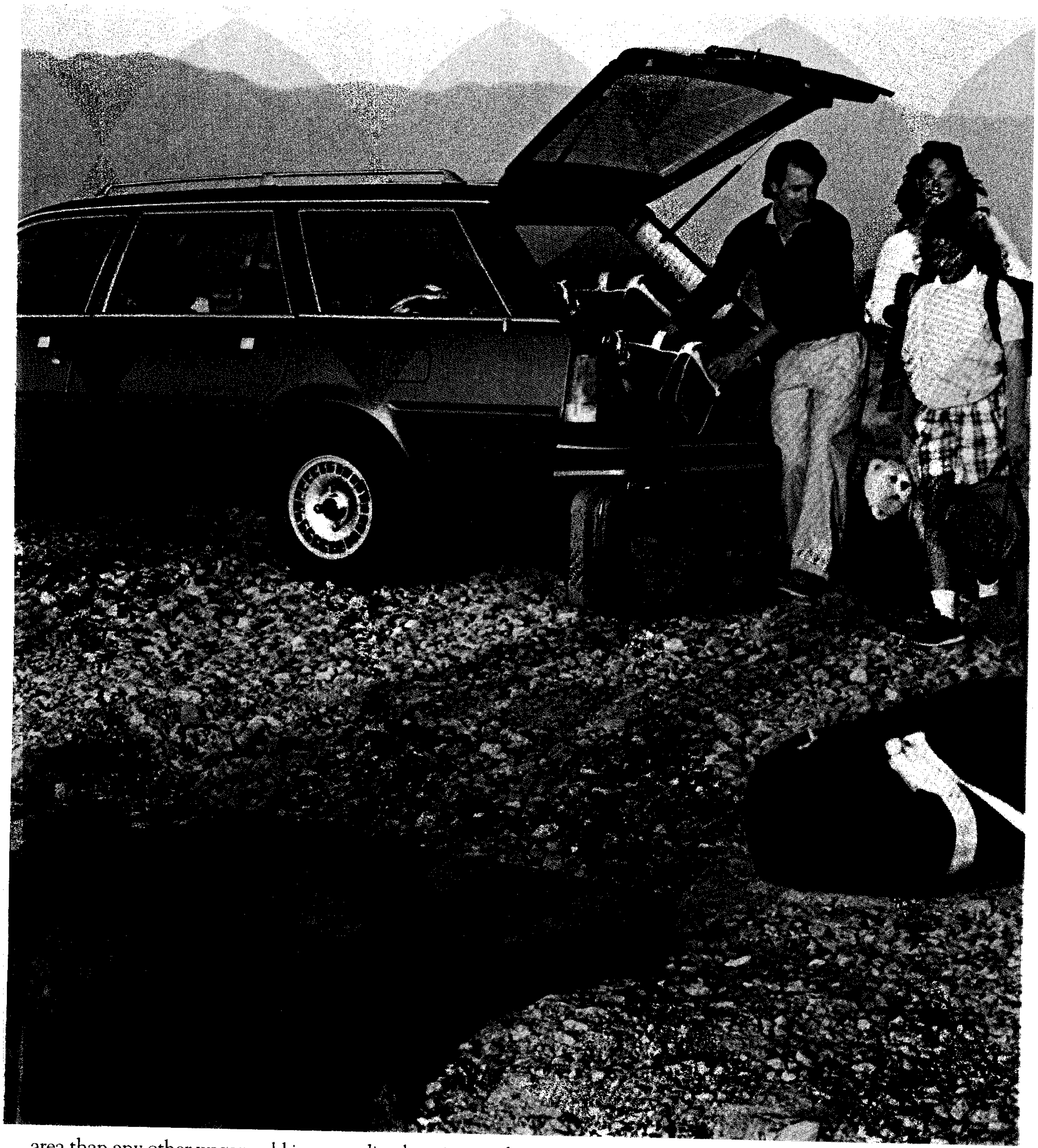

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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,448 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Deborah Strang and George Gerdes have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 5: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Valse-Fantaisie," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 6: "Firebird" and an unnamed ballet (preview). A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676 between 10 and 5. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 7: "The Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Seven by Five," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Poulenc Sonata," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 9: "Apollo," "Valse Triste," "Eight More," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 9: "The Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 11: "Apollo," "Seven by Five," "Other Dances," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 12: "Square Dance," "Poulenc Sonata," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 13: "The Four Temperaments," the new ballet (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 14: "Seven by Five," "Andantino," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 15: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 15: "The Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 23.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 5: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 6-7, and June 13-14, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 15: "Don Quixote [Kitri's Wedding]." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 8, and Monday evening, June 10: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 11, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 12: "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

CHAMBER BALLET U.S.A.—Wednesday, June 5, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, at 8: "Stars and Stripes," "La Favorita" (New York première), "Between Spaces," and "Contredances." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 8; Saturday, June 8, at 2; and Sunday, June 9, at 5: "Libido," "Contredances," and two New York premières—"Rossini Sonatas" and "Tideline." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

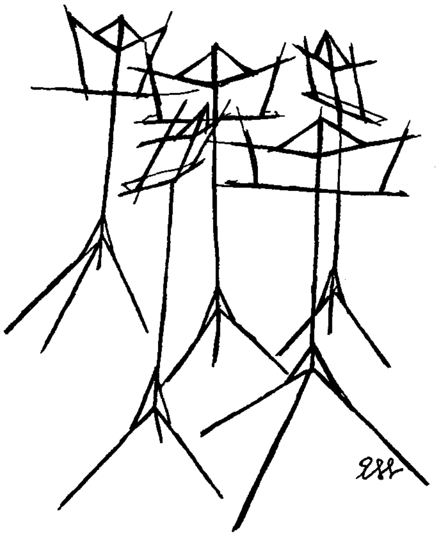
SAMUL-NORI—A program of traditional Korean folk drumming and dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Wednesday, June 5, at 8.)

CHEN & DANCERS—A program of new and repertory works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, June 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, June 9, at 3 and 8.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, June 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

COURT DANCE COMPANY—A program of nineteenth-century ballroom dances. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, June 16, at 3. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **NANETTE BEARDEN CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE:** Wednesday, June 5; Friday, June 7; and Sunday, June 9, all at 8. . . . **BALLETFORE:** Thursday, June 6, at 8; Saturday, June 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 9, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)



NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The wonderful **JULIE WILSON** is singing Cole Porter songs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** drops by this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths, a curvy bar, and famous jazz guys. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** leads his quartet through Sunday, June 9, and on Tuesday, June 11, Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will come in with his outfit. Sets begin after nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, P. F. Sloan and Tommy Koenig; Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, **DAVID BROMBERG.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. **BILL MAYS** and **RON MC CLURE** hit it through Saturday, June 8, and starting Monday, June 10, **JOHN HICKS, JR., AND WALTER BOOKER, JR.,** will take charge for six nights. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who manages wonderfully to be sophisticated and enthusiastic at the same time, is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano over in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

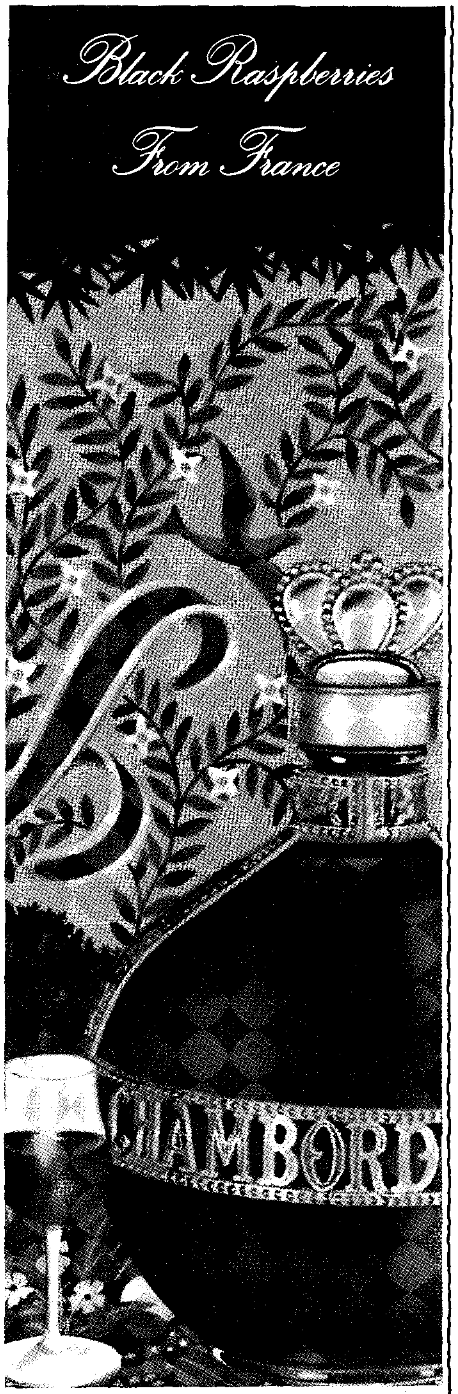
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on the block. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room where you can hear Carol Fredette sing with her trio through Sunday, June 9, and starting Tuesday, June 11, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings with *her* backing crew. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Thursday, June 6,



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Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

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Judy Small and Toshi Reagan; Friday, June 7, **CHRISTINE LAVIN** and Jody Guthrie; Saturday, June 8, Gene Clark, Michael Clarke, John York, Blondie Chaplin, and Rick Roberts in a tribute to the Byrds; Tuesday, June 11, the Uganda Project; Thursday, June 13, Fred Small; and Friday, June 14, former Band members bassist **RICK DANKO** and keyboardist **RICHARD MANUEL.** Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Alicia Sherman sings with pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Phil Bowler; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **RALPH SUTTON** goes to town through Saturday, June 8, and on Tuesday, June 11, **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return with his stride-piano repertoire. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A nice room that has resumed its piano-bass policies. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but at all times a powerhouse of a pianist, can be heard here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The partial lineup: Wednesday, June 5, Don McLean; Thursday, June 6, Double Duo and Roadhouse Gypsies; Friday, June 7, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Monday, June 10, Sylvain, Sylvain; Tuesday, June 11, Catskill-blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** and Thursday, June 13, R. & B.-ists **WHO IT IS** and Chicago-blues singer **KOKO TAYLOR.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **MC COY TYNER** and **RON CARTER** are in the midst of a piano-bass engagement. Music nightly, except Mondays. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MILT HINTON'S** 75th-Birthday Jazz Party is the program here, with Mr. Hinton celebrating on bass, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums, and a bunch of visiting musician friends playing their respects. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The musicians: Wednesday, June 5, the Williamsburg All-Stars; Thursday, June 6, singer **GRACE TESTANI;** Fridays and Saturdays, violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, June 10, R. & B.-ists **JUMP STREET;** and Thursday, June 13, flutist Sherry Winston. Music from about ten. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible swing music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, June 5, Mountain; Thursday, June 6, **CHUCK BERRY,** the correct answer to the question: What is rock and roll?; Friday, June 7, Sisters of Mercy; Saturday, June 8, Three O'Clock; Wednesday, June 12, Run-D.M.C.; and Thursday, June 13, Aku-Aku and Broken Arrow. Shows usually begin after eleven. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **JOE BUSHKIN** is at the piano and singing, too, Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Part of the jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday, June 5, Lou Caimano; Thursday, June 6, Michael Dolan; Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, the **BOB MINTZER** big band; Sunday, June 9, flutist **JEREMY STEIG;** Monday, June 10, electric pianist **DOM SALVADOR;** and Tuesday, June 11, the Vinnie Golia sextet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, June 5-6, calypsonian **MIGHTY SPARROW;** Friday, June 7, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Saturday, June 8, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, June 9, **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his ten-piece band, **AMAZON;** Wednesday and Thursday, June 12-13, the great percussionist **OLATUNJI;** and Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The totally charming trumpeter and vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM** heads up a combo through Sunday, June 9, and on Tuesday, June 11, the lilting, beautiful solos of South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his colleagues in his band, **EKAYA,** will begin drifting through the room. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on June 10, singer-lyricist **RUBEN BLADES, LOS SEIS DEL SOLAR,** and guest soloist Noel Pointer will all be here. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **RAY BRYANT** is on hand every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist and composer **DAVID MURRAY** works with pianist **JOHN HICKS,** drummer **ED BLACKWELL,** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** through Sunday, June 9, and starting Tuesday, June 11, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will arrive with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his swing group, the Jazz Sultans, work here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Guitarist Joel Terry's quintet has the floor Sunday through Tuesday, June 9-11. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: bassist **STAFFORD JAMES** and pianist Mark Cohen through Saturday, June 8; starting Monday, June 10, guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI;** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

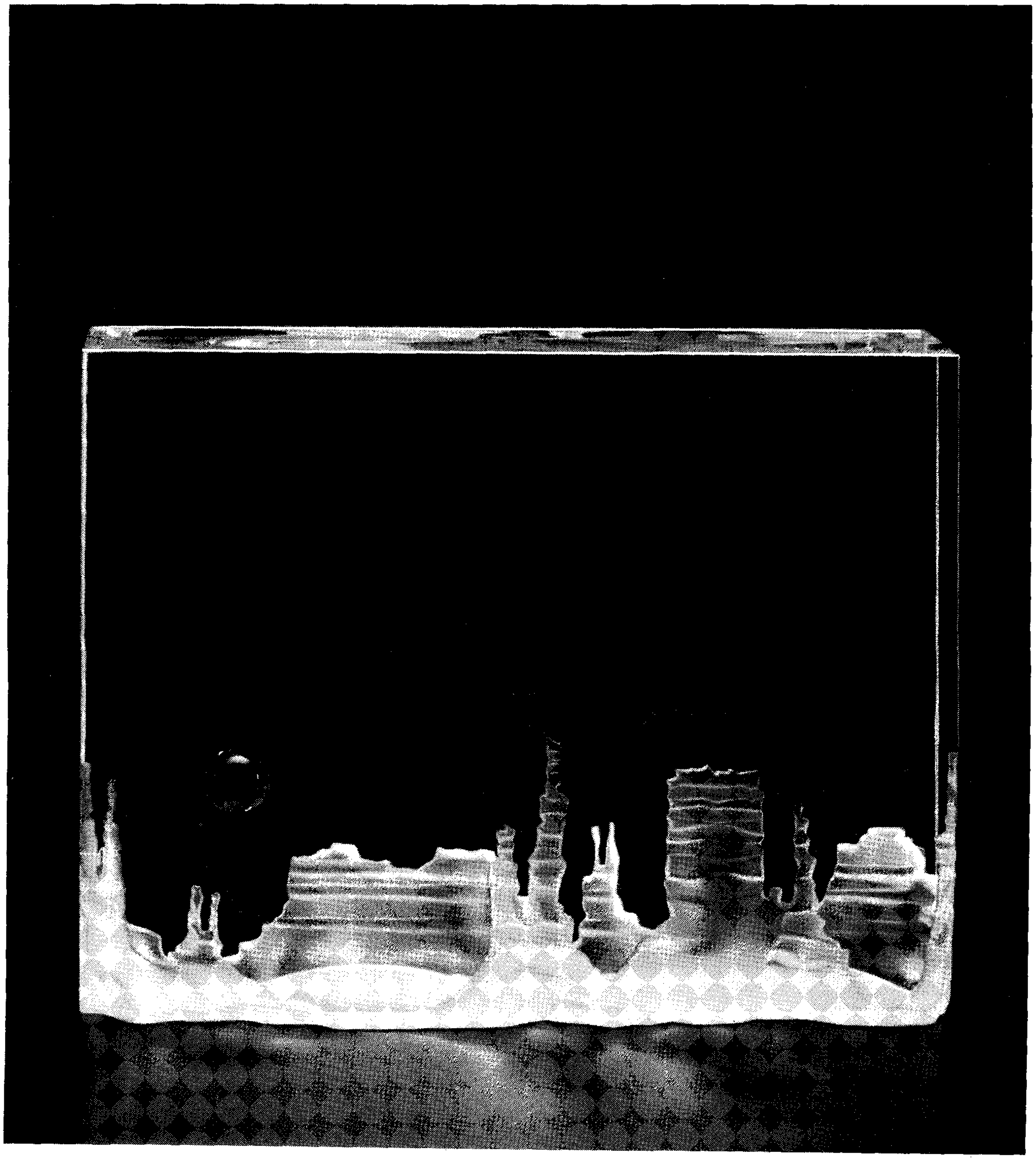
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday through Sunday, June 5-9, at 8.

Mitchell Korn—With the Mitchell Korn Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, June 7, at 8.)

Steeleye Span, Renaissance, and **Fairport Convention**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, June 7, at 8.

Jazz at the Center—A series of concerts pre-



Monument Valley

This solid crystal form is cut and sand sculpted to depict a natural sandstone landscape, drenched in light from a pale moon. The spires, dunes, and buttes were inspired by Monument Valley, a breathtaking region spanning Arizona and Utah. By Bernard X. Wolff. Width 8¾″. $3,500. Signed Steuben. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1-212-752-1441. (For the Steuben Catalogue, send $5.00.) Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

sented by the Henry Street Settlement Music School. Friday, June 7, at 7: Sphere. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 7 and 8:30: Mongo Santamaria and his group. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 12, at 7 and 8:30: Count Basie orchestra, with Thad Jones. . . . ¶ Friday, June 14, at 7 and 8:30: Max Roach double quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 7: Milt Jackson quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 16, at 7: Frank Foster & the Loud Minority, with Vanessa Rubin. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400.)

American Folk Roots—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by David Amram and friends. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Sunday, June 9, at 8.)

Eighth Annual New York Women's Jazz Festival—Sunday, June 9, from 1 to 9: Opening-day ceremonies, with performances by the Harp Band, Sarah McLawler & the UJC Big Apple Jazzwomen Ensemble, and others. (Free.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 10, at 8, Nancie Manzuk Banks; at 8:45, Stephanie Crawford; at 9:30, Rosanna Vitro; and at 10, Irene Reid. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 11, at 8, Carol Sudhalter quartet, and at 9:30, Nina Sheldon quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 12, at 8, Eiko Ono trio, and at 9:30, Willene Barton quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 13, at 8, Sumi Tonooka trio, and at 9:30, Semenya McCord & trio. . . . ¶ Friday, June 14, at 9, Fostina Dixon & Winds of Change, and at 10:30, Jill McManus quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 9, Laurha Frankfort trio, and at 10:30, UJC Big Apple Jazzwomen Orchestra. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

Jimmy Owens Plus—In a tribute to Thelonious Monk. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, June 9, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Gal Costa—Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, June 10-11, at 8.

Kenny Loggins—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, at 8.

Robert Klein—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, June 15, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Wednesday, June 5, at 8: Al DiMeola. . . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 9 and 10:30: Philly Joe Jones quintet in a salute to Tadd Dameron. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 9: Frank Owens trio in a salute to Erroll Garner. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carroll Cloar—Scenes of the rural South, as it is remembered by a native. Through July 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

William Crozier—Bronze figures, some of them in sexually explicit attitudes. Through Saturday, June 8. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Johannes Dörflinger—Startlingly warm colors (red, orange, magenta) are dominant in these paintings of trees, figures, and a landscape, stylized almost to the point of abstraction. Through Friday, June 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Oil paintings by an Austrian Expressionist. Through July 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

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Joan Thorne—Recent abstract paintings, some incorporating more than twenty colors, plus pastels on paper. Through June 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joseph Yoakum (1886-1972)—Landscape drawings from the sixties, the early years of his art career. Through July 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **cds gallery**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by twentieth-century Latin-American artists, including Fernando Botero, R. Lopez Dirube, Amelia Pelaez, and Claudio Bravo. Through June 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schlesinger-boisanté**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifteen contemporary painters are represented by one work apiece, in mediums ranging from sandpaper to silk. Ross Bleckner, David Deutsch, and Andrea Belag are three. Through Saturday, June 15.

Sculpture—Maquettes for outdoor public works by thirteen artists, including Athena Tacha, Eve Licea, and Harvey Weiss. Through June 29. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Lothar Baumgarten—Photographs of a Venezuelan jungle where this German conceptual artist lived among nomadic Indians and found, among other things, that man's quest for uranium, tin, gold, and the rest of it is displacing the tapirs, jaguars, armadillos, crocodiles, and even the ants, who belong there. Through Saturday, June 15. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Bohary—Abstract paintings (large and small) in oil, plus charcoal drawings. Through June 18. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—A happy assembly of some of his best works—stabiles, mobiles, paintings—shown to their best advantage. Through Saturday, June 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Karen Erla—Collages incorporating etched material, fabrics, wire screening, and other elements in fanciful abstractions. Through Saturday, June 8. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Realist works on paper; one, in pastel and charcoal, shows two women lugging an unconscious man. Through Friday, June 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

P. S. Gordon / Cole Young—Still-lifes in watercolor. / Large-scale oil landscapes of western New York. Through June 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David Hockney / Joel Perlman—Photo-collages. / Freestanding abstract welded-steel sculptures, some more than nine feet high. Through June 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alexandre Hogue—Landscapes of Big Bend National Park, Texas. Through Saturday, June 15. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures done in plaster, carved wood, and steel. Through Saturday, June 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—The Gold Series: The artist's familiar figures (strollers, bathers) in action on canvases suffused with warm gold tones. Through Friday, June 7. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hitch Lyman / Gary Kulak—A new set of small watercolors of Greece, Turkey, and Italy. / Bronze and steel sculptures of benches and chairs. Through Friday, June 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948) / **Avigdor Arikha**—Collages, assemblages, and sculptures from all periods of the artist's career. Through July 5. / Figurative and still-life oil paintings. Through June 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Torlen—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through June 28. (Ross, 162 W. 56th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Chihung Yang / Charles Munch—Paintings in which lusty female nudes are contrasted with skulls and bones. / Paintings of simplified human figures in a variety of situations—one man rescuing another from drowning, for instance. Through Saturday, June 8. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures in diverse mediums by sixteen contemporary artists, including Jonathan Borofsky, Yvonne Jacquette, Jasper Johns, and Judy Rifka. Through June 29. . . . **armstrong**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by nine Irish artists who participated in last year's Dublin exhibit called "Rosc," which is a nice Gaelic word meaning "poetry of vision." Through Saturday, June 8. . . . **david findlay, jr.**, 41 E. 57th St.: A family affair, with works on paper by Tully Filmus and his sons Michael and Stephen. Through Saturday, June 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **robert miller**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A wide selection of figurative and abstract works on paper by Henri Matisse, Georgia O'Keeffe, Janet Fish, Man Ray, and many others. Also, paintings by non-professionals from the private collections of professional artists. Through July 31. . . . **pearl**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists new to the gallery scene. Through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by American modernists, including James Daugherty, Marsden Hartley, and Joseph Stella. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Louis Comtois—Stripe paintings on panels, which vary in size and are made of wood, plaster, cement, and metal. Through June 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

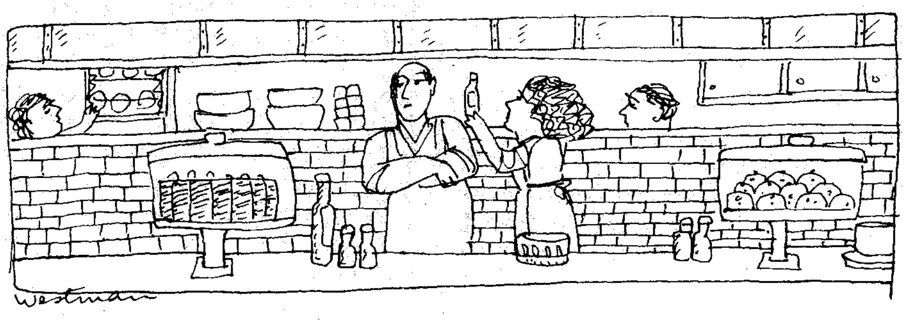
Jay Coogan—Large, bright-colored wood sculptures of objects that defy classification. Some are freestanding and some are wall pieces, and there are striking pastels of a related character. Through June 22. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Dan Flavin / Dianne Blell—A large and otherwise empty gallery is transfigured by a double row of pink, yellow, blue, and green fluorescent tubes running along the top of one wall, like a frieze. Through Aug. 30. / Unusually large color photographs of robed figures (Cupid and Psyche, for instance) posed in classical settings. Through Saturday, June 15. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Fred Gutzeit / Ethelyn Honig—A salon-style mounting of about a hundred paintings and sculptures from the past twenty years. / Abstract oils. Through June 22. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison / Edwin Schlossberg—Photographs and texts outlining projects these urban cosmographers undertook toward rescuing rivers in San Jose and Pasadena, and softening the looks of Atlanta's fortresslike inner city. / A large room full of this poet's works lettered on aluminum-and-Scotchlite signs, fixed to the walls and posted on a forest of pillars; the title of the series is "Deep See Poems." Through Saturday, June 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Martin Kippenberger—Paintings by a contemporary German whose works reflect amuse-



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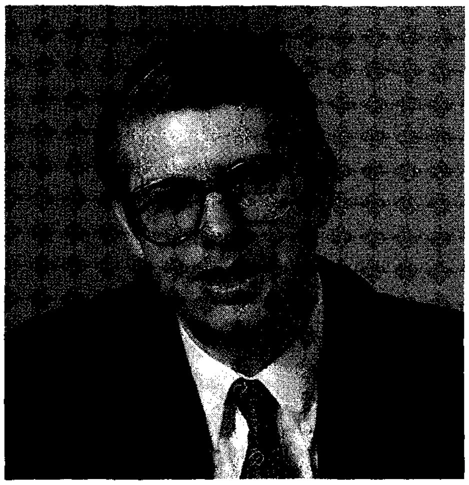

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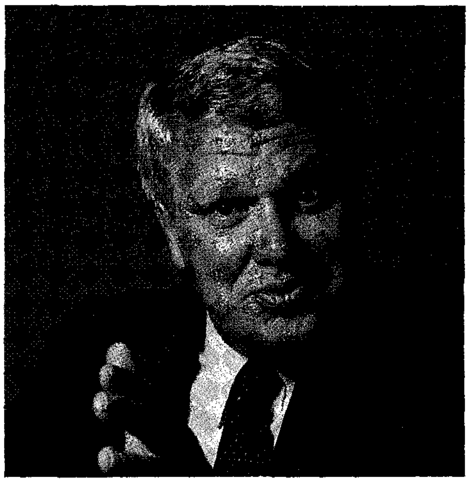

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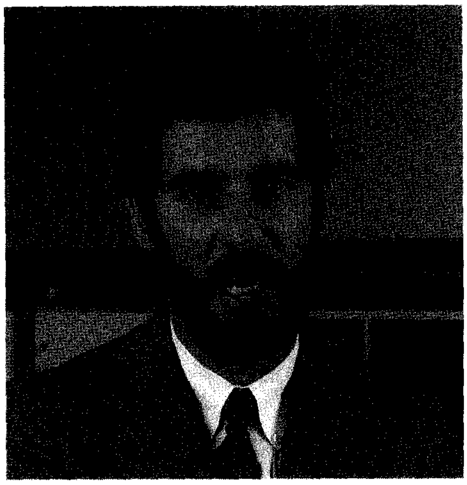

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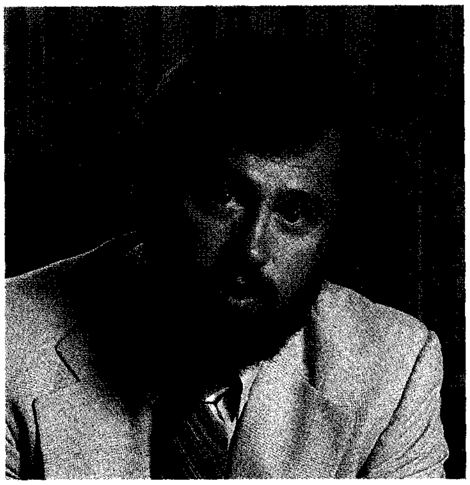

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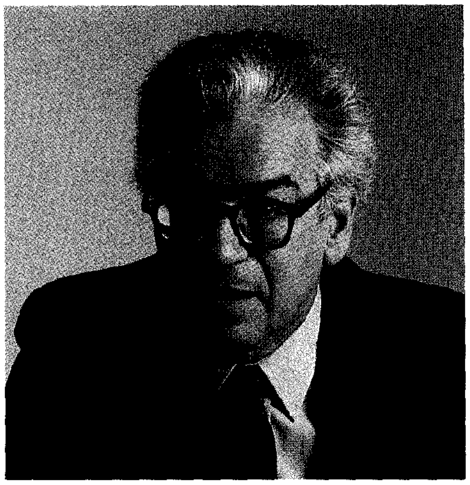

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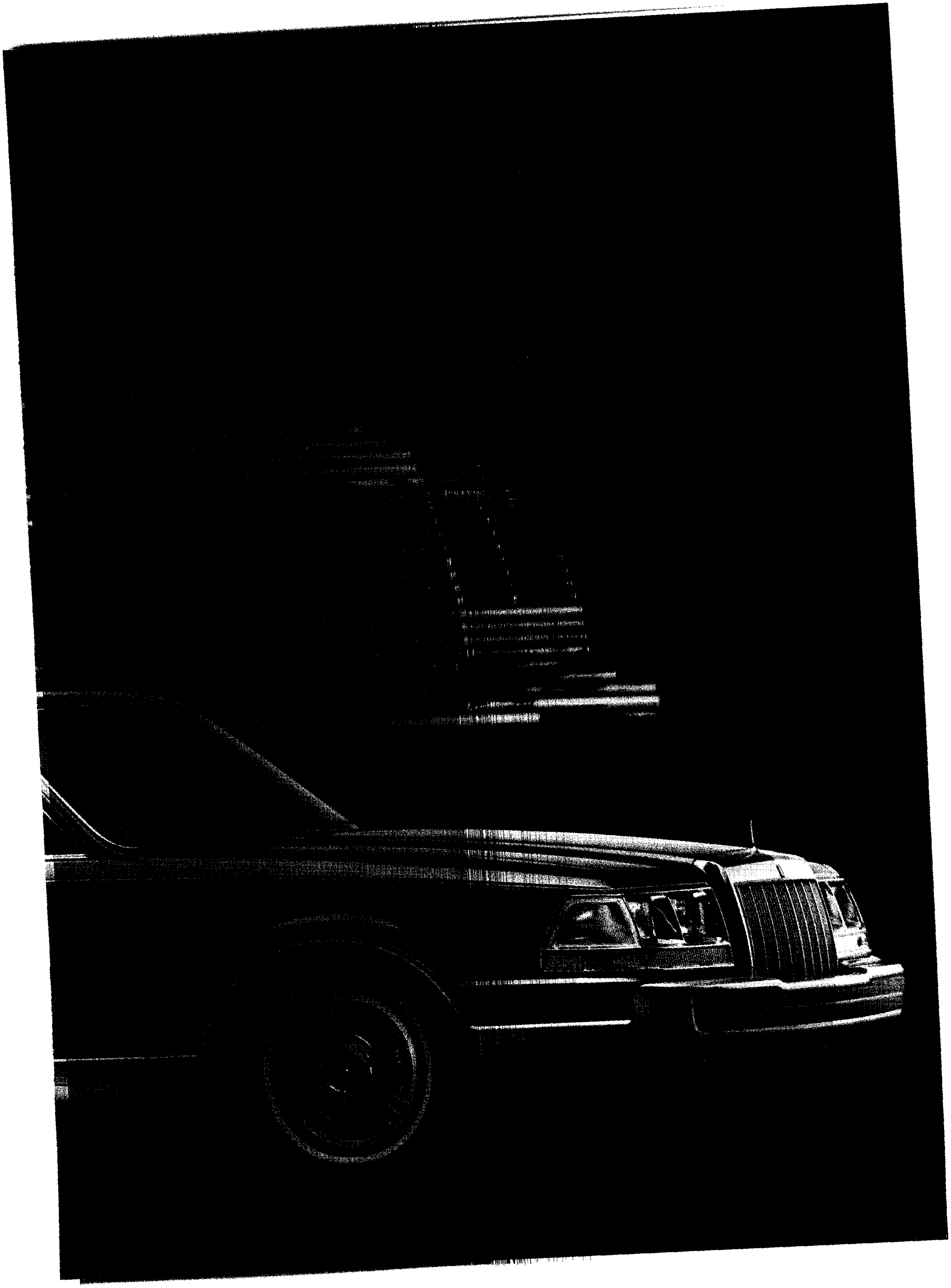

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ment rather than angst; one canvas shows the artist in an automobile of the future. Through Saturday, June 15. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Rosemary Mayer / Joanne Howard—Translucent urnlike sculptures made of paper. / Small landscape paintings from a palette of dark colors. Through June 28. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Roman Opalka—This Conceptualist continues his count to infinity with another series of paintings and drawings of numbers. Tape recordings of Mr. Opalka counting accompany the show. Through June 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Mimmo Paladino—Sculptures in stone and bronze. Through Saturday, June 8. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Masaaki Sato / Vladimir German—Life-size paintings of newsstands jammed with colorful magazines, papers, chewing gum, and candy bars. / Small Ryderesque paintings of lonely ships at sea, done in oil on paper. Through June 22. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Alan Siegel—Wood chairs are the convention; the invention lies in their embellishment, such as the chair that has van Gogh's wicker painted on it in van Gogh colors. Through June 26. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Bill Woodrow—Sculptures composed from salvage—for instance, an airplane composed, more or less, from a wrecked wing, with a shovel made from that wreckage serving as one blade of its propeller. Through Saturday, June 8. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **boone,** 417 West Broadway: The Brooklyn Academy of Music will benefit from the sale of paintings by Carroll Dunham, Elizabeth Murray, Terry Winters, and many other artists. Through June 29. . . . **cutler,** 164 Mercer St.: A big grab bag of small works—masks, paintings, drawings, reliefs, toys—by seventy-five artists on the way up. Through July 3. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **germans van eck,** 420 West Broadway: A look at what's going on abroad; paintings and sculptures by young Europeans. Through June 29. . . . **stephen rosenberg,** 115 Wooster St.: Abstract oil paintings by Linda Besemer, Willy Heeks, Nicholas Maffei, and Claire Seidl. Through July 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **shafrazi,** 163 Mercer St.: A very big black-and-red painting of a city burning while batlike demons hover overhead by Rick Prol and surrealist landscapes by Steve Koivisto catch the eye in this show, which also offers new work by Samantha McEwen, James Nares, and Bruno Schmidt. Through June 29. . . . **soho center for visual artists,** 114 Prince St.: Recent paintings by Eva Goetz, Amy Kool, Doris Lanier, and Betty Tompkins. Through Saturday, June 15. (Opens at noon.) . . . **thorp,** 103 Prince St.: Large landscapes by Gregory Crane of a skewed countryside where some of the clouds have lost their grip on the sky and are falling; paintings of mythic figures by June Leaf; and sombre paintings by R. L. Kaplan of lonesome-looking benches, chairs, and banners. Through June 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Judy Rifka / David West—Nudes and still-lifes painted directly on the Gracie Mansion Gallery walls; classical figures painted on irregularly stretched canvases. / Oil paintings of rudimentary figures. Through June 16. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Diego Rivera (1886-1957)—Watercolors and drawings, mostly of Mexican subjects but a few done in Russia when the artist was a guest at the tenth anniversary of the revolution. Through June 28. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Russell Sharon—Bright-colored "people and pets" of the artist's design—the former sculpted from tree trunks with a chain saw, the latter constructed with wood strips. Through June 28. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

P.S. 1—Paintings by forty-four artists from Houston and photographs by ten Swedes are just two of the many shows in progress here. Through June 23. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

The Gathering of the Avant-Garde: The Lower East Side, 1948-1970—A three-part exhibit that recalls the days before art and money had found each other, when artists congregated in what was the low-rent section of the East Village. Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures from that time by Elaine de Kooning, Red Grooms, Robert Rauschenberg, Janet Fish, and others. (Kenkeleba Gallery, 214 E. 2nd St. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6. Through June 30. . . . ¶ Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Through June 29.) . . . ¶ Documentary material from the period, primarily photographs but also literary journals and show announcements, are at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Through June 30. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

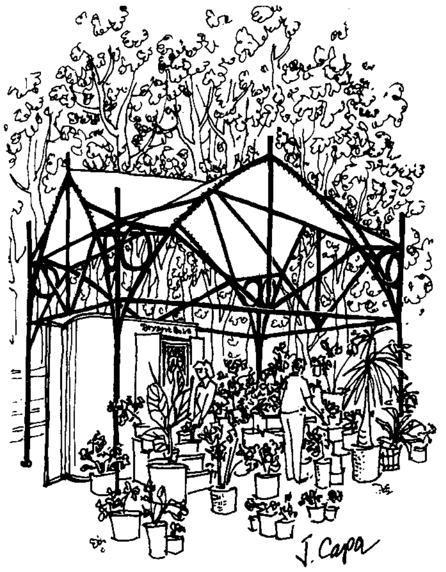
The Razor Show—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and video honoring the old Razor Gallery, one of the first to open in SoHo (it closed in 1979). Thirty-four alumni, including Coco, Judy Pfaff, Helmut Amann, Franc Palaia, and Robert Colescott, are represented by one work from the Razor era and one current piece. Through June 29. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. . . . ¶ Hudson Center, 105 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

Note—At Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.: A hooded embrasure, accessible twenty-four hours a day from the street outside the gallery, looks in on a small-scale mountainous landscape with a waterfall and glowing volcanoes. Rainstorms occur regularly, lightning flashes, and a river races along at flood tide. The installation is the work of Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel. Through July 31. (Closed Tuesdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan / Carl Toth—Multiple-exposure dye-transfer prints of downtown urban shopping areas. / Abstract color-Xerox collages. Through Saturday, June 15. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Ess—Large pinhole-camera photographs—of beaches, birds, interiors—veiled by the murkiness inherent in lensless-camera works. Through Saturday, June 8. (Cable, 611 Broadway.)



Andreas Feininger—Experimental photographs of nature from the thirties; still-lifes from the seventies and eighties. Through June 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

André Kertész—Vintage and modern prints of public gardens in Budapest, Paris, and New York. Through June 29. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Milton Rogovin—A retrospective of photographs has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Sam Wagstaff Collection—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Through Sunday, June 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Various prints, eighteen-forties to nineteen-thirties, from a private collection. For dates and times, see below under "Museums." . . . **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: An exhibit of thirty-two prints underscoring the idea that the landscape compositions of early-to-mid-twentieth-century European photographers had more to do with art movements than with mountains. Through July 5. (Opens at noon; closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano (1720), built by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred gold objects produced by the prodigious craftsmen of pre-Columbian cultures of the Americas. The pieces, among them pendants, masks, and cups, are from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Pre-Columbian sculptural works by the Taíno tribes of the Dominican Republic are also on view. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through Sunday, June 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of landscape paintings by George Inness. Through Sunday, June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of photographs from the collection of Paul F. Walter. Through Aug. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A Gilbert and George retrospective of large photographic murals, in which the artists themselves appear. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works on paper by Mark Rothko. Both shows through June 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Part of the Whitney Biennial lingers through Sunday, June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites. Through Monday, June 10. . . . **photography:** Prints by Milton Rogovin. Through July 23. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of literary and music manuscripts and of paintings and sculptures by recipients of Academy-Institute awards and by newly elected members, among them Robert Penn Warren, Elizabeth Spencer, Carolyn Kizer, George W. S. Trow, Charles Wuorinen, Esteban Vicente, and George Sugarman. Through Sunday, June 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Chicago furniture: An 1873 dressing table by W. W. Strong for the bridal suite of the Palmer House; a 1927 skyscraper-style armchair by Abel Faidy; a 1983 green lacquer vanity by Cal Spritzer. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show that reviews recent public buildings designed by Japanese architects Fumihiko Maki and Arata Isozaki, outlining their projects from conception to completion through models, drawings, blueprints, photographs, and slides. Among the structures presented are the National Museum of Modern Art in Kyoto (Maki) and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles (Isozaki). (A local design by Mr. Isozaki is the interior of the Palladium, the recently opened night club on Fourteenth Street.) Through June 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 4. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors by Théodore Géricault, including fourteen preliminary studies for his best-known painting, "The Raft of the Medusa" (at the Louvre). Starts Friday, June 7. . . . ¶ A display of memorabilia pertaining to "The Mikado," which was first performed a hundred years ago. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including Moravian redware and a quilt in the Afro-American tradition from North Carolina; a 1743 sampler from South Carolina; and, from Mississippi, examples of a singular nineteenth-century art form combining silhouettes and watercolors and called Nita Yuma pasties (after a plantation of that name), by William Henry Brown. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of drawings by John Singer Sargent which provides a broad selection of his works on paper; on loan from the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Through June 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The forms and the language of signs (as in road signs and logos) are reflected in paintings, photographs, video, and, well, signs of all kinds by nine artists—Al Souza, Jenny Holzer, John Knight, and Marian Galczenski among them. Through July 7. . . . ¶ A show of paintings and works on paper by Pierre Tal-Coat, a French abstractionist. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Photographs that tell the long history of and relationship between architecture in New York and Chicago. Also, preliminary studies. From the archives of the society and from the Art Institute of Chicago. . . . ¶ The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A large show called "Images of a Turbulent Decade, 1963-1973," which presents works in diverse mediums, primarily by black but also by anti-war and feminist artists, among them Benny Andrews, Rudolf Baranik, Romare Bearden, David Hammons, Gordon Parks, Betye Saar, and May Stevens. Also, a number of documentary photographs of civil-rights leaders and marchers. Through June 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Penny Arcade, a.k.a. Susana Ventura (performance), Friday through Sunday, June 7-9, at 9; Linda Mussman (performance), Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16, at 9.

MUSIC

J. S. Bach: The Complete Organ Works—Two in a series of sixteen biweekly recitals, each performed by a different organist. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, June 6, at 8: David Hurd. . . . ¶ Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Sunday, June 9, at 3: Nancianne Parrella. Admission to both concerts by contribution.)

Music of North India—Performed by Pandit Sharda Sahai, Steven Gorn, and Bob Becker. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Friday, June 7, at 8.)

"Soviet Stars"—A program of popular and operatic selections, performed by Vladimir Malchenko, Anatoli Solovianenko, Evgeni Martinov, and Editha Piekha. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, June 9, at 2.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 9, at 7:30.)

Luigi Ferdinando Tagliavini—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Tuesday, June 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Robert DeGaetano—Piano, with the Philharmonia Virtuosi, in an all-Bach program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 12, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—With Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Wednesday, June 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Michael McGifford—Tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 13, at 8.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Laurine Celeste Fox conducting, with Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, June 13, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

"Americana, or, a New Tale of the Genii"—James Sinclair conducting the Chamber Orchestra of New England in the première performance, in concert form, of this opera by Neely Bruce (score) and Tony Connor (libretto). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 14, at 8.)

Note—The Borealis Wind Quintet will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Col-

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lection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 19, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, June 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday, June 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Monday through Wednesday, June 10-12, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, June 14, at 8, and Saturday, June 15, at 4:05. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 7, at 8:05; Saturday, June 8, at 1:35; and Sunday, June 9, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 8, starting at 10:30; varsity race at noon.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 6-9.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 29. The Nassau County Handicap, Friday, June 7; the Belmont, Saturday, June 8; the Hempstead Handicap, Sunday, June 9; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 15. The Vineland Handicap, Friday, June 14. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Sporting Lisbon of Portugal. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, June 9, at 7. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-3900.)

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Ann Beattie reading from her own works. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, June 6, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Anne Jackson, Roberta Wallach, and Rochelle Oliver reading from the short stories of Sybil Claiborne, Vera B. Williams, and Ellen Currie. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 12, at 6:30.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's. York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Thursday, June 6, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 2: Sporting paintings and prints. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, at 2: English furniture; English, Continental, and American silver; decorations; and carpets. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, June 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, Greek and Russian icons, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 12-13, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 7.

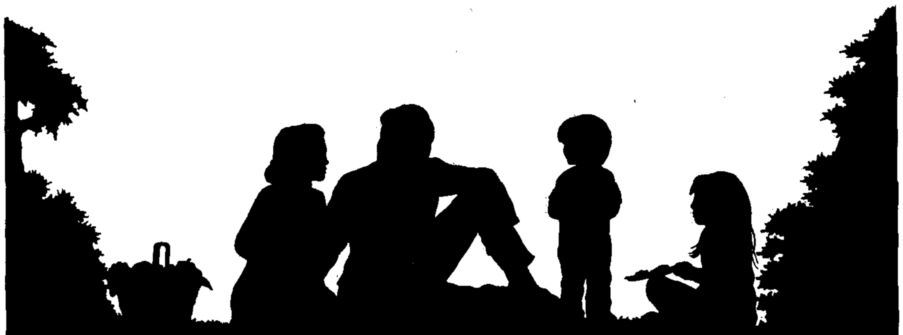
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Tuesday, June 11, at 8:30 (rain date, June 13), "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Vasile Moldoveanu, Vernon Hartman, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDENS,** the Bronx: Saturday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, John Alexander, and Aldo Protti; Richard Woitach.

Naumburg Orchestra—Jens Nygaard conducting the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Robert Sherman, narrator. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Saturday, June 15, at 8.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Brooklyn Heights, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 9, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semi-annual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9, from noon until sundown.



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This year we're glad to sponsor Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Verdi's "Rigoletto" in parks throughout New York City and Nassau County. Once again, Chemical is proud to present the Met in the Parks as part of our continuing support of the arts in the community. And we salute others who have joined us in supporting the Metropolitan Opera. Bravo!

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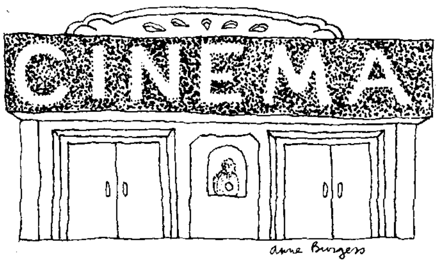
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Alphaville" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 13: "Movers and Shakers" (directed by William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin.
From June 14: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 6: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie and Richard Edson; and "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.
From June 7: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 6: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).
From June 7: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
Theatre 3: "A View to a Kill" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 6: "A Passage to India" (†).
From June 7: "Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 13: "Ladyhawke" (†).
From June 14: "Prizzi's Honor" (John Huston), with Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 6: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
From June 7: "Quest for Fire" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Sylvia" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Lost in America" (†). From June 7: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: Through June 6: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris. From June 7: "The Goonies."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith. From June 7: "Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.
Theatre 2: Through June 6: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater and Sayles. From June 7: "Sam's Son."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 13: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
From June 14: "Witness" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022 / 0774)
Theatre 1: "The Shooting Party" (Alan Bridges).
Theatre 2: "Movers and Shakers" (William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 13: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).
From June 14: "Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 2: "A View to a Kill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 6: "Future Cop."
From June 7: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna. From June 7: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Gaza Ghetto" (1984; directed by PeA Holmquist, Joan Mandell, and Pierre Björklund; in Arabic, Hebrew, and English, with English subtitles). From June 12: "White Elephant" (1984; Werner Grusch), with Peter Firth.
Theatre 2: Through June 13: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand), a documentary. From June 14: "Once Upon a Time in America" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Lost in America" (†). From June 7: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: Through June 6: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott. From June 7: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (George Stevens, Jr.), a documentary.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 6: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret. From June 7: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 3: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.
Theatre 4: Through June 13: "A Private Function" (†). From June 14 (tentative): "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From June 7: "Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.
Theatre 2: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 6: "The Secret of the Sword," an animated film.
From June 7: "Sam's Son."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 6: "Almost You" (Adam Brooks), with Brooke Adams and Griffin Dunne.
From June 7: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Pumping Iron II: The Women" (George Butler).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dangerous Moves" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 6: "A Private Function" (†).
From June 7: "Lost in America" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 12: "Movers and Shakers" (William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin.
From June 13: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "Jules and Jim" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Holy Innocents" (Mario Camus; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (George Stevens, Jr.), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 3: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 4: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
Theatre 5: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."
Theatre 6: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
June 5: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 6: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, and Renée Cosima; and "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
From June 7: "Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 3: Through June 6: "Lost in America" (†). From June 7: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 6: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott. June 7-13: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith. From June 14: "Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and

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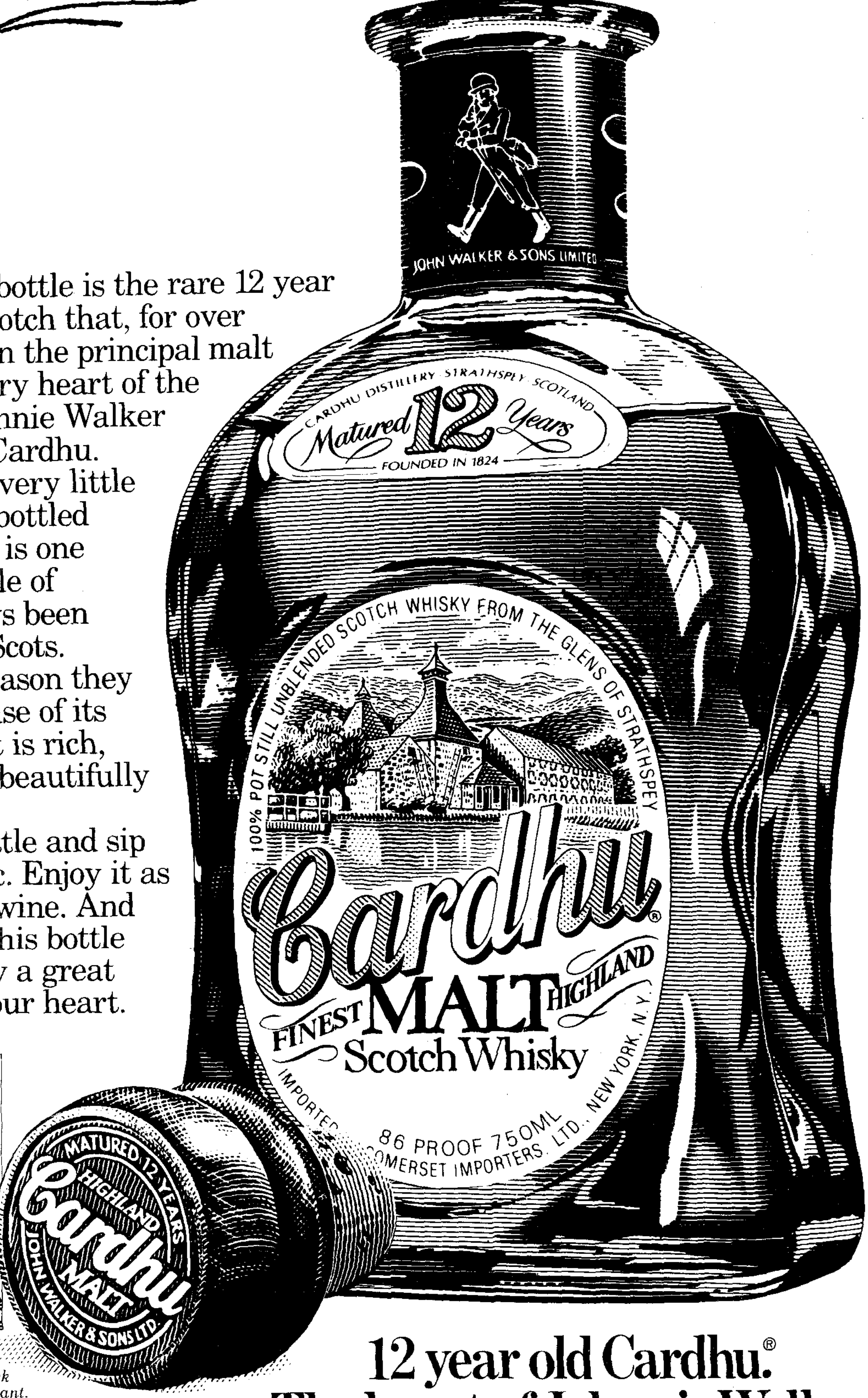
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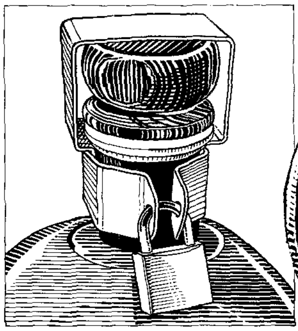

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Sam Elliott. From June 7: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 4: Through June 6: "Secret Places" (Zelda Barron). From June 7: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 5: "Night Train to Terror."
Theatre 6: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"A View to a Kill" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 13: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
From June 14: "Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. June 7-13: "Yellow Hair and the Fortress of Gold." From June 14: "Prizzi's Honor" (John Huston), with Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through June 6: "Silent Madness." From June 7: "Silent Madness;" and "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through June 6: "Future Cop." From June 7: "Perfect" (James Bridges), with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis.
Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 6: "Frenzy" (1972; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
June 7-10: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland,

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Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.
June 11-12: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine; and "Family Plot" (1976; Alfred Hitchcock), with Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane.
From June 13: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 13: "Rembetiko" (1985; Costas Ferris; in Greek).
From June 14: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 6: "Another Country" (1984; Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett; and "Cal" (1984; Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.
June 7-8: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.
June 9: "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German); and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
June 10-11: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
June 12-13: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.
June 14-15: "All of Me" (†); and "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (1982; Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

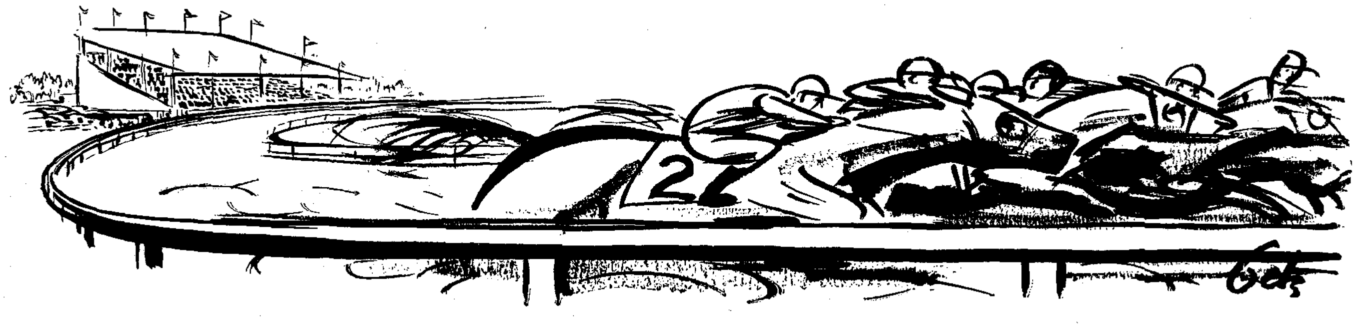
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

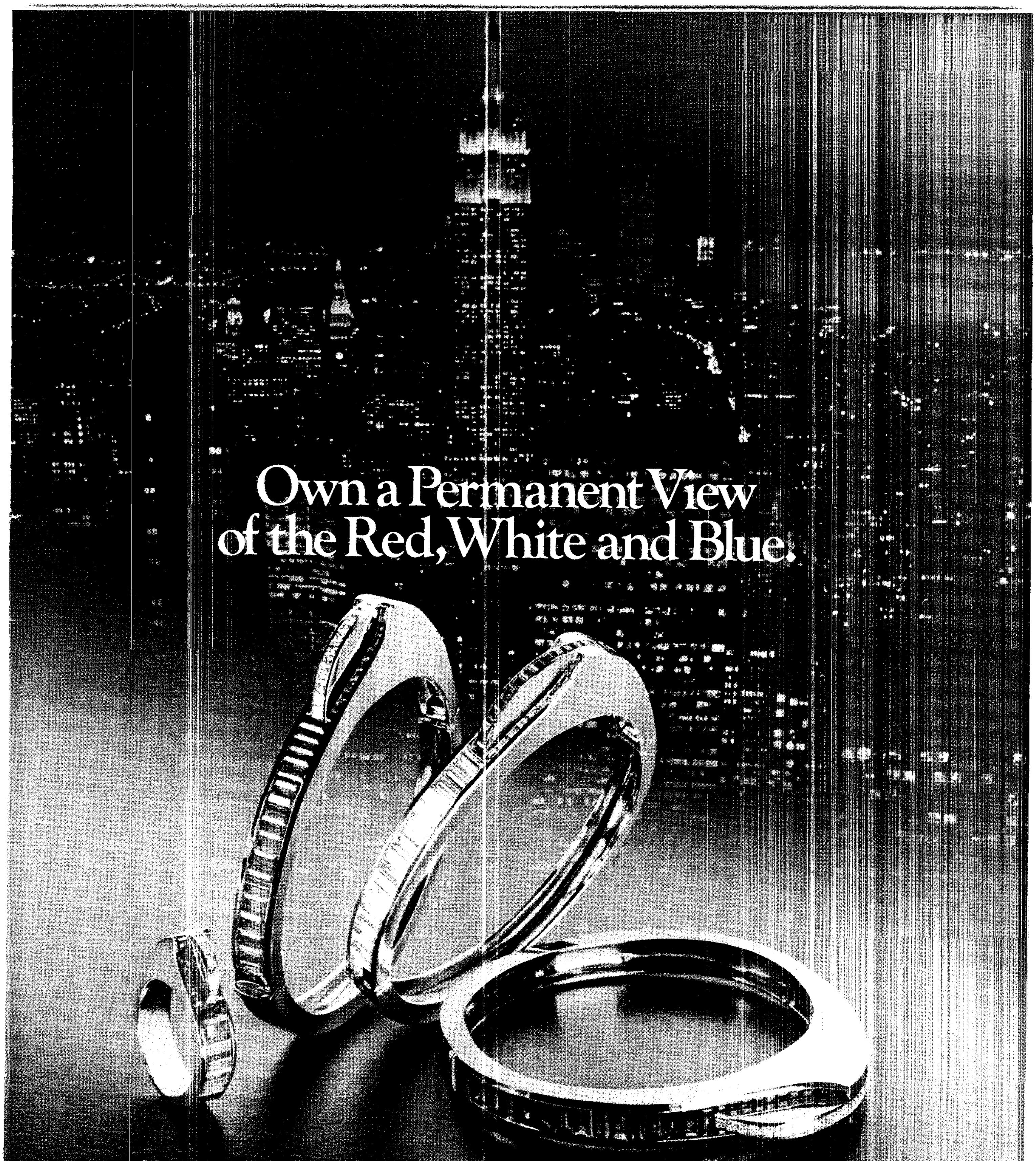
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 6: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962; John Ford), with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin; and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.
June 7-8: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1980), both films in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.
June 9: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
June 10-11: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
June 12-13: "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce; and "Lust in the Dust" (1985; Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
June 14-15: "2010" (1984; Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider; and "Dreamscape" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 6: "Birdy" (1984; Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage; and "Alamo Bay" (1985; Louis Malle), with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.
June 7-13: "The Sure Thing" (1985; Rob Reiner), with John Cusack; and "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
From June 14: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 5: "Forty Guns" (1958; Sam Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan; and "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan.
June 6-8: "Springtime in the Rockies" (1942; Irving Cummings), with Betty Grable and John Payne; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, and Carmen Miranda.
June 9-10: "The Mark of Zorro" (1940 †); and "The Three Musketeers" (1939; Allan Dwan), with the Ritz Brothers.
June 11-12: "The Innocents" (†) and "The Nanny" (†).
June 13: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" (1937; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Moto; and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Shayne.
June 14-15: "The Best of Everything" (1959; Jean Negulesco), with Hope Lange and Stephen Boyd; and "Desk Set" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
June 5: "High and Low" (1963) and "Stray Dog" (1949), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
June 6: "Modern Romance" (1981; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold; and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.
June 7-8: "Secret Honor" (1985; Robert Altman).
June 9: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
June 10: "Galaxy Express" (1979), a Japanese animated film; and other sci-fi cartoons.
June 11: "M" (1932: Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Lost One" (1951; Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre.
June 12: "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves; and "Barry McKenzie Holds His Own" (1975; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Barry Humphries.
June 13: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film, with English subtitles and dialogue); and





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"Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

June 14: "Variety" (1985; Bette Gordon); and "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden).

June 15: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg.

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June 5: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka; and "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937; John Cromwell), with Madeleine Carroll and Ronald Colman.

June 6: "The Star" (1953; Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis and Sterling Hayden; and "I Could Go On Singing" (1963; Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon.

June 7-8: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

June 9: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945; Albert Lewin), with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and "Oscar Wilde" (1960; Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson.

June 10: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

June 11: "Ball of Fire" (†); and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

June 12: "The Power and the Glory" (†); and "Dante's Inferno" (1935; Harry Lachman), with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor.

June 13: "The Rules of the Game" (†) and "Pépé le Moko" (†).

June 14-15: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: June 6 at 2:30 and 6: "Bed and Sofa" (1926; directed by Abram Room; in Russian, with English intertitles).... ¶ June 7 at 2:30: "Britannia Hospital" (1982; Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter.... ¶ June 7 at 6: "Sapphire" (1959; Basil Dearden), with Yvonne Mitchell, Nigel Patrick, and Bernard Miles.... ¶ June 8 at 2 and 5: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.... ¶ June 9 at 2: "Henry V" (1944; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Robert Newton, and Leslie Banks.... ¶ June 9 at 5 and June 10 at 2:30: "The Farmer's Wife" (1928; Alfred Hitchcock; a British silent film), with Jameson Thomas.... ¶ June 10 at 6: "Henry V." ... ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Hamlet" (1913; E. Hay Plumb; a British silent film), with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.... ¶ June 11 at 6: "Midshipman Easy" (1935; Carol Reed), with Hughie Green and Margaret Lockwood.... ¶ June 13 at 2:30 and 6: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film).... ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "East Lynne" (1913; Bert Haldane; a British silent film), with Blanche Forsythe and Fred Paul.... ¶ June 14 at 6: "Hamlet." ... ¶ June 15 at 2: "Midshipman Easy." ... ¶ June 15 at 5: "Loyalties" (1933; Basil Dean), with Basil Rathbone and Heather Thatcher.

THEATRE 2: June 6 at 3 and 6:30: "I Miss the Sun" (1983; Mary Halawani) and "The Tribe" (1983; Lilly Rivlin), both documentaries.... ¶ June 7 at 3: "Youth" (1977; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 7 at 6:30: "A Revolutionary" (1983; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "The Legend of Tianyuan Mountain" (1981; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 8 at 5:30: "Woman Basketball Player No. 5" (1957; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "Two Stage Sisters" (1964; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 9 at 5:30: "The Herdsman" (1982; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 10 at 3: "Ah, Cradle" (1980; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 10 at 6:30: "Big Li, Young Li, and Old Li" (1962; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 11 at 3 and 6:30: "L'Argent" (1928; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Alfred Abel, Brigitte Helm, and Antonin Artaud.... ¶ June 13 at 3 and 6:30: "Small Happiness: Women of a Chinese Village" (1984; Carma Hinton and Richard Gordon), a documentary.... ¶ June 14 at 3: "The Wreaths at the Foot of the Mountain" (1984; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).... ¶ June 14 at 6:30: "Ah, Cradle." ... ¶ June 15 at 2:30: "The Herdsman." ... ¶ June 15 at 5:30: "Youth."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (Cinema Village; June 14-15.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. The picture is brilliant, yet it's no good. At first, the dehumanization is funny and alluring and a little eerie, but the people of Alphaville are ruled by a giant computer, and soullessness can be very monotonous. The movie was shot at night, and it seems to give off powerfully soporific vapors, especially since the comic-strip story is an uninspired mixture of sci-fi and private eye that never takes hold. With Eddie Constantine as cool, tough Lemmy Caution (his face is so tired and leathery he's like an old shoe), Anna Karina as the most radiant of robots, and Akim Tamiroff, Laszlo Szabo, Michel Delahaye, and Howard Vernon. Written and directed by Godard. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Gemini, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, Oscar Homolka, and S. Z. Sakall. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Howard Hawks directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Embassy.... ¶ Gotham Cinema; through June 6.)

Dangerous Moves—This Swiss picture is about a world-championship chess match held in Geneva between the longtime titleholder (Michel Piccoli), a courtly and cagey gray-bearded Russian Jew from the Soviet Union, and his former pupil, the handsome, high-strung challenger (Alexander Arbatt), a young Lithuanian who defected from the Soviet Union and now lives in France. At first, the young man's flamboyance and the older man's seething anger put us in an expectant mood, but the film turns into an uninspired account of the psychological pressures put on the contestants, who are both being manipulated by the Soviet bureaucracy. And after the arrival of the young man's wife (Liv Ullmann), who is sent from a psychiatric hospital in Moscow to Geneva to upset him, the picture caves in on itself. Even Piccoli, who gives a cunning, authoritative performance, has no chance to wing past the pedantry of the conception. Written by Richard Dembo, who makes his début as a director; the cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. With Leslie Caron in the dismal role of Piccoli's earnest, devoted wife, and Bernhard Wicki as the monitor. In French. (6/3/85) (Paris.)

Desk Set (1957)—The eighth of the films that co-starred Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. He's a wizard engineer. She's in charge of a TV-network research department, and, misunderstanding his intentions, she thinks he means to put her group out of work by installing an electronic brain called Emmy. Gig Young and Joan Blondell help out, but it's a dispirited, straining-for-laughs sitcom. Tracy looks bulky, and Hepburn looks scraggy and cheerless; both seem overage for their roles. Walter Lang directed. (Regency; June 14-15.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Eastside Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.... ¶ Movieland; through June 13.... ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 7.... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 14, tentative.)

Dreamscape—Joseph Ruben, the young director of this tight, clever thriller, starts off with a cocky swagger and he can sustain it, because he has the bedrock of a script, by David Loughery, Chuck Russell, and himself, that has real development and structure. Dennis Quaid plays a young psychic who has been having a fine time hanging out at the race track, picking winners and making out with girls; then Max von Sydow, a research scientist working for the government, sends for him, and pretty soon he's involved in some of the funniest, most audacious dream sequences since the 1962 "The Manchurian Candidate." Quaid's slightly mocking free-and-easy manner makes it possible for him to

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hold his own against David Patrick Kelly, who might otherwise have walked away with the picture—his performance as a psycho psychic gives the political assassination plot the primal terror it needs. Ruben has a light, happy touch with the actors, who include Kate Capshaw, Christopher Plummer, George Wendt, and Eddie Albert as the President—tan and fit-looking but racked by nightmares. (10/1/84) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 14-15.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (Regency; June 11-12.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre), have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress. Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Ladyhawke—Set in the Middle Ages, it's about the romance between Princess Isabeau (Michelle Pfeiffer) and the noble Navarre (Rutger Hauer), which is cursed by an evil sorcerer-bishop (John Wood). Each sunrise, Isabeau turns into a hawk; each sundown, Navarre turns into a black wolf. Just about everything connected with the movie is big except the storytelling instinct of its director, Richard Donner. It's a limp and dreary movie. The lovers are helped by a boy thief, played by Matthew Broderick, who is like a contemporary urban-American adolescent placed in medieval France—the effect is something like putting, say, a boy Woody Allen at Robert Taylor's elbow in "Ivanhoe." With Leo McKern and Ken Hutchison. (5/13/85) (Sutton; through June 13.)

Lost in America—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. These two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (Manhattan, Waverly, and Olympia Quad; through June 6. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 7.)

The Mark of Zorro (1940)—Tyrone Power, wanly miscast, stars in this lavish and inoffensive yet somewhat tiresome remake of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.,'s innocent, buoyant swashbuckler. There are so many leisurely quaint conversations among Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, Gale Sondergaard, and Eugene Pallette that the swordplay, fast riding, and holdups seem like interpolated spasms of activity. Rouben Mamoulian directed. (Regency; June 9-10.)

The Nanny (1965)—A small-scale English thriller, directed by Seth Holt—deft enough to be tantalizingly suggestive of what it might have been. There's real promise in the conception of the nanny as a mush-mouthed tyrant, with fraudulent sentiments substituting for feeling. The children are cool, the father insufferable, the mother weak, the aunt self-centered. So far, so good. The exception is Bette Davis, trying to give a restrained performance as the dowdy nanny, whose ten-year-old charge suspects her of having killed his little sister. Restraint is what Davis has not got much of. Antennae flailing wildly, she signals us that she's being self-effacing, that she's holding back. You have to hand it to Davis, though: she *is* a star. When she can't dominate by a good performance, she dominates by a bad one. With Jill Bennett, Wendy Craig, and James Villiers. (Regency; June 11-12.)

Once Upon a Time in America (1984)—Just about all the incidents in this three-hour-and-forty-seven-minute film echo scenes in Hollywood gangster movies, but the director, Sergio Leone, inflates them, slows them down, and gives them a dreamy obsessiveness. He transmutes the Lower East Side settings of those gangster movies to give the genre a richer, more luxuriant visual texture. His wide-screen view of a group of Jewish kids who start with petty crime and move into big-time racketeering is set in 1921, 1933, and 1968, but not in that order. His theme is the betrayal of the immigrants' dream of America, and the story begins and ends in an opium den where Noodles (Robert De Niro) puffs on a pipe while episodes of his life of killings and rapes and massacres drift by and a telephone rings somewhere in the past. This epic is a compendium of kitsch, but it's kitsch aestheticized by someone who loves it and sees it as the poetry of the masses. It isn't just the echoing moments that keep you absorbed—it's the reverberant dreamland settings and Leone's majestic, billowing sense of film movement. With Jennifer Connelly, who's marvellously vivid as the young Deborah; Darlanne Fleugel as the beautiful streamlined blond Eve; and Tuesday Weld, who brings a gleam of perversity to the role of a nympho moll. Also with Elizabeth McGovern, who's badly miscast as the adult Deborah, and James Woods, Larry Rapp, James Hayden, William Forsythe, Treat Williams, Burt Young, and Joe Pesci. Many writers worked on the screenplay, which is loosely based on the novel "The Hoods," by Harry Grey; the final credits go to Leone and five Italians, plus Stuart Kaminsky (for additional dialogue). The cinematography is by Tonino Delli Colli; the score is by Ennio Morricone. (A studio-shortened version that runs two hours and fifteen minutes is disastrously incoherent.) (5/27/85) (Film Forum; starting June 14.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (34th St. East; through June 6.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

The Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges wrote the script (which is sentimental and heavy-handed but is nevertheless almost a warmup for "Citizen Kane"), and the producer, Jessie Lasky, who considered it "the most perfect script" he'd ever seen, insisted that the director, William K. Howard, shoot it word for word. Spencer Tracy is the railroad tycoon who has killed himself, and the story is told from his funeral by Ralph Morgan. With Colleen Moore and slinky Helen Vinson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12.)

A Private Function—It never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. Directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (3/25/85) (Cinema 3; through June 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 13.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through June 6. . . . ¶ Beekman; through June 13. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting June 7.)

Quest for Fire (1982)—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heavy dose of Desmond ("Naked Ape") Morris, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly close-ups of torn flesh, the picture might be taken for a put-on. What's fun in the movie is the makeup, and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and yet attractive. With Rae Dawn Chong. Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages" and Desmond Morris "created" the "body languages and gestures." (Gotham Cinema; starting June 7.)

The Rules of the Game (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio, Julien Carette, Gaston Modot, and Nora Gregor. Released in Paris in 1939 after being cut by the distributors; cut again after violent audience reactions; banned as demoralizing by the Vichy government and then banned by the Nazis. The original negative was destroyed when the Allies bombed the studios at Boulogne; the picture was reassembled (from two hundred cans of film and bits of soundtrack) and restored in the late fifties. Selected by the 1962 international poll of critics as the third-greatest film ever made. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

A View to a Kill—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The way the daredevil feats are set up, they don't give you the irresponsible, giddy tingle they should, and the dumb police-car crashes seem to have got in by mistake—they belong to a back-roads chase comedy. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. The action is set mostly in Chantilly, Paris, and San Francisco. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen; written (with an air of hopelessness) by Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson. Title song by Duran Duran. (6/3/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

What Have I Done to Deserve This!—This Spanish film by the bad-boy writer-director Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects—huge block buildings of dinky, cramped apartments. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. You'll probably never see a woozier treatment of the breakdown of the family and the decay of the society. The picture is like a slaphappy comic-strip version of "The Threepenny Opera." It's flip enough to be fairly amusing to watch, but it leaves you with not much to talk about. In Spanish. (6/3/85) (Quad Cinema.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting June 14.)

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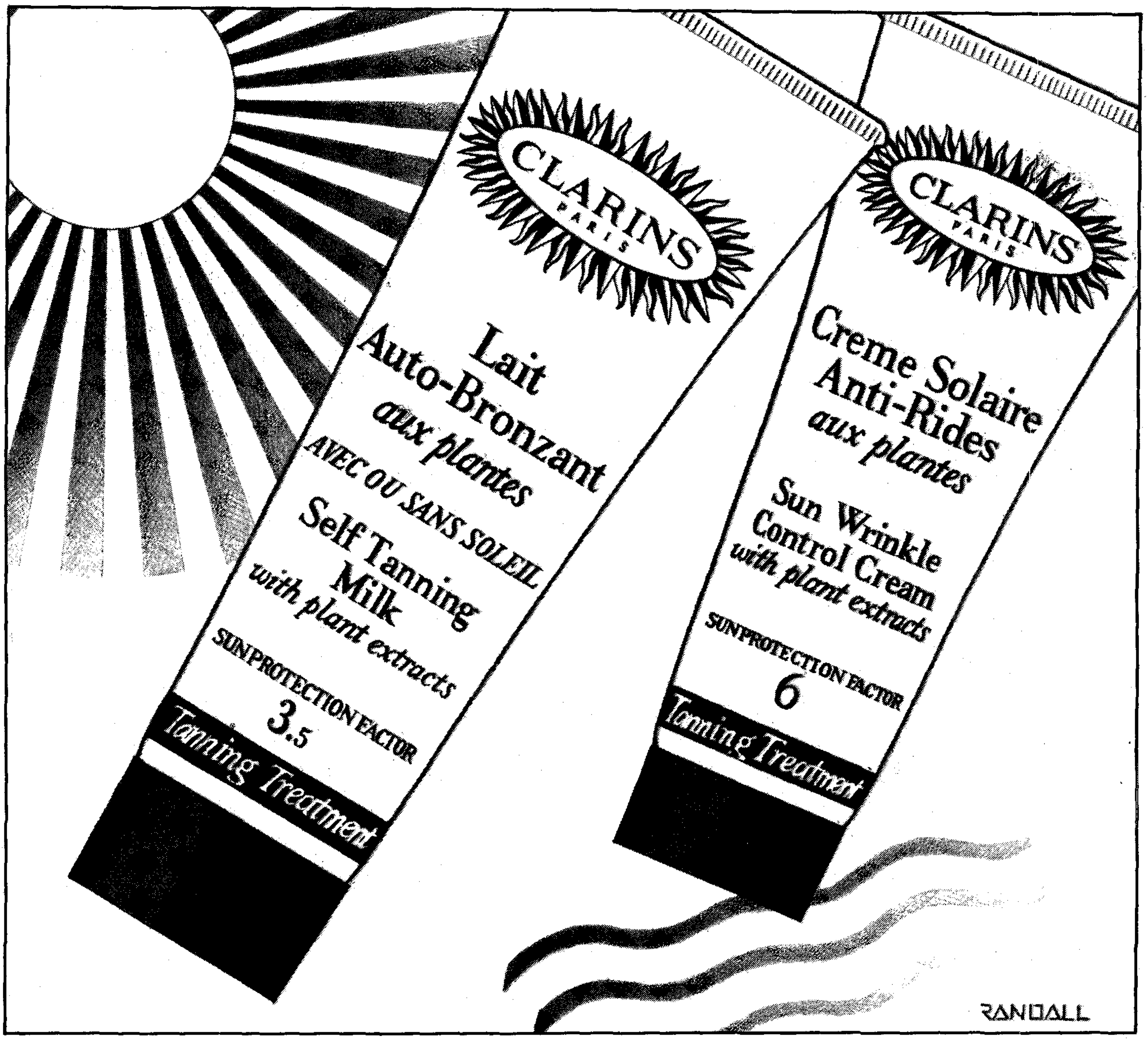
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

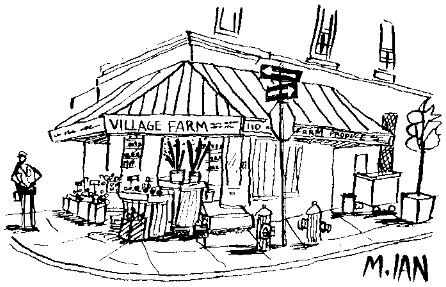
Notes and Comment

A Middle-Aged reporter on our staff writes:

My earliest memories are of a row house on Osage Avenue in West Philadelphia, and so I confess to more than casual dismay last month as I watched (on television) a Philadelphia police helicopter bombing an almost identical house, and setting off a fire that took eleven lives and destroyed sixty-one houses on Osage and on Pine Street, next to Osage. The suitability of this action, which began after police officers were fired upon while trying to serve an eviction notice on members of a radically naturalist cult called MOVE, and of a subsequent "conscious decision" (the phrase of Philadelphia's fire chief, William Richmond) to allow flames to spread from house to house for some fifty-seven minutes before attempts were made to contain them is a question I'll leave for review to a commission of investigation that has now been appointed by Philadelphia's mayor, W. Wilson Goode. I did, however, feel impelled to drive down to West Philadelphia last week to see for myself whether the streets where I spent my boyhood (and which, after all these years, still figure in my dreams) were, in the words of a Philadelphia *Inquirer* headline, "a neighborhood no more."

Without seeking to minimize the tragedy that befell seventy-eight families burned out of their homes, I can at least report that the bombing and the fire have not, after all, destroyed my old neighborhood. Shaken but still strong, it stands, more than two hundred square blocks of bay-windowed two-story brick row houses, most with columned porches (an architectural style described as "Colonial revival"), south of Market Street, which divides North from South Philadelphia and stretches west from the fringes of the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, at Forty-second Street, to the city line, at Sixty-third Street, or Cobbs Creek Parkway. Built by commercial developers shortly after 1919, this section began "turning," in the demographic sense, in the early nineteen-fifties; it is now predominantly black, and almost entirely so in its westernmost reaches, which include the three blocks ravaged by the fire. Urban blight has taken its toll of the section's commercial streets, but, driving out from the center of town to the scene of the fire, I was struck by how little the tree-named residential blocks of my old neighborhood—Cedar, Hazel, Larchwood, Osage, Pine, Spruce, and Locust—had changed since the afternoons when I roamed them on my first two-wheeler. Despite the effects of thirty-five years' additional age, most of the houses appeared better tended than I had remembered them to be, and although West Philadelphia's first developers had left little room for growing things I couldn't recall ever seeing so much, or such verdant, foliage in the sidewalk gardens.

Before reaching the blocks damaged in the explosion and fire, I made a call to Lucien Blackwell, the area's city councilman. He told me he attributed the unchanged—or, in some cases, changed-for-the-better—aspect of many of these West Philadelphia blocks to "increasingly stable populations, the kind of people who take pride in their homes." He continued, "A lot of middle-class people—government employees, white-collar workers—have settled in, and our schools seem to be in better shape than they were a few years ago. The kids have been doing well on standardized tests. Our big need is jobs, but that's something we share with the rest of the city. If there's a particular need for anything else in my district, it's more recreation facilities—we have fewer than any other part of the city. Otherwise, we've been doing all right."



On my drive through West Philadelphia, I stopped in at its local police station, at Fifty-fifth and Pine Streets, seven blocks away from the Osage Avenue site, and talked to the desk officer, Lieutenant Raymond Brown. "I've worked here twenty years," he said, "and although we get our share of stolen-car complaints and of calls from some of the bars on Sixtieth Street I'd say this is one of the most law-abiding districts of the city. When I first came here, there were more confrontations, but now most of the cops I know feel welcome in the community."

Parking on Cobbs Creek Parkway, I joined spectators clustered behind a barricade in a light rain to watch a television crew filming the work of a crane that was levelling some brick walls on Osage which were still standing. I asked one of my fellow-onlookers, a tall man wearing a golf cap, what kind of neighborhood this had become.

"One of the best in the city," he said. "Lots of professional people live around here."

A young woman nodded in agreement, and said, "Maybe that's why it never seems like a black ghetto to me."

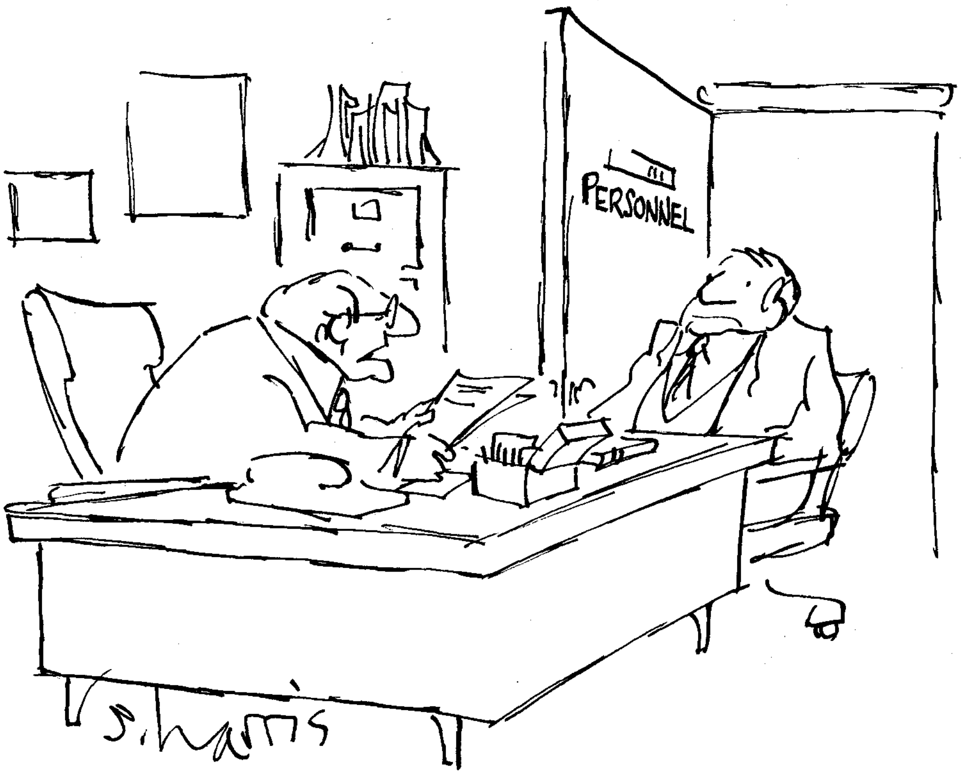
A few minutes later, I ducked out of the rain into a Sixty-second Street laundromat, where several women were discussing the events of the past week. “This neighborhood’s never going to be the same,” said Mrs. Sadie Thomas, who lives nearby, on Spruce Street. “I’m afraid it’ll get worse now.”

Another resident, who declined to give her name, emphatically disagreed. “I’d still advise young people to move in around here,” she said. “In the long run, all this won’t hurt us.”

When the rain let up, I walked north, and, in the doorway of a house a few blocks away, encountered a white resident, Martin Casey, who said, “I was brought up right here on Cedar Avenue, me and my five brothers and two sisters, and this is where I’m bringing up my kids. The schools are good, and they have Cobbs Creek Park to play in. In the nineteen-seventies, we had some trouble with teenage gangs, but those guys seem to have grown up and mellowed.”

Across the street from Mr. Casey’s house is St. Carthage Roman Catholic Church, which immediately after the fire opened its doors to the victims, and where the first relief efforts were coördinated. “I don’t believe this neighborhood’s any different from what it was twenty-five or thirty years ago,” the pastor, a white-haired man named Charles H. Diamond, told me. “In fact, it’s been an upwardly mobile community since it was founded, in 1919. And don’t believe what you read in the newspapers about its having ‘vanished.’ Houses have been burned to the ground and people’s lives have been disrupted, but there’s more to a neighborhood than just housing. We are together around here, we will remain together, and we will rebuild.”

In fact, the rebuilding has already begun. Mayor Goode has promised to make “whole again” the affected residents, and, with the help of a million dollars pledged by the federal government, to reconstruct—by Christmas, he hopes—every one of the burned-out homes. Formal relief efforts were moved from St. Carthage into a gymnasium in Cobbs Creek Park, where an “emergency center” was established. “You never saw such an outpouring of humanity,” James Murray, of the Mayor’s Office of Communications, said from beneath a basketball scoreboard that ordinarily records the feats of a team called the Cobbs Creek Comets. “People came from all over to donate things. One guy wanted to give us bikes for all the kids. On Tuesday, the day after the fire, we took in three and a half tons of clothing—we had no place to store all of it. On Monday and Tuesday, we gave checks for twenty-five hundred dollars to the burned-out families, and in a couple of weeks we’ll have placed all those who need relocation in what we call ‘permanent temporary housing’—places where they can stay until their houses are rebuilt.”



“I’m sorry, but there’s no room at the top, and there’s no room in the middle, but there’s a little room at the bottom.”

On the way back to my car, I took a final look at the burned-out blocks, walking along Pine, which presents an incongruous sight: most of the homes on its south side were destroyed, but those across the street apparently escaped major damage. Samuel Smith, Jr., a resident of one of the intact houses, invited me onto his enclosed porch, where a picture window affords a view through three rows of blackened brick walls, standing like dominoes, that are all that remain of the houses that once faced his. “That window you’re looking through was broken out in the fire,” he told me. “Workers from the city have already come here and fixed it.” Mr. Smith, a retired baker, has lived on this block since 1956. “I raised two kids here, and we’ve always had nice neighbors,” he said. “A lot of us have grown old together, and we’ve seen a lot of changes. Last week, we went through hell, but this neighborhood has always been a fine place to live, and, don’t you worry, it soon will be again.”

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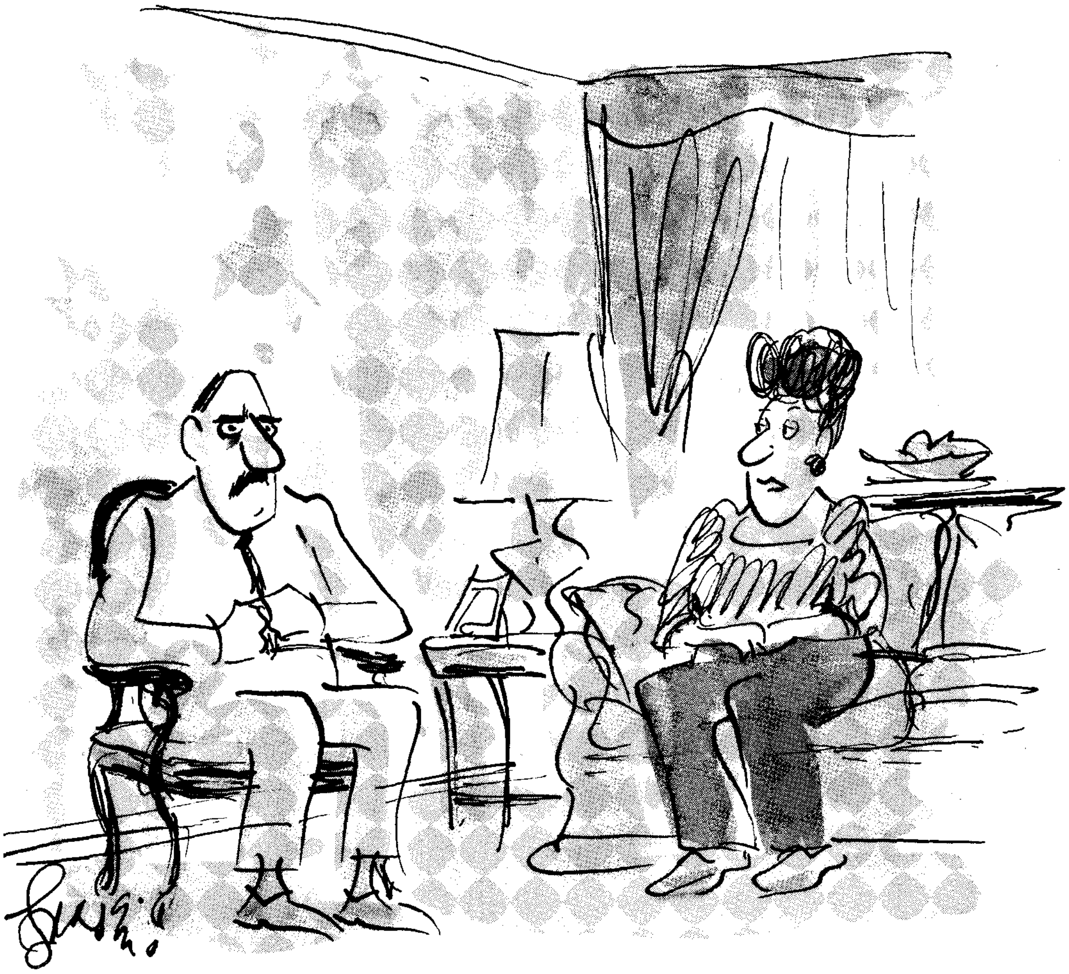
Loft Wars

Mitchell Korn, a twelve-string guitarist and composer, made his Carnegie Hall début the other evening, and the first piece he performed was titled “Loft Wars” and was dedicated to his landlords. It’s possible that if Mitchell Korn’s landlords had not grown up to become landlords they might have become Egyptologists or molecular biophysicists, or married English royalty, or done something like that. As long as they were landlords, however, they decided to do things that would force Mitchell Korn to be creative.

The first landlord to inspire Mitchell Korn decided, in 1982, toward the end of Mitchell Korn’s five-year lease on a loft in Greenwich Village, that a three-hundred-and-fifty-per-cent rent increase would be in order. Also, he refused to renew the lease for longer than six months. The loft in question is on the fourth floor of an eleven-story building on University Place. When Mitchell Korn moved there, in 1977, the other tenants included some dress manufacturers, some leather cutters, a graphic designer, and other small businesses. The landlord’s decision to more than triple the rent meant, basically, that he wanted



"*Withholding support from President Reagan seems to be hurting you more than it's hurting him.*"

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everyone to clear out, because if everyone left he could renovate the building and bring in some better-heeled tenants and, in the process, make a couple of million bucks. One by one, as leases expired, the small businesses moved out. Because Mitchell Korn had not only established a home in the loft but also written music there (including several works for dance, most of them based upon natural themes, like birds, fish, and falling water), practiced his music there, and got married there, he felt disinclined to budge. His wife, a dancer and choreographer named Deni Bank, taught and performed in the loft, and she felt the same way.

Several attorneys whom Mitchell Korn consulted told him, "Give up. Move out." Eventually, however, he found his way to a very self-confident real-estate specialist, who interpreted the law in a manner that suggested that it would not be necessary for him to give up and move out. The landlord, meanwhile, had become friendly with a pair of entrepreneurs—real-estate geniuses in their own right—who also thought that it would be pleasant to make a couple of million bucks, and were therefore eager to convince Mitchell Korn and Deni Bank that they should vacate. To underscore their position, the entrepreneurs, joining forces with the landlord, employed a superintendent whose duties evidently included refusing or throwing away Mitchell Korn's and Deni Bank's mail and turning off their electricity at odd moments; hired a private detective to investigate Mitchell Korn; and, one day in the fall of 1983, found themselves in Civil Court, where, as Mitchell Korn recalls, they heard a judge describe their behavior as "unconscionable." The judge, Kristin Booth Glen, ruled that Mitchell Korn and Deni Bank could stay in the building and be protected by the city's loft law.

The landlords' reaction to this legal setback, it seems, was to suspend elevator service for a four-month stretch; to change a lock on one of the building entrances and refuse to give the Korns a key; and, during the winter of 1983-84, to be extremely chary with heat. At one point, they offered Mitchell Korn a substantial amount of money if he would move; he refused it. At another point, they turned off the water, and someone plugged the loft's sewage-drain line, and Mitchell Korn had to go back to court to undo the inconvenience that that created. One day, the landlords sent in a crew of workmen, ostensibly to do a plumbing job, and the workmen were accompanied by four goons whose job it was to stand around with their arms folded in front of their chests. Some shouting and pushing and shoving ensued, and everyone ended up down at the Sixth Precinct police station. After that, Mitchell Korn made it a habit to have a powerfully built friend of his own—a retired police detective called Tony—present at all meetings with his landlords which took place in the building. Now it has been more than a year since anyone did anything flagrantly abusive.

Mitchell Korn is in his mid-thirties. He is six two, generally sizable, and conventionally handsome, and he has wavy brown hair. When he is not being harassed, his demeanor is usually calm and sanguine. Besides composing and concertizing, he regularly travels to schools and performs for children as a form of musical-consciousness-raising. During the two and a half years that he spent defending his home, his music did not entirely thrive. His appearance at Carnegie Hall the other evening, in addition to being a début, was therefore something of a personal renaissance. He was part of a one-week festival called Guitarstream '85, and was featured on a program that included the vocalist Odetta, the guitarist Doc Watson, and the writer and guitarist Gamble Rogers.

When we visited Mitchell Korn backstage before the concert, he was tuning his twelve-string guitar and trying to relax. He intended to play five pieces, including, besides "Loft Wars," one inspired by his shower curtain and titled "The Ocean Floor and Those Who Live There." He told us that he was thinking not only about his performance that evening but also about a return engagement at Carnegie Hall on June 7th, when a group called the Mitchell Korn Ensemble would perform several of his other compositions. He wore a pair of gray parachute-cloth slacks, a black-and-white print cotton shirt, a red knitted necktie, black boots, and a black cotton blazer that he had bought on University Place three hours earlier. Gamble Rogers, a slender, elegant gray-haired man, who was wearing a tuxedo that he had bought the day before—he wore it because it was his Carnegie Hall début, too, and he was also the evening's m.c.—entered the dressing room after completing his set.

"How did it go?" Mitchell Korn asked.

"It was like the first time I ever made love," Gamble Rogers said. "Terrifying to contemplate, wonderful when it happened, and all too brief. And something I'll never forget."

We were seated in the audience when Mitchell Korn's own terrifying, wonderful, brief, and unforgettable moment arrived. Also in the audience were his wife, his mother, two brothers, an uncle, a grandmother, some cousins, and a dozen or so friends; he was the only local boy on the bill. Gamble Rogers said in introducing him, "Mitchell Korn is a composer, a twelve-string-guitar virtuoso, and a native New Yorker."

Mitchell Korn carried two guitars onstage, rested one on a guitar stand and the other on his right knee, draped a red terry-cloth towel over his left knee, tuned up, and said he was disappointed that his landlords couldn't make it to Carnegie Hall. Then he played the piece called "Loft Wars." It was a bottleneck-blues number—raucous, intense, galloping—that moved from conflict through struggle and on to resolution. When he had finished, the audience responded with enthusiasm, and Mitchell Korn seemed quite relieved. He had, in an oblique but obviously satisfying way, got even.

Video Games

Lonna Jones, who works with the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and the Center for U.S.-China Arts Exchange at Columbia University administering an elementary-school arts-education exchange between the United States and China, recently returned to New York from Peking. She brought back with her an essay written by a girl in the Peking No. 1 Experimental School's fourth grade, which was in the first stages of setting up a class-to-class exchange with the fourth grade in the Bolinas-Stinson Union School District, in Northern California. When Ms. Jones gave the essay to us, together with a translation, we were interested to note that not only was the calligraphy beautifully executed for a ten-year-old but the subject of the essay had nothing to do with politics. Instead, it was about video games, a commercial phenomenon that has been spreading surprisingly fast in the People's Republic of China as some of those enjoying the new liberal economic reforms have come to realize how profitable such machines can be as a form of private enterprise. The essay:

Fascinating Video Games

Whenever my Mom has taken me out to a public park the last year or so, what has fascinated me most has not been the pretty landscaping, the lovable animals at the zoo, but—video games. Now, each time my Mom gives me any spending money, I save it. What I want to use it on is video games.

The room where the machines are is actually not very large. Its walls are covered with all kinds of posters, which show such things as flying saucers, extraterrestrial beings, and the launchings of rockets with atomic and neutron bombs. These posters are filled with bright colors and strange images.

The video machines themselves stand in rows and all make strange and beautiful noises. Sometimes the noises beep out rapidly and sound rather weird, and at other times the noises are those of fierce explosions. Since the room is filled with both adults and children, it's not very easy to get a turn playing.

When I finally put in my token, a starry sky suddenly appeared on the video screen before me, and then filled with enemy fighter planes, all flying in formation. I was all keyed up to play the game as the first tank appeared on the screen. The strange noises it made left me nervously trying to coördinate my two hands on the machine. My left hand grasped one button while my other hand tried to maneuver the tank. When I pushed down on the firing button, the tank started blasting away. "Da! Da! Da!" it went. And then with a big "Hong!" a whole bunch of enemy planes blew up.

But just at this point another of the enemy planes out front dropped a bomb. And with another "Hong!" my tank, unable to dodge out of the way, was completely wiped out by the enemy.

On my second turn, my tank was vigorously firing away when unexpectedly an enemy plane dive-bombed it from high up and blew it to smithereens. Nonetheless, I refused to acknowledge defeat, and began a third round of combat.

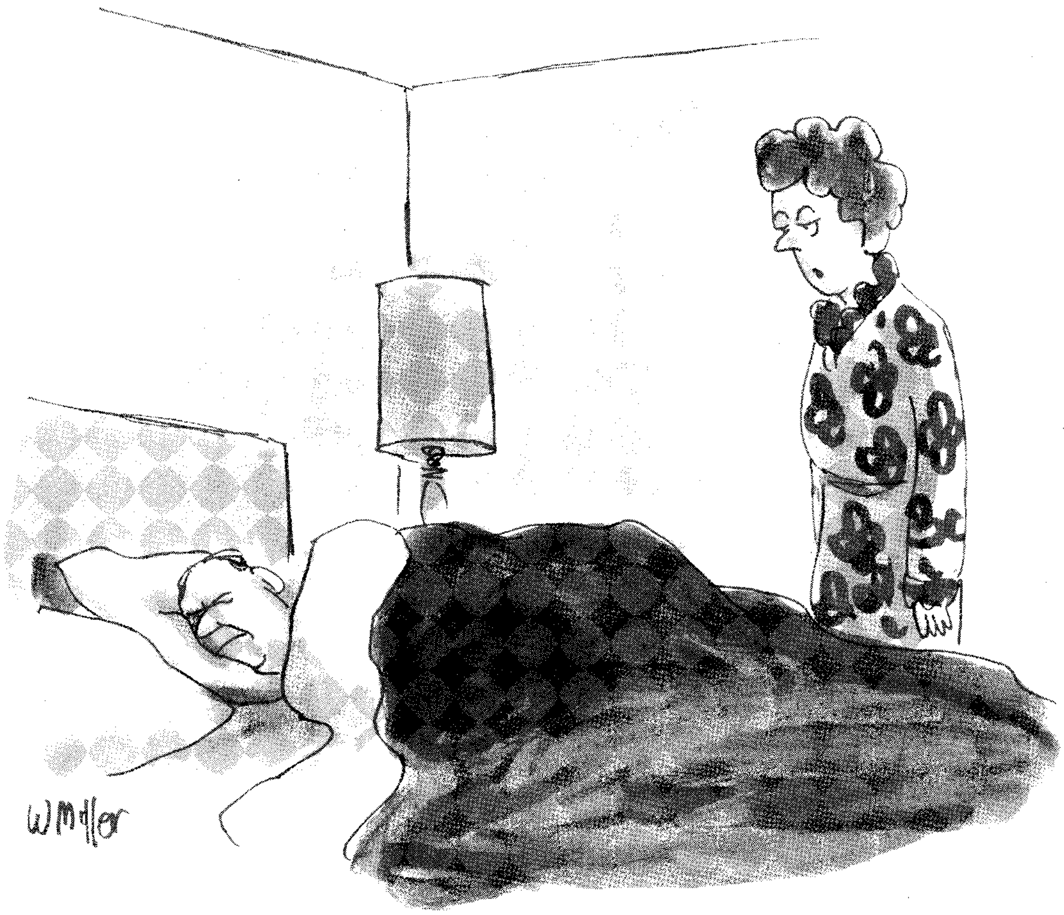
Having taken to heart the lessons of the last two games, I tried to focus all my attention on watching for enemy planes. And as soon as I saw one start to dive I immediately got ready to shoot. Then, waiting for the perfect moment, I pressed the firing button. At last, this third time, I became completely victorious, wiping out all the enemy planes. When my score appeared on the screen, it was 2,000. This was the computer's way of congratulating and encouraging me. Then, a moment later, the blue starry sky reappeared again on the screen, as if the machine were welcoming me back to play another game.

Diao Mei
4th Grade, Section 2
Beijing No. 1 Experimental School

Grace

As we were sitting in a tavern recently, a patron walked in cradling a ferret. This ferret, which was on a leash, startled us, less by its actions (which were gentle) than by its presence. When you go to a tavern, you expect to find a dart board, a pool table, and an argument about Billy Martin, but you don't expect to find an ant farm or a political demonstration or a ferret. One counts on experiencing certain sensations when visiting a tavern and on experiencing certain other sensations when visiting a zoo (and it is no accident that most people visit taverns more frequently). Still, the ferret, which eats only Purina Cat Chow, was good fun. It wasn't like an eruption of the transcendent into the mundane, but it was cool.

A friend from the city's Audubon Society phoned us last week to tell us about a trip to Prall's Island, in the Arthur Kill, off Staten Island, where a sanctuary for herons had just



"Edgar, your breakfast is on the table, and Bryant Gumbel, Jane Pauley, Willard Scott, and Gene Shalit have a lot of interesting things they want to tell you."

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been established. Prall's Island, he said, was home to more than three hundred families of herons, including egrets, and some families of ibis as well. We didn't believe him, of course, so, boarding a boat at the Battery, we went out for a look. Prall's Island, a grassy strip, is bordered on three sides by tank farms and factories that emit and spew. But, honest to God, there were herons and ibis there. Our fellow-passengers on the trip included:

Harry (Scotty) Jenkins, one of Staten Island's premier bird-watchers and a man who helped alert the local Audubon leaders to this unlikely rookery. "We knew there had to be herons nesting nearby, because we'd see them eating in the wetlands on Staten Island," he said. "I'd go out looking with my brother-in-law Bernie, who has an aluminum boat. Just last Friday, I counted three hundred and thirty-four nests on the island. Plus one mallard nest in a briar patch, which gave us a good round number. When you go out to look for them, you have to be careful, because the young will get scared and branch. By 'branch' I mean they'll run out on the end of a branch and fall to the ground and die. I'm a longshoreman at the container port on Staten Island (we get everything through there: jet fighters, everything), and sometimes I'll see an interesting bird fly by while I'm working. Occasionally, I'll point it out to one of the guys, but they mostly aren't interested."

John Oppenheimer, who runs the master's program in environmental science at the College of Staten Island campus of the City University of New York. He said that preserving the nesting ground was just the first step if the birds were to survive; the Goethals Bridge Pond wetlands also needed protection, for it was there that the birds fed. (Except for the cattle egrets. Cattle egrets used to follow cows, who stirred up insects from the grass, but in urban areas they track lawnmowers on golf courses and the median strips of highways.) "For a while after they built the Verrazano Bridge, Staten Island was developing faster than any other place in the state," Mr. Oppenheimer said. "Most of the easy sites are gone now, and the developers have begun to look at the harder sites—which usually means wetlands."

John Farrand, Jr., the editor of the magazine *American Birds*, who said that last fall a little curlew was found on a Southern California beach and hundreds of people went there to look at him. "It was the first time this Siberian species migrated down the West Coast of North America instead of the East Coast of Asia. It was a major navigational error and a major birding event," he said. Mr. Farrand also watches for butterflies, and he told us that to his mind one of the great butterfly events of the twentieth century was when the larva of a small brown butterfly, *Poanes viator*, switched almost overnight from a diet of scarce wild rice to a menu based on *Phragmites*, a plentiful wetland grass.

Mr. Farrand and many of the others on the boat wore binoculars. As we neared the island, they all began to produce characteristic cries of recognition. "That's a gadwall. That's the best bird we've seen so far," said Mr. Farrand. A moment later, he added, "By 'best' I mean rarest."

We saw all the herons—the great and snowy egrets, the black-crowned night heron—and we saw the iridescent black glossy ibis. We also saw a red-winged blackbird attacking a crow, a black duck landing, and a barn swallow, a common grackle, and a blue-winged teal (maybe). Mr. Farrand heard a swamp sparrow, and as soon as he did some other people did, too. Someone wanted to see a Bonaparte's gull, but it was too late in the year. Mr. Farrand started suddenly, raised his glasses in a flash, and then said, "It's only a black-crowned. I was trying to make a bittern out of him." This sort of business kept up all the way back to the dock at the Battery, where someone said, "I thought I saw a sandpiper on the piling, but it's actually an English sparrow"—which was apparently very funny, because everyone laughed, including us.

THE MIDDLE AGES

THE mysterious knight, who has known the playwright since she entered the day-care center he attended when she was two, easily slays the dragon and wins the admiration of the princess, whom he has known slightly since she moved into his neighborhood in third grade. The queen makes a congratulatory speech. The knight's mother and the queen's mother exchange looks; they first met eleven years ago, at the screening of the Prepared Childbirth film that was to help ready them for the births of the knight and the queen.

The knight asks for a private conference with the king, who shoos the queen and the princess away. The queen, a short white girl, ushers out, in matronly fashion, her tall black daughter. The knight's mother wonders, not for the first time, why the playwright, the strong daughter of a strong mother, writes scenes that depict weak women. Or is this moment in the play because she simply needs to get half her characters off the stage?

The knight, now alone with the king, who has been in this class with him for two years, confesses that he is not a knight but only a squire. Deeply moved by the courage of his confession, the king does not behead him for impersonation but dubs him a knight "in Christ's name"—a phrase that momentarily startles the knight's Jewish mother, and also, she notes, the playwright's Jewish mother and stepfather. The line seems to go right past the playwright's divorced, non-Jewish father, who is visiting from California. Before the play, he shook hands nostalgically with parents out of his daughter's babyhood, proud to remember their names.

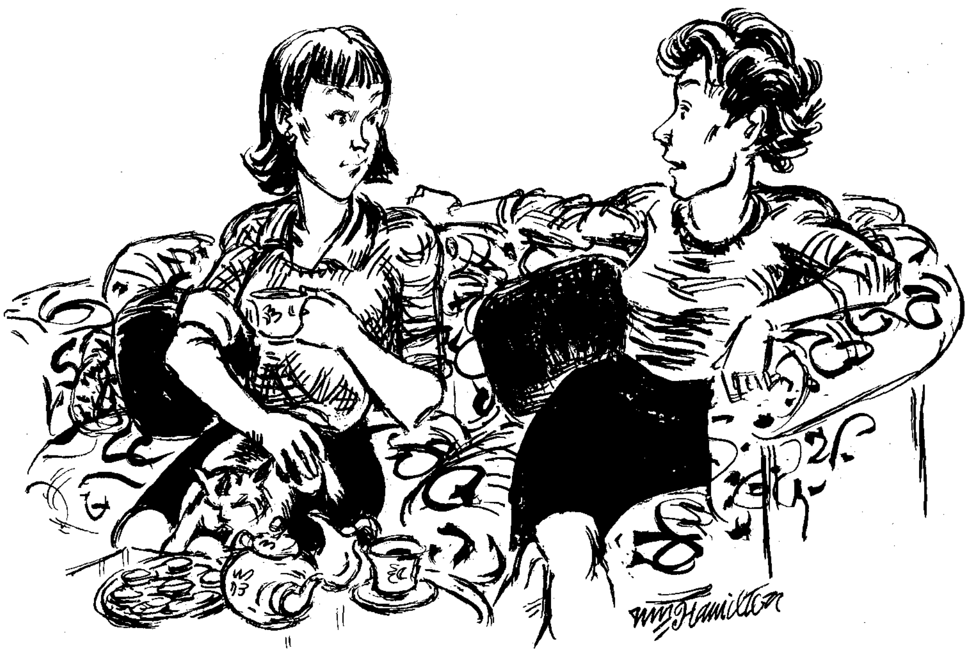
The play ends, and there are congratulations and applause for everyone, including the children who made the costumes and the props. The knight's mother finds her son trying to take off his costume in a corner of the classroom, and goes to help him and hug him. He is noncommittal but seems satisfied with his performance. The group of parents, trooping back into the classroom from the makeshift theatre in the school library, addresses further compliments to the two young teachers—a black man, a white woman—of this Talented and Gifted Class, which has convened on Thursday afternoons all year, gathering children from half the city. It's surprising to the knight's mother, though, how many of them she recognizes, and there are several more whose names she can't remember but who look familiar. The parents move around the room, not sure what is expected of them but happy to catch up on news, to admire the projects on the walls and tables (all connected with the Middle Ages), to smile shyly and exchange pleasantries with the families they do not know.

The knight's mother walks slowly around the tables, looking at the castles. They are made of plain cardboard and corrugated cardboard, along with toilet-paper rolls, paper-towel rolls, string, tape, and sections of egg cartons. One has a drawbridge with string cables to draw it up. Crouching, she sees that another castle has been divided into rooms. The labor is intricate. She sees little clay sheep and geese in a courtyard; there is a tilting clay woman mounting a cardboard staircase, which seems to want to straighten itself. The knight's castle is the smallest in the classroom and one of the simplest, but it has crenellated walls, meticulously cut.

The man teacher comes to talk to her about the castles. The children worked in groups, he explains. The groups were varied, and the teachers were careful to place children with classmates they didn't know very well. The knight worked with one other child, a girl, which must not have been easy for him. They agree that the knight is shy with girls. At first, he was in a larger group, the teacher explains, but one child was difficult, and the teachers thought it best to divide this group. The mother remembers that the knight talked about the difficult child, and about the castle, but not about a girl.

The teacher is proud of the way the castles were made. He explains that one of the children, on her end-of-the-year Program Evaluation Sheet, actually wrote that it was her favorite project because she learned to work with different kinds of children. The mother and the teacher agree that this result was indeed praiseworthy.

The knight's mother now introduces the knight's grandmother to the director of the Talented and Gifted Program, a woman famous for her memory, who mentions the occasion on which she met the grandmother before, at another Medieval Fair, three years ago, when the knight's older brother was in fifth grade. No, the brother is not here tonight; he is playing the cello in an ensemble at the music school. His father dropped him off and was almost late for the play. The older brother did not seem to mind that his parents were missing his concert. They have attended others—long, earnest performances by a succession of

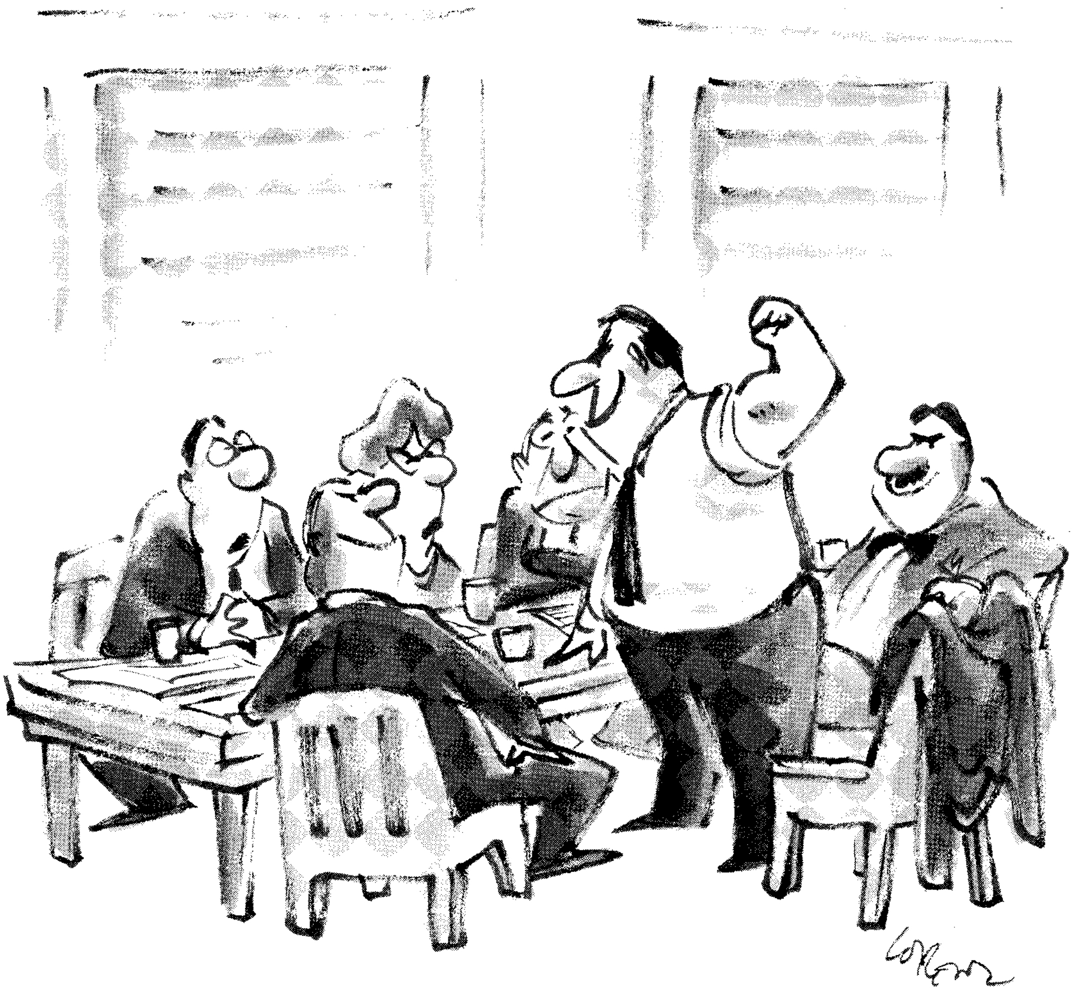


"I love who he is, but I can't stand him."

small groups. Each time, the father wondered whether some young virtuoso might save the occasion.

But now the knight's mother begins to worry, imagining the music-school concert over and the audience dispersed, her son alone in the dark with his cello outside a locked building, or perhaps being conscientiously kept company by the already exhausted teacher.

The knight explains that they cannot leave. He may be allowed to take his castle home. At the last class, the teachers asked the children in each group to draw lots for the group's castle. He and his co-worker, Jonquil McMahon, drew lots and Jonquil won. But she is not present. "If the first person doesn't come by a quarter to nine, the second person can take the castle," the knight says. "I'm the second person, because there isn't anybody else." It is now eight-twenty. Families are beginning to leave. The fathers, supervised by anxious sons and daughters, carefully detach large medieval figures painted on brown wrapping paper from the wall—knights, ladies, monks—loosening the Scotch Tape piece by piece and trying to keep the arms and legs from tearing.



"Very impressive, Mr. Crawley, but no one on our side of the table wants to feel your muscle."

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Each student has made a coat of arms, a cardboard shield divided into four sections. The knight explains that one quarter of each coat of arms represents the present, one the future, one something he is proud of, and one something he enjoys. To show the present, he has drawn his family, including the cat and dog. A scroll surprisingly lettered "Ph.D. in Literature" denotes his future. He is proud of his certificate for cooperation, from summer day camp. Pleasure is shown by a hockey stick. The knight's mother picks out herself, with dark hair, in the row of family members. She cannot remember ever making anything like this coat of arms, a work that might acknowledge and unite the parts of her life.

By the time the coat of arms has been taken down and examined, it is eight-thirty. One of the teachers thinks the knight might take the castle now, but the other teacher says they should not deviate from the announced plan. The knight, in any case, has no wish to break the rules. He sits at a table in the library with his mother and grandmother. The father stays in the classroom, restlessly moving around, picking up books about the Middle Ages. The mother can see him through the doorway. She recognizes the book he has been looking at. When she passed the table and glanced at it, it was opened to a detailed description of medieval warfare, including the use of boiling oil.

"Is Jonquil a black girl?" asks the grandmother.

"Yes."

"I like the name Jonquil," says the mother.

"She looks like what you'd think," the knight says.

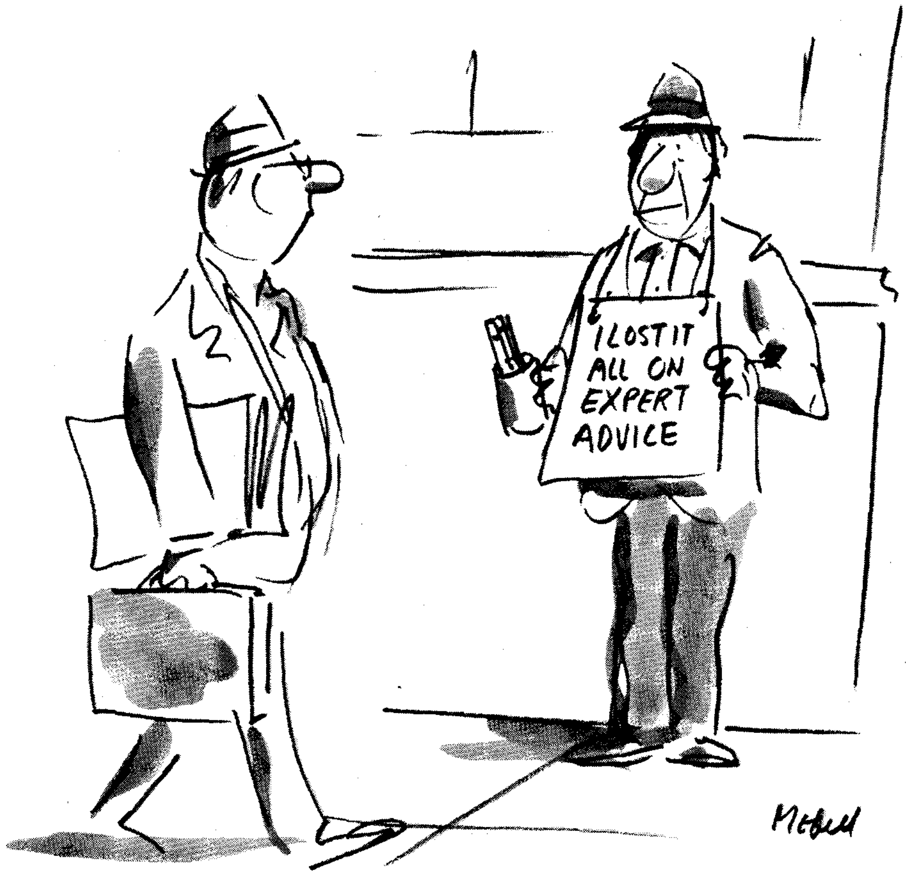
"Delicate?"

"Sort of."

"I feel sorry for her," says the grandmother. "Maybe she wanted to come but she couldn't."

"I don't think she wanted to come," says the knight.

At twenty-five to nine, the mother goes back into the classroom. Two or three families are left. The teachers are starting to take down from the walls the work of the children who didn't show up. The playwright's father has gone, taking with him the playwright's life-size cutout on brown paper of a lady in a conical hat; perhaps he means to take it back to California with him. Now the playwright's mother and stepfather take their leave with the playwright, the mother carrying the playwright's new baby brother, the stepfather balancing one of the largest castles, which he


I LOST IT ALL ON EXPERT ADVICE

tilts carefully to fit it through the door.

The knight has come back into the classroom. He is watching the clock. The mother sits down on the corner of a table. She thinks she should keep the grandmother company in the library, but she isn't wearing a watch and wants to know what time it is. Across the room, the father has found something to read. It looks like a storybook, with a colorful cover. He is leaning with one shoulder against a blackboard, holding the book a little away from him, as if he means to be able to drop it at any moment.

"Six and a half minutes," the knight says.

"That's *you*," says the woman teacher, smiling at the knight. "You really are a stickler for rules. Everything just so. But you're such a good judge. You make us all be fair in class. And you never take anything you're not entitled to."

The knight shrugs. He does not recognize himself in the description.

"Four minutes," says the knight. The father is impatient. He closes the book and puts it down. Obviously, Jonquil is not coming. The fair is over. They discuss carrying the castle out to the car. Or should he drive around to the door? No, he answers himself, they can carry the castle easily. But the bottom is paper, not cardboard. Will the walls make it rigid enough? Can they carry it without hurting it?

"I really think you can take it now," says the woman teacher.

"No. A minute to go," the knight says.

"You're a little crazy," she says. "But it's a good kind of crazy."

The knight is staring at the clock. The mother is standing up, tired, her face empty. A last family is leaving. Another family is walking into the classroom—a woman, a teen-age girl, a younger girl: a black family. They look calm, as if they are doing something ordinary.

The mother sees that this is not a family that has been here all evening, returning for a forgotten picture or jacket. This is Jonquil.

The woman teacher, her eyes startled, is greeting the teen-age sister—another former student, it seems. The knight's family does not wait to see Jonquil—who is expressionless and sturdy, not delicate—take up the castle. The mother feels the knight yank at her arm. They hurry the grandmother out to the car.

"IT would have been worse if we'd met them in the street and had to deal with an ethical dilemma," says the mother as they start down the steps outside the building.

"They looked cynical," says the father. "This was terrible. This was truly terrible."

The grandmother says that maybe the family had no choice but to come late, that they had to be somewhere else. It is the end of the school year. There are many celebrations and performances. The concert, for example.

"That's not how they looked," says the mother. She tries to picture the woman's businesslike face wearing the expression that all mothers—housewives or working women, black or white—wear when they rush in late to claim a child or to applaud and admire: the exasperated eyes, the frustrated headshake that say "Of *course* I care. It was traffic, responsibility, necessity that kept me away—not ease, not whim."

The face, in the mother's mind, will not hold the expression. The woman did not want to make the usual half-humorous claim of membership in the guild of the conscientious, or did not know she could. Or perhaps for her an avowal of fellowship would be a mad luxury, courtly protocol in the midst of battle.

The mother doesn't know how to explain this to the boy but reaches out a hand, as they approach the car, to touch the back of his neck. He brushes his head against her palm, and she thinks he may turn and cry, but he does not.

"Still," says the grandmother, "now you know how to make castles."

"I couldn't get the wall to stand up straight," says the boy. "Mr. Evans had to glue it for me, and then he told me it came apart after I went home and he had to glue it again. I didn't know what to do. It kept on falling."

—ALICE MATTISON

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Sen. Bennett Johnston, a moderate Democrat from Louisiana, said denying Reagan the Contra money would "make the president impotent and without credibility, and if the president doesn't have impotence and credibility, the country doesn't either."—*Baton Rouge (La.) Sunday Advocate.*

You can say *that* again, Johnston.

THE WEDDING IN THE GARDEN

EVER since Dervla was nine the people of the hotel had fascinated her. Its proprietor, Mr. Congreve, wore clothes that had a clerical sombreness about them, though they were of a lighter hue than Father Mahony's stern black. Mr. Congreve was a smiling man with a quiet face, apparently not in the least put out by reports in the town that his wife, in allying herself with a hotel proprietor, had married beneath her. Ladylike and elegant, she appeared not to regret her choice. Mrs. Congreve favored in her dresses a distinctive blend of greens and blues, her stylishness combining with the hotel proprietor's tranquil presence to lend the couple a quality that was unique in the town. Their children, two girls and an older boy, were imbued with this through the accident of their birth, and so were different from the town's other children in ways that might be termed superficial. "Breeding," Dervla's father used to say. "The Congreves have great breeding in them."

She herself, when she was nine, was fair-haired and bony, with a graze always healing on one knee or the other because she had a way of tripping on her shoelaces. "Ah, will you tie up those things!" her mother used to shout at her: her mother, big-faced and red, blinking through the steam that rose from a bucket of water. Her brothers and sisters had all left the house in Thomas MacDonagh Street by the time Dervla was nine: they'd left the town and the district, two of them even in America, one in London. Dervla was more than just the baby of the family; she was an afterthought, catching everyone unawares, born when her mother was forty-two. "Chance had a hand in that one," her father liked to say, regarding her affectionately, as if pleased at the intervention of fate. Her father was employed by O'Mara the builder.

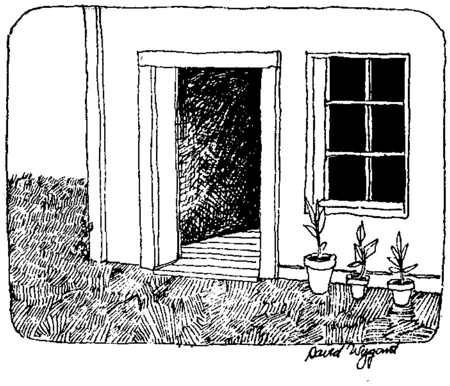
Even after she went to work in the Royal Hotel and came to know the family, her first image of them remained: the Congreves in their motorcar—an old Renault, as she afterward established, its canvas roof folded back, slowly making the journey to the Protestant church on a sunny Sunday morning. St. Peter's Church was at one end of the town, the Royal Hotel at the other. It had, before its days as a hotel, apparently been owned by Mrs. Congreve's family, and then people in the grocery business had bought it and had not lived there—people who had nothing to do with the town, who were not well known. Mr. Congreve had made an offer with, so it was said, his wife's money.

The motorcar in the sunlight crept down Draper's Street, the bell of St. Peter's Church still monotonously chiming. The boy—no older than Dervla herself—wore a gray flannel suit, the girls had fawn-colored coats and tiny bows in their pigtails. The motorcar passed from view, and a moment later the bell ceased to chime.

CHRISTOPHER couldn't remember the first time he'd been aware of her. All he knew was that she worked in the kitchen of the hotel, walking out from the town every day. Playing with Molly and Margery Jane in the shrubberies of the garden, he had noticed now and again a solitary figure in a black coat, with a head scarf. He didn't know her name or what her face was like. "Count to ten, Chris," Margery Jane would shrilly insist. "You're not counting to ten!" The girl passed through the yard nearby, a child as they were, but they paid her no attention.

A year or so later, Mary, the elderly maid whose particular realm was the dining room, instructed her in the clearing of a table. "Dervla," his mother said when the older waitress had led her away with cutlery and plates piled on her tray. "Her name is Dervla." After that she was always in the dining room at mealtimes.

It was then, too, that she began to come to the hotel on a bicycle, her day longer now, arriving before breakfast, cycling home again in the late evening. Christopher didn't know where she lived, had never once noticed Thomas MacDonagh Street in his wanderings about the town. Returning from boarding school in Dublin, he had taken to going for walks—along the quay of the river where the sawmills were, in the lanes behind Brabazon's Brewery, out into the fields. Sometimes a dog from the cottages near the electricity plant would follow him through darkening afternoons or spitting rain, lingering with him while he gazed into the windows of the shops that sold fruit and confectionery.



But it was the hotel, not the town, that was Christopher's world: white building set back a little from the street, pillars and steps prefacing its entrance doors. Its plainness was decorated with a yellow AA sign and a blue "R.I.A.C." one; in spring tulips bloomed in window boxes on the downstairs windowsills. The words "ROYAL HOTEL" were painted in black on its white façade and repeated in smaller letters above the pillared porch.

The dining room had glass swinging doors and twelve tables with white tablecloths, always set for dinner. The family occupied a corner table between the fire and the dumbwaiter, with its array of silver-plated sugar castors and salt and pepper and mustard containers, mint sauce in cut-glass jugs, and Worcestershire sauce and jam and marmalade. The first-floor landing—a sideboard stretching along one wall, leather armchairs by the windows, occasional tables piled with magazines, a gold-framed mirror above the fireplace—was the heart of the hotel. Off it were the best bedrooms and a billiard room where the Y.M.C.A. held a competition every March; above it, off a less impressive landing, were the smaller, colder bedrooms and uncarpeted stairs leading to the attics.

They were mainly senior commercial travellers who stayed at the Royal, and bank inspectors. Once in a while there was an English couple or a couple from the North, touring on their honeymoon. Artie the boots, gray-haired but still in his forties, worked in the garden and the yard, disposed of empty bottles from the bar, and often served there. Old Mary served there, too, and at a busy time, which only rarely occurred, Mrs. O'Connor would come up from the kitchen to assist. Dr. Molloy drank at the Royal, and Hogarty the surveyor, and the agent at the Bank of Ireland, Mr. Madden. The bar was a quiet place,

though, compared with the town's public houses; voices were never raised.

The main hall of the hotel was quiet also, except for the ticking of the grandfather clock and its chiming. There was a particular smell, of polish and old soup, and porter from the bar. A barometer hung beneath a salmon in a glass case, notices of point-to-point races and the Dublin Spring Show and the Horse Show hung from hooks among colored prints of Punchestown. The wooden floor was covered almost completely with faded rugs, and the upper half of the door to the bar was composed of frosted glass with a border of shamrocks. There were plants in brass pots on either side of a wide staircase with a greenish carpet, threadbare in parts.

"Your inheritance one day," Christopher's father said.

IT was very grand, Dervla considered, to have your initials on a green trunk and on a wooden box with metal brackets fixed to its edges. These containers stood in the back hall, with a suitcase, at the beginning of each term, before they were taken to the railway station. They stood there again on Christopher's first day back from school, before Artie helped him to carry them upstairs. He always arrived in the evening, sometimes as late as seven o'clock but usually about half past five. In the dining room when the family had supper he would say he was famished and tell his sisters how disgraceful the food at the school was, the turnips only half mashed, the potatoes with bits of clay still clinging to their skins, and a custard pudding called Yellow Peril. His mother, laughing at him, would say he shouldn't exaggerate, and his father would ask him about the rugby he had played, or the cricket. "Like the game of tennis it would be," Artie told her when Dervla asked him what cricket was. She imagined what she heard described: a big stone house with a curving avenue, and bells always ringing, and morning assemblies, and the march through cloisters to the chapel. She imagined the boys in their gray suits kneeling down to say their prayers, and the ice on the inside of the windows on cold days. The chemistry master had blown his hair off; she thought of Mr. Jerety, who made up the prescriptions in the Medical Hall, who had no hair, either, except for a little at the sides of his head.

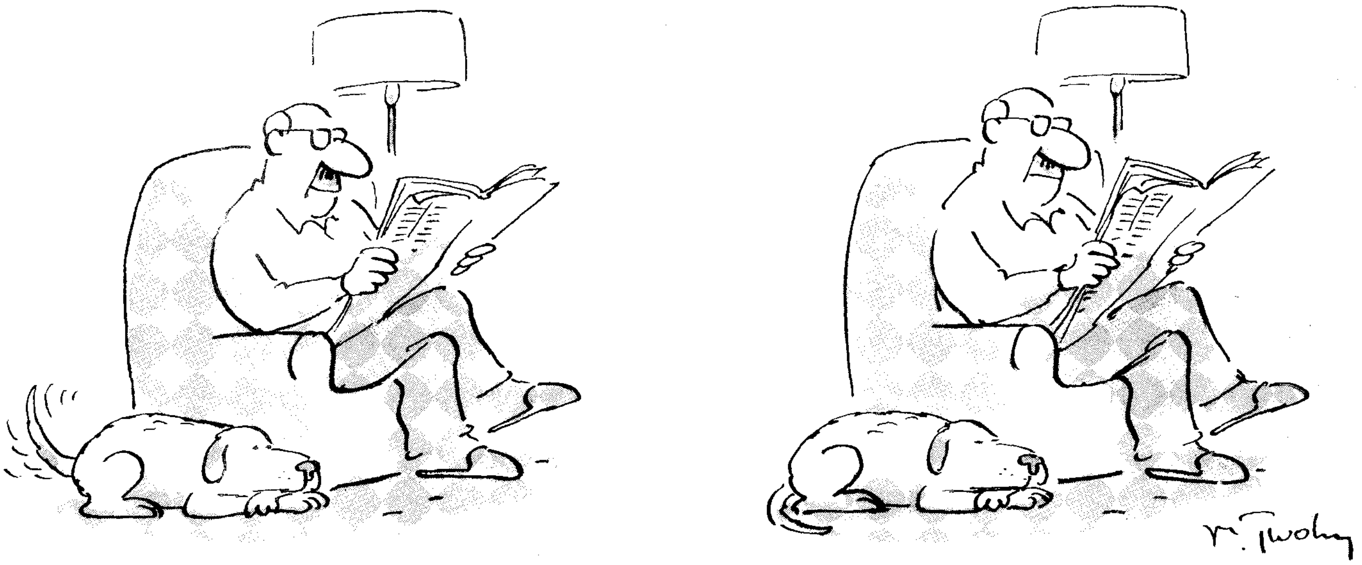
Dervla managed the dining room on her own now. Mary had become too rheumaticky to make the journey at any speed from the kitchen and had found it difficult to lift the heavier plates from the table. She helped Mrs. O'Connor with the baking instead, kneading dough on the marble slab at the side table in the kitchen, making pastry and preparing vegetables. In the dining room Dervla was swift on her feet and could stack a tray with dishes and plates so economically that two journeys became one. She was careful at listening to what the visitors ordered and without writing anything down was able to relay the message to the kitchen. The family were never given a choice.

OFTEN Christopher found himself glancing up from the food Dervla placed in front of him to follow with his eyes her progress across the dining room, the movement of her hips beneath her black dress, her legs clad in stockings that were black also. Once he addressed her in the back yard. He spoke softly, just behind her in the yard. It was dark, after seven, an evening in early March when a bitter wind was blowing. "I'll walk with you, Dervla," he said.

She wheeled her bicycle in Old Lane and they walked in silence, except that once he remarked upon the coldness of the weather and she said she disliked rain more. When they reached the end of the lane he went one way and she the other.

"Hullo, Dervla," he said one afternoon in the garden. It was late in August. He was lying on a rug among the hydrangeas, reading. She had passed without noticing that he was there; she returned some minutes later with a bunch of parsley. It was then that he addressed her. He smiled, trying to find a different intonation, trying to make his greeting softer, less ordinary than usual. He wanted her to sit down on the brown checked rug, to enjoy the sun for a while, but of course that was impossible. He had wanted to wheel her bicycle for her that evening, as he would have done had she been another girl—Hazel Warren or Annie Warren, the coal merchant's daughters, or a girl he'd never even spoken to, someone's cousin, who used to visit the town every Christmas. But it hadn't seemed natural in any way at all to wheel the bicycle of the dining-room maid, any more than it would have been to ask a kitchen maid at school where she came from or if she had brothers and sisters.

"Hullo," she said, replying to his greeting in the garden. She passed on with her bunch of parsley, seeming not



to be in a hurry, the crisp white strings of her apron bobbing as she walked.

In her bedroom in the house in Thomas MacDonagh Street she thought of him every night before she went to sleep. She saw him as he was when he returned from his boarding school, in his gray long-trousered suit, a green-and-white striped tie knotted into the gray collar of his shirt. When she awoke in the morning she thought of him also, the first person to share the day with. In winter she lay there in the darkness, but in summer the dawn light lit the picture of the Virgin above the door, and when Dervla felt the Virgin's liquid eyes upon her she prayed, asking the Holy Mother for all sorts of things she afterward felt she shouldn't have because they were trivial.

"That young Carroll has an eye for you," her father said once or twice, drawing her attention to Buzzy Carroll, who worked in Catigan's hardware. But she didn't want to spend Sunday afternoons walking out on the Ballydrim Road with Buzzy Carroll, or to sit with his arms around her in the Excel Cinema. One of the Christian Brothers had first called him Buzzy—something to do with the way his hair fluffed about his head—and after that no one could remember what Buzzy Carroll's real name was. There were others who would have liked to go out with her, on walks or to the pictures, or to the Tara Dance Hall on a Friday night. There was Flynn, who worked in Maguire's timberyard, and Chappie Broderick, and Butty Delaney. There was the porter at the auction rooms, who had something the matter with his feet—the toes joined together in such a peculiar way that he showed them to people. And there was Streak Dwyer. "You're nothing only a streak of woe," the same Christian Brother had years ago pronounced. Streak Dwyer had ever since retained the sobriquet, serving now in Clancy's grocery, sombrely weighing flour and sugar. She wouldn't have cared for it in the Excel Cinema with Streak Dwyer any more than she cared for the idea of being courted by a man who showed people his toes.

"Dervla." On a wet afternoon, a Tuesday in September, he whispered her name on the first-floor landing. He put his arm around her, and she was frightened lest someone should come. "I'm fond of you, Dervla."

He took her hand and led her upstairs to Room 14, a tiny bedroom that was only used when the hotel was full. Both of them were shy, and their shyness evaporated slowly. He kissed her, stroking her hair. He said again he was fond of her. "I'm fond of you, too," she whispered.

After that first afternoon they met often to embrace in Room 14. They would marry, he said at the end of those holidays; they would live in the hotel. Dervla could hardly believe it when she allowed her imagination to see them there, just like his parents. Over and over again in Room 14 the afternoon shadows gathered as sunlight slipped away; they whispered, clinging to one another, the warmth of their bodies becoming a single warmth. She sat huddled on his knee, holding tightly on to him in case they both fell off the rickety bedroom chair. He loved the curve of her neck, he whispered, and her soft fair hair, her lips and her eyes. He loved kissing her eyes.

"Not a bad fella at all," her father said in Thomas MacDonagh Street. "Young Carroll." She wanted to laugh when her father said that, wondering what on earth he'd say if he knew about Room 14. He would probably say nothing; in silence he would take his belt to her. But the thought of his doing so didn't make her afraid.

"Oh, Dervla, how I wish the time would hurry up and pass!"

Over the years he had come to see the town as little better than a higgledy-piggledy conglomeration of dwellings, an ugly place except for the small bridge at the end of Mill Street. But it was Dervla's town, and it was his own; together they belonged there. He saw himself in middle age walking through its narrow streets, as he had walked during his childhood. He saw himself returning to the hotel and going at once to embrace the wife he loved with a passion that had not changed.

"Oh, Dervla," he whispered in Room 14. "Dervla, I'm so fond of you."

"Well, now, I think we must have a little talk," Mrs. Congreve said.

They were alone in the dining room; Dervla had been laying the tables for dinner. When Mrs. Congreve spoke she felt herself reddening; the knives and forks felt suddenly cold in her hands.

"Mr. Congreve and I are disappointed that this has happened. It's most unfortunate." Mrs. Congreve stood by a window, looking out at people passing on the street. She turned and smiled a lingering, gracious smile. She was wearing one of her green-and-blue dresses, a flimsy, delicate garment with tiny blue buttons and a stylishly stiff white collar. Her dark hair was coiled silkily about her head.

“It is perhaps difficult for you to understand, Dervla, and certainly it is unpleasant for me to say. But there are differences between you and Christopher, and they cannot be overlooked or ignored.” Mrs. Congreve paused and again looked out of the window, slightly drawing the net curtain aside. “Christopher is not of your class, Dervla. He is not of your religion. You are a maid in this hotel. You have betrayed the trust that Mr. Congreve and I placed in you. I'm putting it harshly, Dervla, but there's no point in pretending.”

Dervla did not say anything. She felt sick in her stomach. She knew her face had gone pale.

“Oh, Christopher has done wrong also. I can assure you we are aware of that. We are disappointed in Christopher, but we think it better to close the matter in his absence. He will not be back for another three months almost; we think it best to have everything finished and forgotten by then. Mr. Congreve will explain to Christopher.”

Again there was the gracious smile. No shadow of displeasure disrupted the beauty of Mrs. Congreve's features. She might have been talking about the annual point-to-point dinner, giving instruction about how the tables should be set.

“Neither Mr. Congreve nor I wish to dismiss you, Dervla. If we did, you —and we—would have to explain to your parents, even to Father Mahony, I suppose. We would ask you to help us to avoid all this—by writing a note now, to Christopher, at school. That, then, would be the end of the matter.”

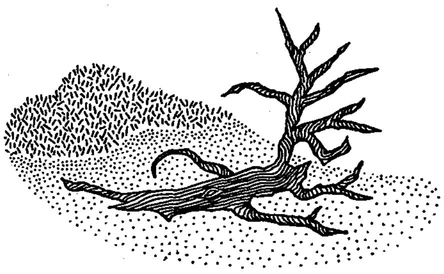
Dervla mentioned love. Her voice was weak, without substance, and seemingly without conviction. Mrs. Congreve listened patiently and then replied that that was penny-fiction talk.

“We want to get married, Ma'am.” Dervla closed her eyes beneath the effort of finding the courage to say that. The palms of her hands, chilled a moment ago, were warmly moist now.

“That's very silly, Dervla,” Mrs. Congreve said in the same calm manner. “I'm surprised you should be so silly.”

“I love him!” Dervla cried. Tears ran from her eyes and she felt herself seized by a wildness that made her want to shriek out in fury. “I love him!” she cried again.

There was a silence then, except for Dervla's sobbing. She found a handkerchief in the pocket of her apron and wiped her eyes and nose with it. In such silly circumstances, Mrs. Congreve said, the hotel would be sold and Christopher would inherit nothing. It wasn't right that a little thing like this should ruin Christopher's life. “So you see, you must go, Dervla. You must take your wages up to the end of the month and go this afternoon.”



The tranquillity of Mrs. Congreve's manner was intensified by the sadness in her voice. Again she offered the alternative: “Or simply write a few lines to him, and we shall continue in the hotel as though nothing had happened. It is possible, you know. I assure you of that, my dear. I can actually promise you that you will not be asked to leave.”

Miserably, Dervla asked what she could say in a letter. She would have to tell lies. She wouldn't know how to explain.

“No, don't tell lies. You've always been a sensible girl, Dervla. Explain that what happened between you was

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THE FEATHER

I accept its descent, a trace
Of a good soul taken in the rapture,
Its barbs zipped
Like the slacks of men at church.
Through quick and violent beating against air,
The vane holds, rays determine its outline, run out
To the curve and wait. There is no perimeter. The boundary
Is the ends of rays. End after end.

They help us not to feel far below the higher things.
More so than kites—kites are not called upon to crawl.
But birds reach down with a hand, a lizard's inspiration

Loosed, as when the heron so widely
Scrapes the cobwebs from the creek bed.
Silver-gray furrows, blue and metallic tarnish on the other side.
A crimp along each row. Color of braid, of metal thread.
Color: water-surface in shade, the ripples.

At the Pacific, all loose feathers finally gather
Where wind routes enter the beach grass.
They mark wind's highest tide:
An overstuffed dune.

The water pours out
Of the closed heart cockle.
I have feathers, the crossed and divided, unreweavable.
They roll in the wavelets; one works like an oar on the seersucker kelp.

Low tide, sea lettuce dries into taut windows over stones.
I see five red mouths in a pool of crinkled whelks,
Tap the barnacles so they hide their bite.
A crow plants her foot on a crab, wrings up a tuft of meat.
A single helping of elation, accessory of soaring.

When will she leave a feather of her own dismantling?
Here are enough for anyone who needs
A fraction of flight.

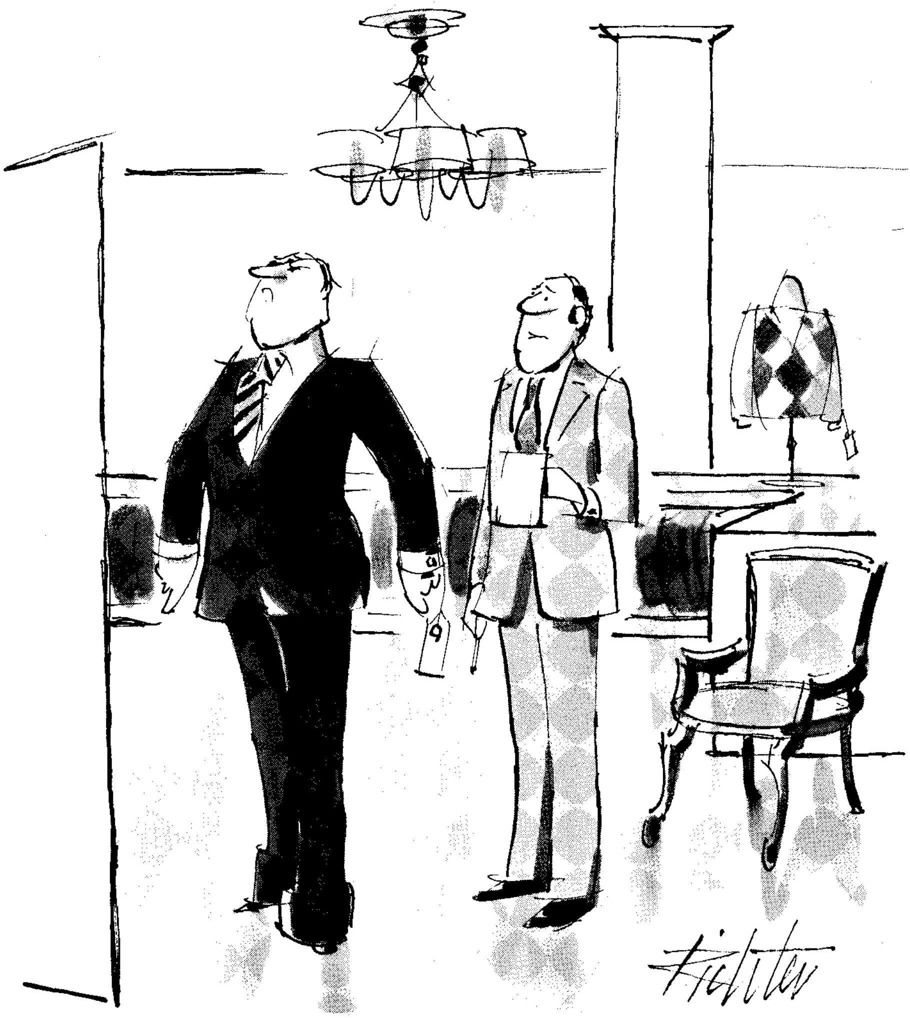
—SANDRA MCPHERSON

for children only. The hotel, even now, is everything to Christopher."

IN Dervla's tidy convent handwriting the letter said that they must not continue to meet in Room 14, because it was a sin. It would be best to bring everything to an end now, before she was dismissed. They had done wrong, but at least they could avoid the worst if they were sensible now.

It was so chilly a letter that Christopher could hardly believe what it so very clearly stated. Why did she feel this now, when a few weeks ago they had sworn to love one another for as long as they lived? Were all girls as fickle and as strange? Or had the priests, somehow, got at her, all this stuff about sin?

He could not write back. His handwriting on the envelope would be recognized in the hotel, and he did not know her address, since she had not included it in her letter. He had no choice but to wait, and as days and then weeks went by his bewilderment turned to anger. It was stupid that she should suddenly develop these scruples, after all they'd said to one another. The love he continued to feel for her became tinged with doubt and with resentment, as though they'd had a quarrel.



"Well, sir, how does that look to your jaundiced eye?"

• •

"NOW, I don't want to say anything more about this," his father said at the beginning of the next holidays. "But it doesn't do, you know, to go messing about with the maids."

"It wasn't messing about."

"That girl was very upset, Christopher."

Three months ago Christopher would have said that he wanted to marry Dervla. He would have spoken of love. But his father had managed to draw him aside to have this conversation before he'd had an opportunity even to see her, let alone speak to her.

"It would be hard on her to dismiss her. We naturally didn't want to do that. We want the girl to remain here, Christopher, since really it's a bit of a storm in a teacup."

His father lit a cigarette and seemed more at ease once he had made that pronouncement. There was a lazier look about his face than there had been a moment ago; a smile drifted over his lips. "Good term?" he said, and Christopher nodded.

"IS it the priests, Dervla?" They stood together in a doorway in Old Lane, her bicycle propped against the curb. "Did the priests get at you?"

She shook her head.

"Did my mother speak to you?"

"Your mother only said a few things."

She went away, wheeling her bicycle for a while before mounting it. He watched her, not feeling as miserable as when her letter had arrived, for during the months that had passed since then he had become reconciled to the loss of their relationship: between the lines of her letter there had been a finality.

He returned to the hotel and Artie helped him to carry his trunk upstairs. He wished that none of it had ever happened.

DERVLA was glad he made no further effort to talk to her, but, standing between courses by the dumbwaiter in the dining room, she often wondered what he was thinking. While the others talked he was at first affected by embarrassment, because at mealtimes in the past there had been the thrill of glances and forbidden smiles. But after a week or so he became less quiet, joining in the family conversation, and she became the dining-room maid again. Yet for Dervla the moment of placing his food in front of him was as poignant as ever it had been, and in her private moments she permitted herself the luxury of dwelling in the past. In her bedroom in Thomas MacDonagh Street she closed her eyes and willed into her consciousness the afternoon sunlight of Room 14. Once more she was familiar with the quickening of his heart and the cool touch of his hands. Once more she clung to him, her body huddled into his on the rickety chair in the corner, the faraway cries of Molly and Margery Jane gently disturbing the silence.

Dervla did not experience bitterness. She was fortunate that the Congreves had been above the pettiness of dismissing her, and when she prayed she gave thanks for that. When more time had gone by she found herself able to confess the sinning that had been so pleasurable in Room 14, and was duly burdened with a penance for both the misdemeanors and her long delay in confessing them. She had feared to lose what there had been through expiation, but the fear had been groundless: only reality had been lost.

Everything was easier when the green trunk and the box with the metal brackets stood in the back hall at the beginning of another term, and when a few more terms had come and gone he greeted her in the hotel as if all she had confessed to was a fantasy. "Did my mother speak to you?" The quiet vehemence there had been in his voice was sweet to remember, but he himself would naturally wish to forget it now.

TWO summers after he left school Dervla noticed signs in him that painfully echoed the past. An Archdeacon's daughter sometimes had lunch with the family. Her dark hair was drawn back from a center parting, her light-blue eyes lit up when she smiled. A dimple came and went in one cheek only; her skin was like the porcelain of a doll's skin. Often in the dining room she talked about her childhood in the seaside backwater where once she had lived. Listening, Christopher was entranced.

Dervla cleared away the dishes, expertly disposing of chop bones or bits of left-behind fat. Mary had years ago shown her how to flick the table refuse onto a single plate—a different one from the plate you gathered the used knives and forks onto. Afterward she watched from an upstairs window—the window, in fact, of Room 14. The Archdeacon's daughter sat with him in the garden, each of them in a deck chair, laughing and conversing. They were always laughing: the Archdeacon's daughter would say something and he would throw his head back with appreciation and delight. Long before the engagement was announced Dervla knew that this was the girl who was going to take her place, in his life and in the hotel.

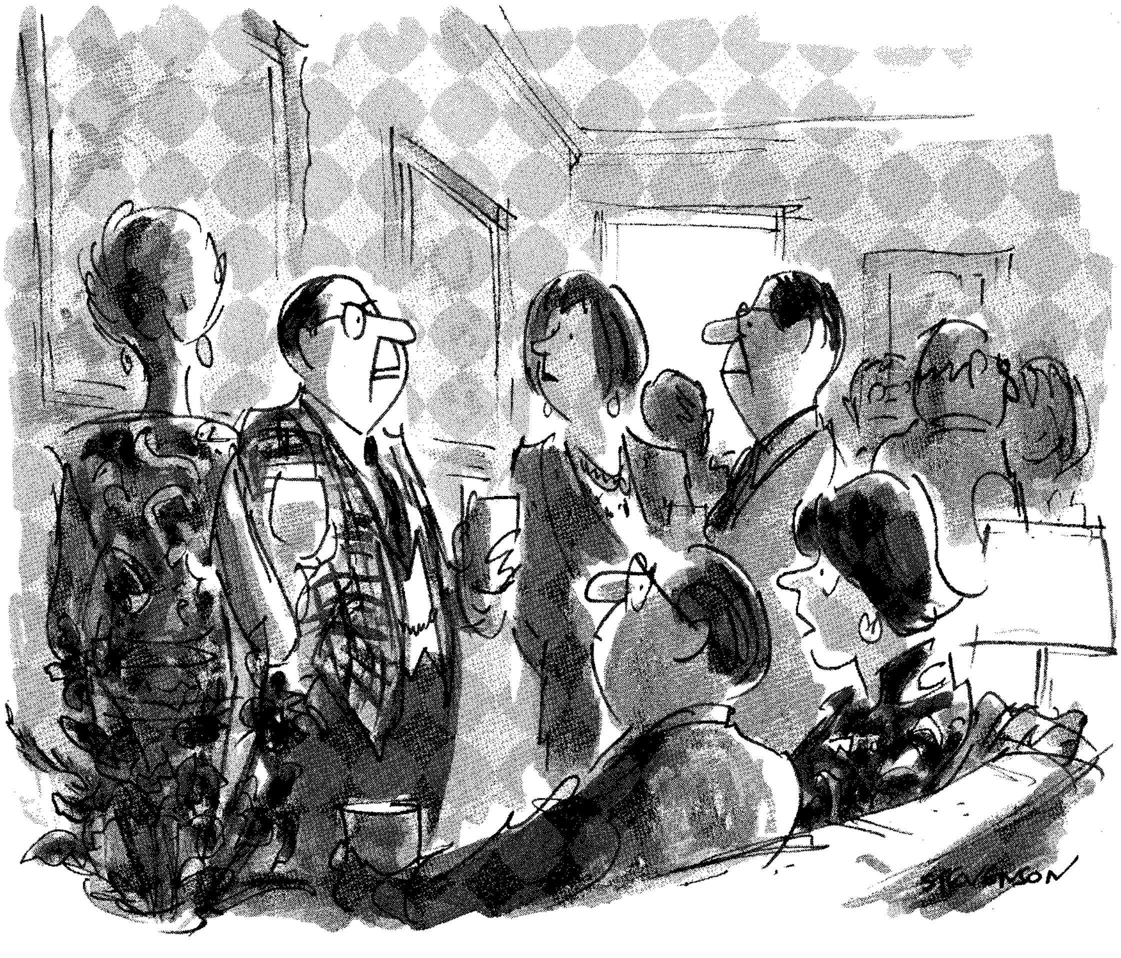
IN the middle of a heat wave the Archdeacon conducted the service in St. Peter's, and then the guests made their way to the garden of the hotel. Dervla and a new maid with spectacles handed round glasses of champagne. Artie saw to it that people had chairs to sit on if they wished to sit. The Archdeacon's daughter wore a wedding dress that had a faint shade of blue in it, and a Limerick lace veil. She was kissed by people in the garden; she smiled while helping to cut the wedding cake. Her four bridesmaids, Molly and Margery Jane among them, kept saying she looked marvellous.

Speeches were made in the sunshine. Dr. Molloy made one and so did the best man, Tom Gouvernet, and Mr. Congreve. Dr. Molloy remembered the day Christopher was born, and Mr. Congreve remembered the first time he'd set eyes on the beauty of the Archdeacon's daughter, and Tom Gouvernet remembered Christopher at school. Christopher said he was the lucky man and kissed the Archdeacon's daughter while people clapped their hands with delight. Tom Gouvernet fell backward off the edge of a raised bed. Christopher's mother moved among the guests with the plump wife of the Archdeacon and the Archdeacon himself, who was as frail as a stalk of straw. In his easygoing way, Christopher's father delighted in the excitement of a party. Mr. Madden, the bank agent, was there, and Hogarty the surveyor, and an insurance man who happened to be staying at the hotel.

"Thanks, Dervla." Taking a glass from her tray, Christopher smiled at her, because for ages that had been possible again.

"It's a lovely wedding, sir."

He looked at her eyes, and was aware of the demanding steadiness of her gaze. He sensed what she was wondering and wondered it himself: What would have happened if she'd been asked to leave the hotel? He guessed as she did: They would have



"I think we're about to hear the title track from Ed's album 'Our Nation's Economy.'"

shared the resentment and the anger that both of them had separately experienced; defiantly they would have continued to meet in the town; she would have accompanied him on his walks out into the country and the fields. There would have been talk in the town and scenes in the hotel. They would have drawn closer to one another, their outraged feelings becoming an element in the forbidden friendship. In the end, together, they would have left the hotel and the town, and neither of them would be standing here now.

"You'll be getting married yourself one of these days, Dervla."

"Ah, no, no."

She was still quite pretty. There was a simplicity about her freckled features that was pleasing; her soft fair hair was neat beneath her maid's white cap. But she was not beautiful. Once, not knowing much about it, he had imagined she was. It was something less palpable that distinguished her.

"Oh, surely? Surely, Dervla?"

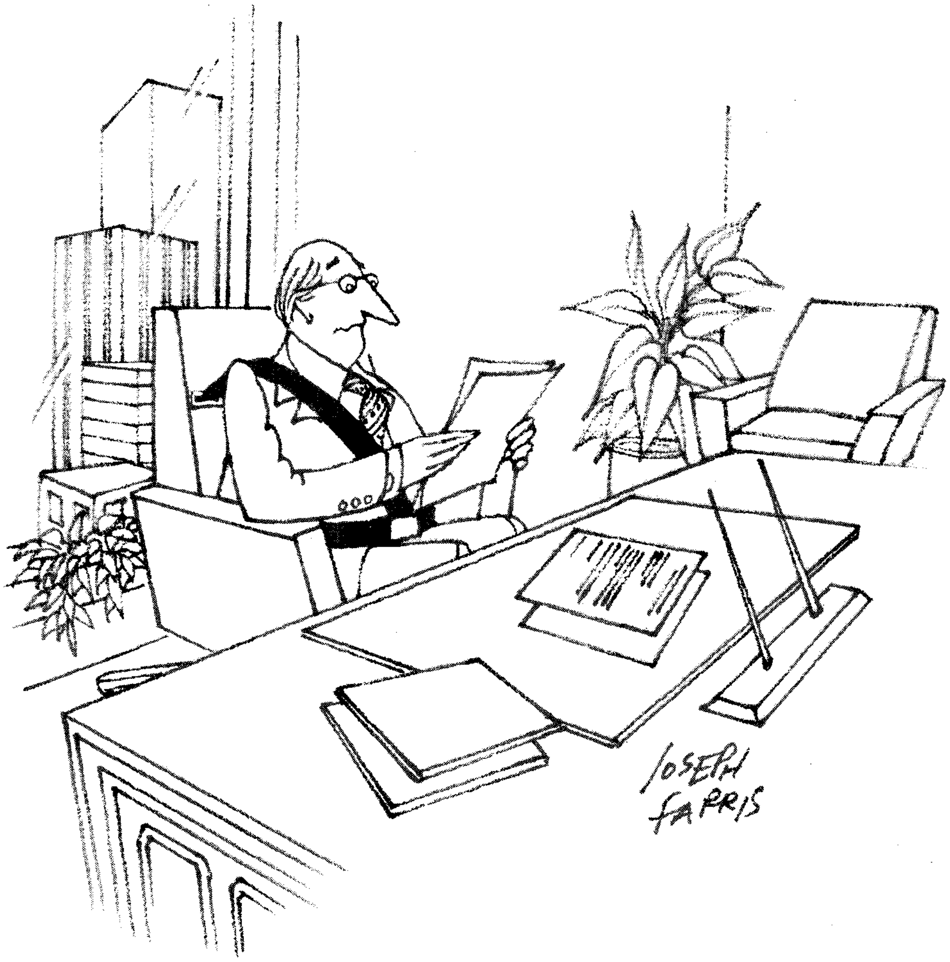
"I don't see myself giving up the hotel, sir. My future's here, sir."

He smiled again and passed on. But his smile, which remained while he listened to a story of Tom Gouvernet's about the hazards to be encountered on a honeymoon, was uneasy. An echo of the eyes that had gazed so steadily remained with him, as did the reference she had made to her future. That she had not been turned out of the hotel had seemed something to be proud of at the time: a crudity had been avoided. But while Tom Gouvernet's lowered voice continued he found himself wishing she had been. She would indeed not ever marry, her eyes had stated; she would not wish to.

A hand of his wife's slipped into one of his; the voice of Tom Gouvernet ceased. The hand was as delicate as the petal of a flower, so tiny that involuntarily he lifted it to his lips. Had Dervla seen, he wondered, and he looked through the crowd for a glimpse of her but could not see her. Hogarty the surveyor was doing a trick with a handkerchief, entertaining the coal merchant's daughters. Mr. Madden was telling one of his stories.

"Ah, he's definitely the lucky man," Tom Gouvernet said, playfully winking at the bride. "But when you get tired of him, you know who to turn to."

"Oh, indeed I do, Tom."



In the far distance Dervla appeared, hurrying from the hotel with a freshly laden tray. Christopher watched her, while the banter continued between bride and best man.

"But I won't become tired of him," she was saying, smiling at Tom Gouvernet. "He's actually quite nice, you know."

He should have told her about Dervla. If he told her now she would want Dervla to go; any wife would, in perfect reasonableness. Some excuse could be found, she would insist, for why should she be expected to understand that a promise made to a dining-room maid must be honored because that was the family way? Across the garden the Archdeacon lifted a glass from Dervla's tray. He was still in the company of his plump wife and Christopher's mother. They, too, took more champagne, and then Dervla walked toward where Christopher was standing with his bride and his best man. She moved quickly through the crowd, not offering her tray of glasses to the guests she passed, intent upon her destination.

"Thank you, Dervla," his wife of an hour said.

"I think Mr. Hogarty," he said himself, "could do with more champagne."

He watched her walking away and was left again with the insistence in her eyes. For all his life he would daily look upon it, but no words would convey her undramatic revenge, because the right to speak, once his gift to her, had been taken away. Her gift to him, held over until his wedding day, was that afternoon shadows would gather forever in Room 14, while she kept faith. —William Trevor

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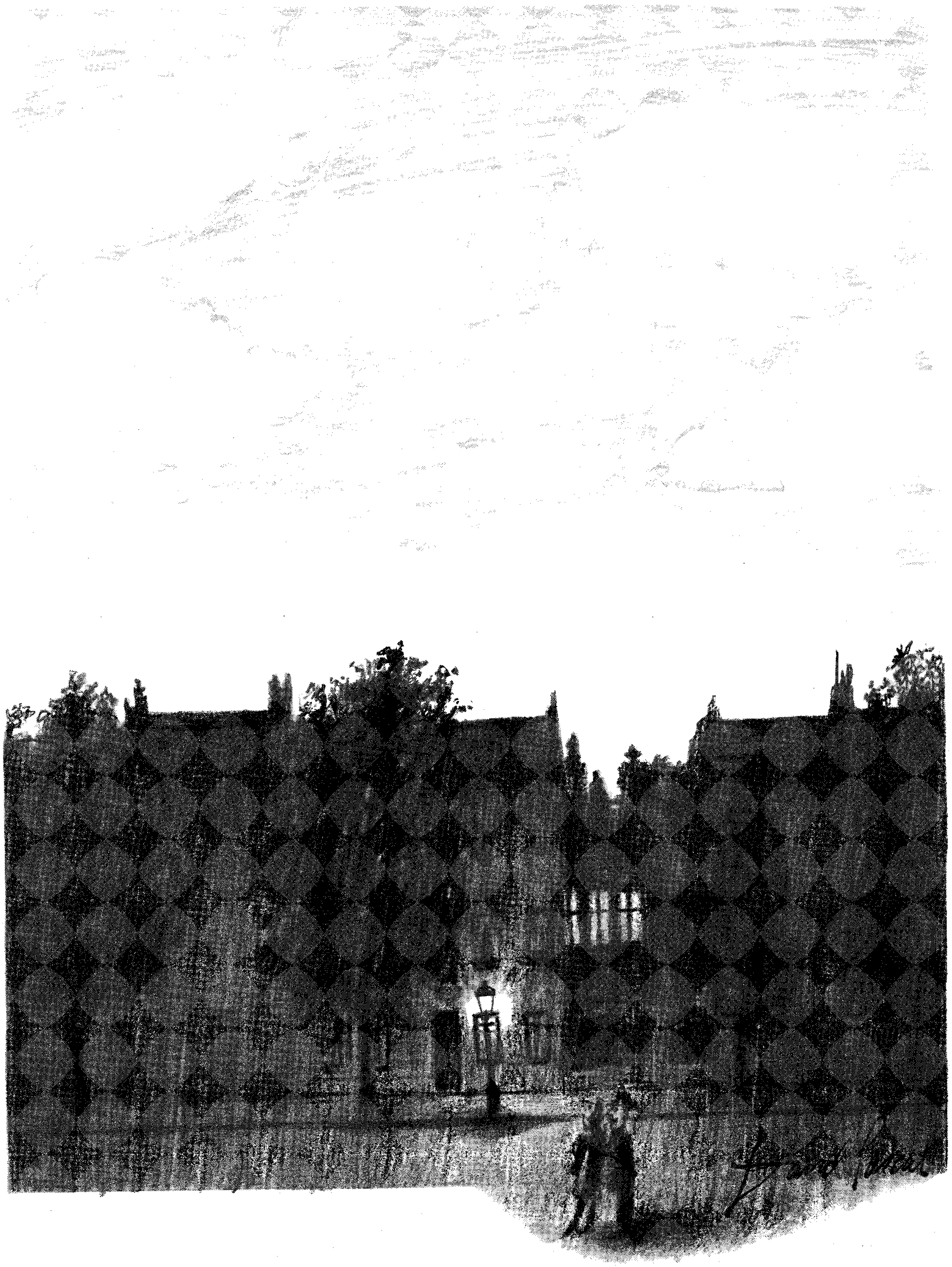
CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the San Anselmo* (*Calif.*) *Ross Valley Reporter*]

Fairfax Police officers and Marin County Sheriff's deputies responded to a disturbance between a residential tenant and an authority of the Golden Gate Transit Bus service at the corner of Olema and Sir Francis Drake Blvd. According to officers, there is an ongoing dilemma between the two parties.



"I once saw a painting just like this. I didn't believe it then and I don't believe it now."

ANNALS OF LAW

THE ASBESTOS INDUSTRY ON TRIAL

I—A FAILURE TO WARN

WHEN the Manville Corporation, the world's largest asbestos company, with twenty-five thousand employees and more than fifty factories and mines in the United States and Canada, filed a debtor's petition for reorganization and protection under Chapter 11 of the federal Bankruptcy Code, on August 26, 1982, it did so in order to force a halt to thousands of lawsuits that had been brought against it by workers who claimed that they had developed lung cancer and other diseases as a result of their exposure to asbestos in Manville's insulation products, and were alleging that the company had failed to warn them of the dangers involved. The story made the front page of virtually every major newspaper in the country, because Manville (formerly the Johns-Manville Corporation) was not only the largest American industrial company ever to file under Chapter 11—at the time, it stood at one-hundred-and-eighty-first on *Fortune's* list of the nation's five hundred largest industrial corporations—but also, with assets of more than two billion dollars, one of the most financially healthy companies ever to take such action. In a full-page statement that appeared on August 27th in the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and other leading papers, John A. McKinney, Manville's chairman and chief executive officer, announced that the company was "overwhelmed by 16,500 lawsuits related to the health effects of asbestos." McKinney said that asbestos-disease lawsuits were being brought against Manville at a rate of five hundred a month, and that the company could expect to be named as a defendant in at least fifty-two thousand such lawsuits before the litigation ran its course. He estimated that at the present settlement cost, of about forty thousand dollars per case, the lawsuits would create a potential liability of two billion dollars, which would require Manville to set aside a reserve fund that would wipe out most of its net worth and cripple its operation. For these reasons, he declared, the company's board of directors had decided to file for relief, in the hope of establishing an effective system for handling the asbestos claims under Chapter 11.

In his statement, McKinney took pains to point out those people whom he considered responsible for Manville's predicament. He began by blaming the federal government for refusing to admit responsibility for asbestos disease that had developed among Second World War shipyard workers, who made up half the plaintiffs in the lawsuits being brought against Manville. Then he criticized Congress for failing to enact a statutory compensation program for the victims of asbestos disease "so that the thousands of citizens and voters caught up in this problem will be spared the expensive, inefficient, and haphazard litigation system we have been saddled with." In addition, he castigated the insurance companies with which Manville had been doing business over the years for refusing to pay claims against liability policies totalling hundreds of millions of dollars. As for any responsibility that Manville might have incurred for the plight of the insulation workers, McKinney implied that the company was not at fault, because "not until 1964 was it known that excessive exposure to asbestos fiber released from asbestos-containing insulation products can sometimes cause certain lung diseases." Since the mid-nineteen-seventies, he said, Manville had disposed of some thirty-five hundred lawsuits by settlement or trial, and in a significant number of the cases that had gone to trial, he said, "juries have found that we were not at fault and acted responsibly in light of then existing medical knowledge."

In many ways, McKinney's statement was more revealing for its omissions than for what it contained. By neglecting to specify that Manville and its insurance carriers had settled out of court approximately thirty-four hundred of the thirty-five hundred lawsuits it had disposed of, and that it had paid out some fifty million dollars in doing so, he ignored the extent to

"You pitched a pretty good game, Wilford, but I'm divorcing you."

which his company had already acknowledged responsibility for the incidence of asbestos disease in the insulation workers. In claiming that insulation materials containing asbestos were not known to be dangerous until 1964—an assertion that had constituted Manville's chief legal defense for many years—he ignored the fact that this defense had been rejected by juries across the country and had recently been struck down by the New Jersey Supreme Court. Far and away the most self-serving of the omissions in McKinney's statement, however, was his failure to go beyond a bare mention of the fact that punitive damages had been awarded against Manville. Not only had juries found Manville liable for punitive damages in ten of some sixty-five asbestos lawsuits involving Manville that were tried in the United States during 1981 and the first half of 1982 but the average amount of punitive damages in the first six months of 1982 was about six hundred thousand dollars a case. It is usually not possible to insure against punitive damages, which are assessed for outrageous and willful misconduct, and McKinney could not have been unaware of their potential effect upon his company, for the simple reason that in an affidavit that Manville's treasurer submitted to the United States Bankruptcy Court of the Southern District of New York on the previous day the likelihood of their being awarded in subsequent trials had been listed as a chief reason for Manville's financially uncertain future. Moreover, in testimony given before the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources two years earlier, McKinney himself had underscored the devastating implications of punitive damages when, in order to substantiate his denial of the charge that employers had knowingly exposed workers to the hazards of excessive asbestos dust, he pointed out that in all the litigation to date there had not been a single instance in which a jury or a trial judge awarded punitive damages against any asbestos company. "I can think of no greater demonstration that the coverup charge is a complete fabrication," he declared at the time.

By and large, the newspaper stories that appeared on August 27th tended to describe Manville as a beleaguered giant reeling under the burden of mass litigation, and to portray McKinney as an embattled business manager fighting for his company's survival. Few of them reported the fact that juries had assessed punitive damages against Manville after hearing evidence that the company had engaged in a coverup of the asbestos hazard for nearly five decades. The *Times*, for example, not only neglected to tell its readers initially that punitive damages had been assessed but also ran an editorial that compared the suffering of diseased asbestos workers with the fiscal woes afflicting the asbestos companies. "Asbestos is a tragedy, most of all for the victims and their families but also for the companies, which are being made to pay the price for decisions made long ago," the editorial stated. The editorial warned Congress to address the asbestos problem "before more victims die uncompensated and other companies follow Manville into the bankruptcy courts."

During the remainder of August and in the first part of September, the economic, legal, and political ramifications of Manville's Chapter 11 petition received daily attention in the press, which speculated at length about the dilemma it presented to Manville's stockholders and creditors, about the problems it posed for the bankruptcy court, and about the pressure it exerted on Congress to enact legislation that would help Manville overcome its financial difficulties. Considerably less attention was given to a grim prediction made by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, the director of the Environmental Sciences Laboratory at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, in New York, who was widely acknowledged to be the world's leading expert on asbestos disease. Selikoff estimated that among the twenty-one million living American men and women who had been occupationally exposed to asbestos between 1940 and 1980 there would be between eight and ten thousand deaths from asbestos-related cancer each year for the next twenty years. As for the culpability of Manville and other leading asbestos companies in helping to create this immense human tragedy, it either went unreported or was mentioned only in passing. By the last week of September, when the story of Manville's Chapter 11 petition had dropped from the headlines, few people were aware that the bankruptcy filing was simply the latest episode in a fifty-year history of corporate malfeasance and inhumanity to man which is unparalleled in the annals of the private-enterprise system.

In a lineal sense, the legal troubles besetting the asbestos industry began on a sultry morning in August of 1961, when a man named Claude J. Tomplait walked into the law offices of Stephenson, Stephenson & Thompson, in the East Texas town of Orange—named for an orange grove that grew in the region in the early eighteen-hundreds—and asked to speak with Ward Stephenson, the firm's senior partner. Tomplait, who was forty years old at the time, had worked as an asbestos insulator for half of his life, and was then living in Bridge City, which is eight miles southwest of Orange and about halfway to Port Arthur, where he was born and had grown up. Orange and Port Arthur are on the Sabine River,

Sabra Segal

NANJING NIGHT

Full moon, the Nanjing walls, bicycle bells.
Two children huddle in the ten-o'clock movie crowd
Against the plunging cold. The air foretells
Snow, moonlit snow. Low-voiced, dog-eared, heads bowed,
Students seep out of libraries into the cold.
It is the last month—the yellow plum is in bloom.
Exams, the Spring Festival; each one is to be told
His lifework by the Party. In the room
Someone grinds his teeth in his sleep and moans.
The moonlight finds two pink hot-water flasks,
Pull-up bars, a leafless ginkgo, four stones—
Either the Gang of Four or the Four Great Tasks.
I dream of the twelve full moons of the coming year:
Tilts of curved roof; branches; a stone-white sphere.

—Vikram Seth

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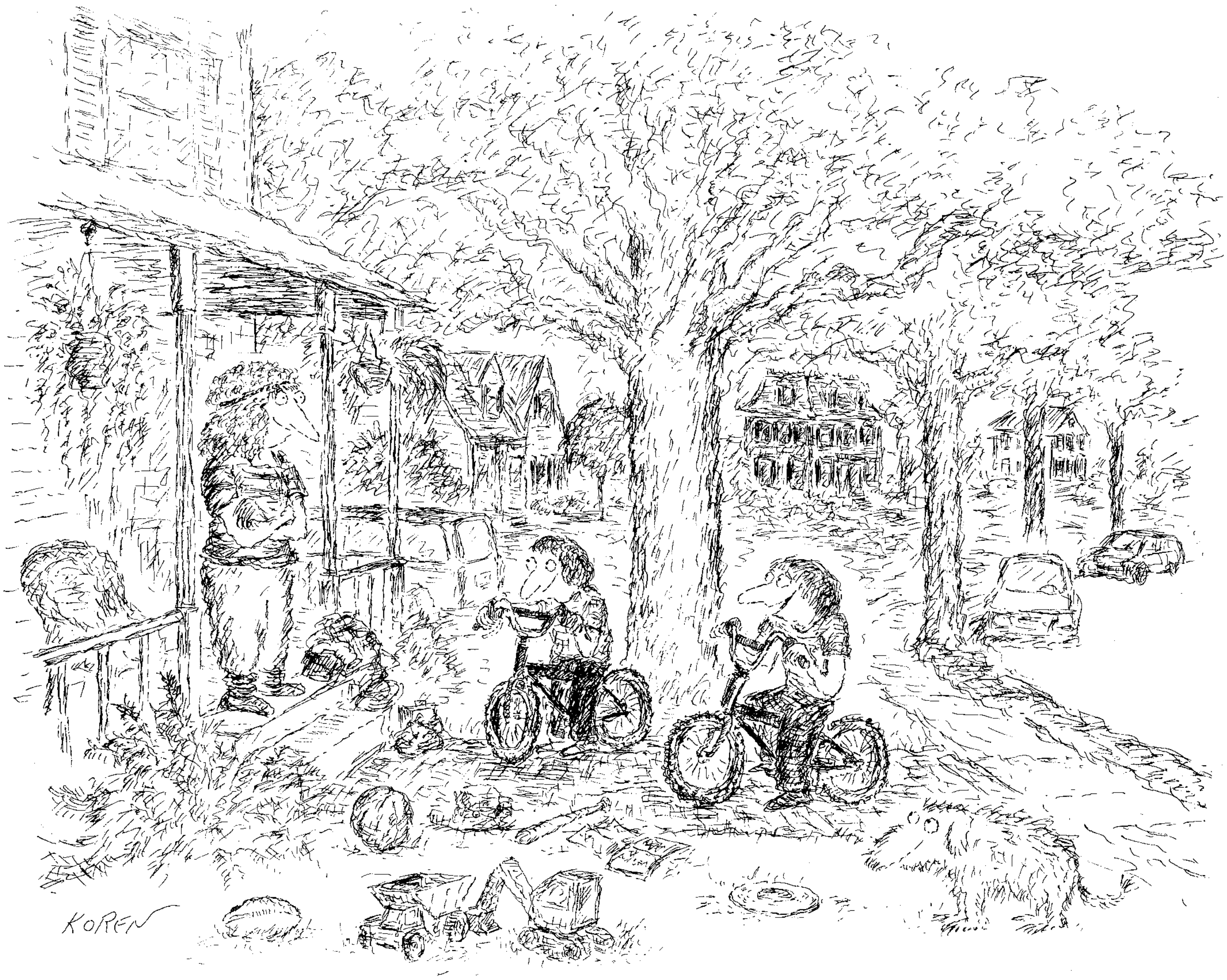


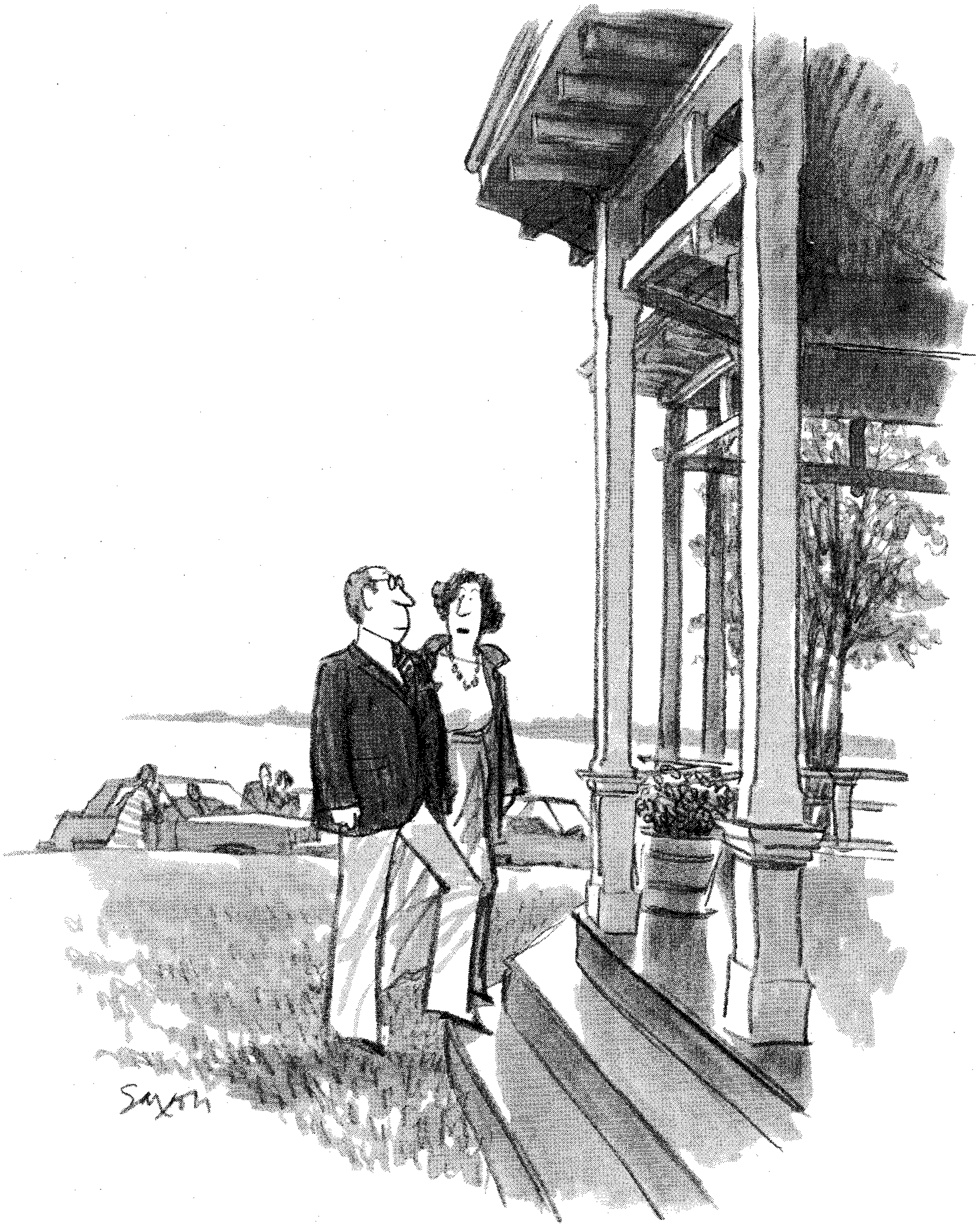
"Mom, can me and Nat go down to the corner store and get some gelato?"

• •

which divides Texas from Louisiana before it empties into the Gulf of Mexico, and, together with the city of Beaumont, which is twenty-two miles west of Orange and eighteen miles northwest of Port Arthur, they lie at the corners of a heavily industrialized area known as the Golden Triangle, which contains oil refineries, shipyards, steel-fabrication plants, and one of the largest concentrations of petrochemical factories in the world. During his twenty years as an asbestos insulator, Tomplait, a member of Local 112 of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers, in Lake Charles, Louisiana, had been employed by dozens of insulation contractors on hundreds of jobs in more than fifteen states, but he had spent most of his time insulating steampipes, boilers, turbines, and other high-temperature equipment in the factories of the Golden Triangle. He was a short, slender man of Cajun descent, with an unassuming manner, and on the day he spoke with Stephenson he wore a sombre expression, because he had recently been given some bad news about his health.

Tomplait started out by telling Stephenson that for almost two years he had been short of breath, particularly when he climbed stairs, and had felt a strange tightness in his chest. In March, during a life-insurance medical examination, he said, Dr. John C. Greco, a physician in Bridge City, had called to his attention the fact that he had developed finger clubbing. This is a thickening of tissue at the fingertips that often occurs with asbestosis, a disabling lung disease caused by the inhalation of asbestos fibres. In late July, Dr. Greco sent Tomplait to Orange Memorial Hospital for chest X-rays, and when they revealed signs of scarring he tentatively diagnosed what his patient was suffering from as pulmonary dust disease. Greco then referred Tomplait to Dr. Tom R. Jones, a chest specialist in Houston, and upon reviewing the X-rays and performing pulmonary-function tests Dr. Jones told Tomplait that he had developed pulmonary fibrosis—scarring of the lungs—probably as a result of inhaling asbestos fibres, and advised him to stop smoking and to avoid further contact with irritating dusts such as those of asbestos and silica. After recounting this medical history, Tomplait asked Stephenson if he would file a workmen's-compensation claim on his behalf with the Texas Industrial Accident Board, and when Stephenson agreed to do so Tomplait signed a power-of-attorney agreement with him.

Up to that point, Ward Stephenson, who was also forty years old, had



"Whatever Arthur McNab says—__whatever__—I want you to promise you will not 'fail to comprehend.'"

• •

never had occasion to take an occupational-disease case. He had, however, had plenty of experience with workmen's-compensation claims, because serious industrial accidents—workers losing their fingers, hands, or arms to faulty equipment, or being blown to bits by exploding high-pressure pipe, or being electrocuted by improperly grounded welding machines or other electrical devices—were common in the shipyards, refineries, and factories of East Texas. In fact, Stephenson was then handling between seventy-five and a hundred industrial-injury claims a year, and had become known throughout Orange County as a specialist in the field. That is how Tomplait had come to hear of him. Married and the father of two small boys, Stephenson was a meticulously groomed man of medium height, with thinning sandy hair and blue eyes, and he was noticeably self-conscious about a long, deep scar on his left cheek, which was a result of an operation some five years earlier for the removal of a cancerous parotid gland—one of several glands that produce saliva. His physicians had told him that he had little chance of surviving the illness, and he had only recently emerged from a long depression that had followed the surgery and the pessimistic prognosis and that had been exacerbated by the death of his father, in 1958.

Stephenson had formed the law firm with his father, Kemper W. Stephenson, in 1947, after graduating from the Southern Methodist University School of Law. Kemper W. Stephenson, who was himself the son of a lawyer, was born in Center, Texas—a town a hundred and fifteen miles northwest of Orange. He was known as Mr. K.W., and he became district attorney in nearby Nacogdoches, where Ward was born, on March 9, 1921. Shortly thereafter, the elder Stephenson moved his family to Orange and founded a law firm, together with Martin Dies, an attorney from Beaumont, and Dies' son Martin, Jr. (known as Big Martin), who was later elected to Congress and achieved notoriety as the founder and chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee. During the nineteen-twenties and thirties, Dies, Stephenson & Dies, as the firm was then called, built its reputation by representing poor people and small property owners in land-title cases brought against wealthy landholders and big oil companies. After the Second World War, when the petrochemical industry moved to the Gulf Coast and Orange County became heavily industrialized, the firm maintained its anti-establishment tradition by representing working-class people and labor unions, and in 1961, when

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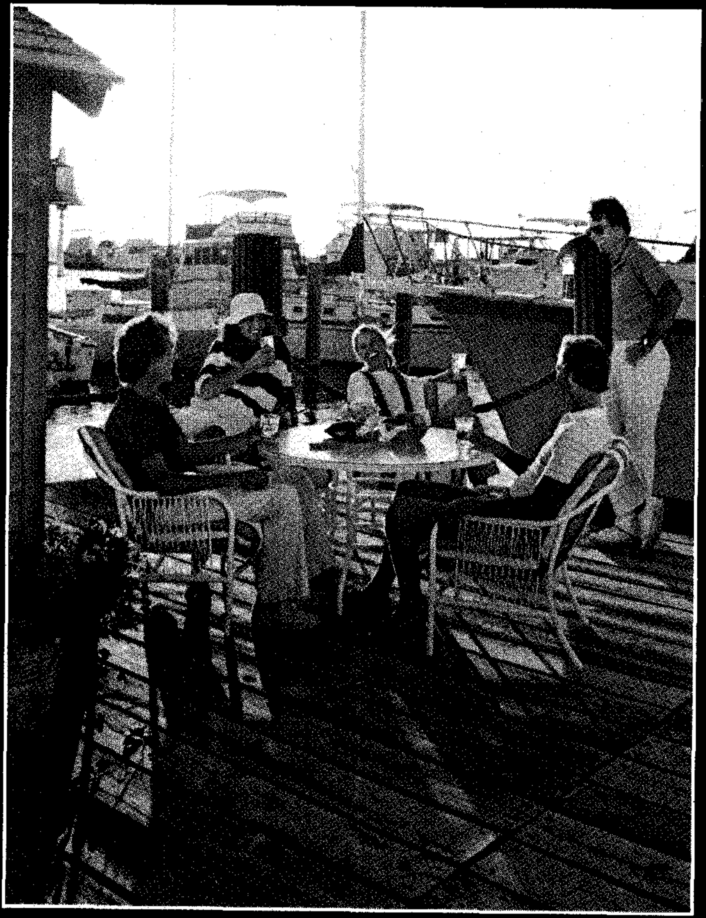

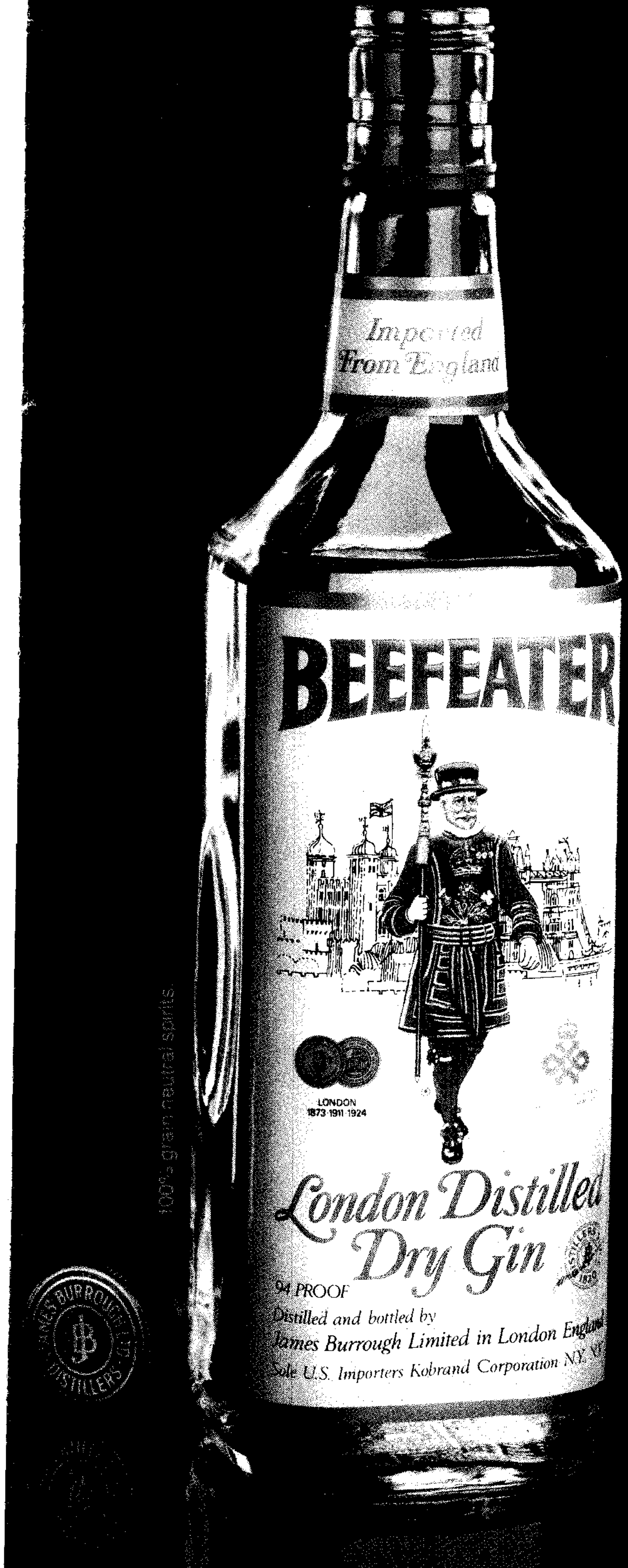
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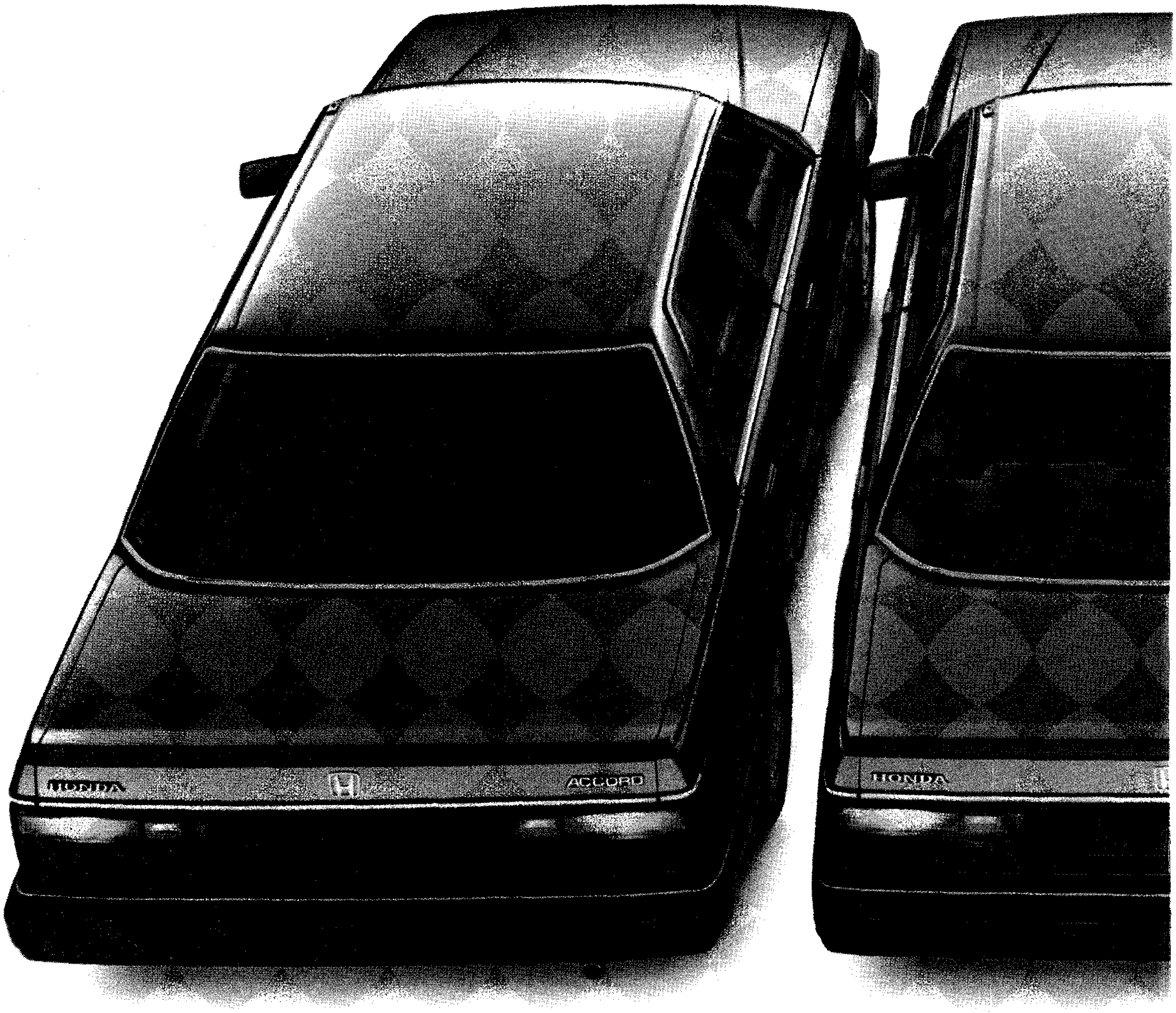

g the standard.

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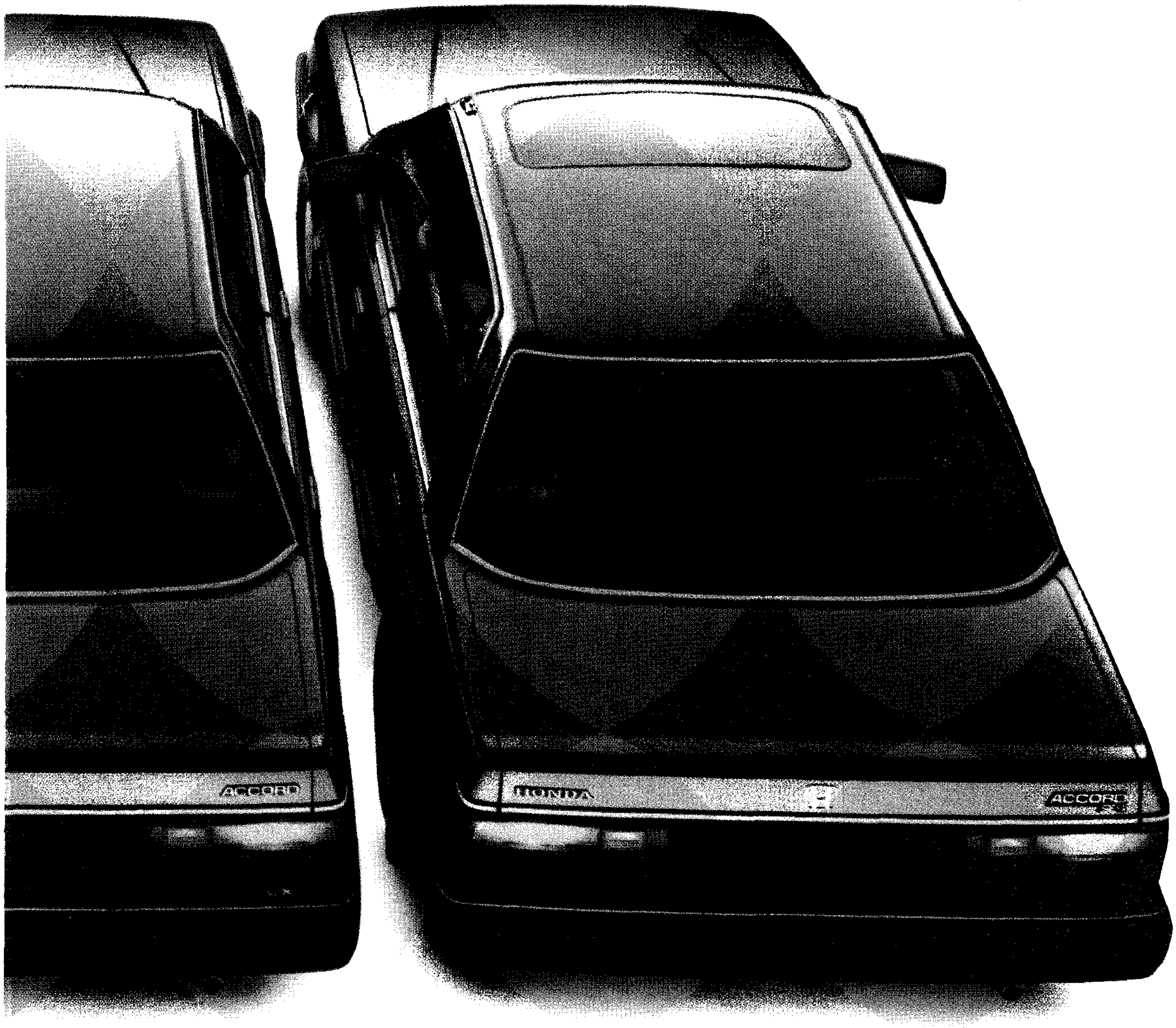
HONDA

The Accord 4-Door Sedans



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Ward Stephenson took on Claude Tomplait as a client, it was known as one of the most aggressive and successful plaintiff firms in East Texas.

From his father, a diminutive man who was a devoted student of the law, a combative lawyer, and a stern mentor, Stephenson inherited perfectionism and an abiding anger at injustice. As much as both Ward and his father disliked injustice, however, they differed drastically in their approach to the law. K. W. Stephenson was a magnificent draftsman, with a penchant for logic and language, who would brief all the theoretical aspects of a case before agreeing to take it. As a result, by the time he filed a petition he was usually prepared for trial. Ward was a poor draftsman, with a rambling and repetitious writing style, but he could be remarkably concise and improvisational in oral argument, and devastating in cross-examination, and he placed far greater emphasis upon investigating the facts of a case than upon studying theory and procedure.

HERBERT OF THE JUNGLE

From his mother, Margaret Kenna, who came from a family of Methodist ministers in Carthage (a town about sixty miles from Nacogdoches), and who is remembered in Orange as a woman of uncommon beauty, character, and kindness, Stephenson inherited a gentleness that enabled him to become deeply involved with the problems of the working people who were his clients. But, like most human beings, he was a person of contradictions. Charming, competitive, intensely private, secretive about his health problems, generous and outgoing with his friends, who came from all walks of life, he was full of energy, fast on his feet, fascinated by hypnosis, and, of course, irrevocably pierced in the prime of life by awareness of his own mortality. He became an expert pilot in his early forties, and proceeded to become an expert motorcycle rider, boatman, sportfisherman, and ham radio operator. (He was already an accomplished horseman, and raised cutting horses on the family homestead—a seven-hundred-acre farm in Little Cypress, ten miles north of Orange.) As soon as he had perfected one avocation, he moved on enthusiastically to the next. He was also unpredictable, as when, out of the blue, he persuaded a dozen or so of his friends and acquaintances to invest in what became the successful 1960 Broadway musical "Bye Bye Birdie."

As for his professional life, Stephenson was a resourceful and innovative attorney, who in addition to specializing in industrial-accident cases had achieved recognition among his fellow trial lawyers for creating the so-called Pied Piper theory of liability. This he had devised several years earlier in the course of trying—and winning—a negligence suit against an ice-cream company whose bell-ringing truck had enticed a small girl to run into a roadway, where she was struck by a car and seriously injured. As it happened, however, his greatest achievement lay a dozen years down the road, for in signing the power-of-attorney agreement with Tomplait he was taking the first step in a pioneering legal journey whose outcome did not become known until September 10, 1973—three days after his own death—when an appellate court handed down a landmark decision in a product-liability lawsuit he had tried against Johns-Manville and several other leading manufacturers of asbestos insulation. The journey consumed most of Stephenson's time and energy during the last years of his life, and the decision triggered the greatest avalanche of toxic-tort litigation in the history of American jurisprudence.

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THE adverse biological effects of asbestos (the word comes from a Greek adjective meaning inextinguishable) were observed as early as the first century by the Greek geographer Strabo and by the Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder, both of whom mentioned in passing a sickness of the lungs in slaves whose task was to weave asbestos into cloth. Strabo and Pliny were calling attention for the first time to the disease from which Claude Tomplait was found to be suffering nearly two thousand years later, but the ancients were much too awed by the unique and astonishing physical properties of asbestos, which they called "the magic mineral," to be concerned about the possibility that it might constitute a health hazard. Indeed, their attitude toward asbestos—a broad term embracing a number of silicate minerals, whose delicate fibres not only can withstand the fiercest heat but are so soft and flexible that they can be spun and woven as easily as fibres of cotton or flax—sometimes bordered on veneration. Strabo and Plutarch noted that the "perpetual" wicks used in the sacred lamps of the vestal virgins were made of asbestos, and Pliny described asbestos cloth, which had been used for centuries in cremations, as the rare and costly "funeral dress of kings." The Romans were especially impressed by the fact that when cloth made of asbestos was exposed to flame it always came out whiter than before—hence the Latin word for asbestos, *amiantus*, meaning unpolluted or undefiled—and they are said to have cleaned asbestos napkins by tossing them into the fire. During the Dark Ages, the use of asbestos in Europe appears to have diminished greatly, although it is recorded that the Emperor Charlemagne convinced some warrior guests from a rival kingdom that he possessed magical powers by throwing an asbestos tablecloth into the fire and withdrawing it unscathed. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, when the indefatigable Venetian traveller Marco Polo was traversing a part of Siberia known as the Great Empire of Tartary, he was shown some cloth that would not burn, and was told by his Tartar hosts that it was made from salamanders' wool. Too wily to be taken in by a story like that, Polo examined the material carefully and, after making inquiries, learned that there was a mineral in the mountains of the district that contained threads like those of wool. With the advent of the industrial revolution in the eighteenth century, the astonishing properties of asbestos were rediscovered in the Western world, and by the late eighteen-hundreds the incombustible mineral was coming to be used extensively to insulate boilers, steampipes, turbines, ovens, kilns, and other high-temperature equipment. As a result, the fact that asbestos could produce lung disease, which had been forgotten since the time of Strabo and Pliny, was soon rediscovered.

Modern knowlege of asbestosis dates from the year 1900, when Dr. H. Montague Murray, a physician in London's Charing Cross Hospital, performed a post-mortem examination on a thirty-three-year-old man who had worked for fourteen years in an asbestos-textile factory. The patient, who had been found to be suffering from severe pulmonary fibrosis, had been the last survivor of a group of ten men who were working in the carding room of the factory in 1886, and since Dr. Murray found spicules of asbestos in the lung tissues at autopsy he was able to establish a presumptive connection between the man's occupation and the disease that killed him.

Thirty years passed before asbestos lung disease was established by autopsy in the United States, but if a post mortem had been performed on Henry Ward Johns, who founded the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, makers of asbestos textiles, roofing, and insulation materials, and forerunner of the H. W. Johns-Manville Company, it would undoubtedly have resulted in a finding similar to Dr. Murray's. Inspired by an encyclopedia article on asbestos, Johns had begun to experiment with the heat-resistant property of the mineral in 1858, when he was twenty-one. He subsequently invented a new roofing material by running burlap, jute, asbestos, and pitch through a clothes wringer, and set up shop in lower Manhattan, where his company manufactured asbestos products. When he died, in Yonkers, in 1898, his death certificate listed the cause as "dust phthisis pneumonitis" —a diagnosis that probably described asbestosis.

A few years after Murray's discovery of asbestos disease, an inspector named Auribault in the Department of Labor at Caen reported the results of what was undoubtedly the first study of mortality among asbestos workers. According to Auribault, whose account appeared in 1906 in the *Bulletin de l'Inspection du Travail et de l'Hygiène Industrielle*, an asbestos-weaving mill had been established in 1890 at Condé-sur-Noireau, in Calvados, and during its first five years of operation, when there was no artificial ventilation and the employees were heavily exposed to dust from the looms, fifty of them died. Of these, sixteen were members of a group of seventeen workers that the director of the factory had recruited from a cotton mill he had previously owned, at Gonneville, in Manche. Auribault, who was not a physician, mistakenly described the cause of death of the fifty workers as chalicosis—a pneumoconiosis (the general term for all dust diseases of the lungs, which comes from the Greek words for "lung"

"You're very perceptive, sir. I really am an actress."

and "dust") that was common among stonecutters.

Unfortunately, neither Murray nor Auribault ever realized the importance of his findings. Testifying before a Departmental Committee on Compensation for Industrial Diseases in 1906, Murray said, "One hears, generally speaking, that considerable trouble is now taken to prevent the inhalation of dust, and so the disease is not so likely to occur as heretofore," and the concluding recommendation of Auribault's report was simply that people under eighteen years of age should not be allowed to work in dusty conditions. Because of ignorance about the cause of the disease, and because it manifests itself slowly and insidiously over a period of between ten and twenty years or more, asbestosis was probably more often than not misdiagnosed in the early part of this century as pulmonary tuberculosis, fibrosing pneumonia, or silicosis. Indeed, asbestosis and silicosis continued to be confused, as in the case of Claude Tomplait, right up to the nineteen-sixties. As a result, while the asbestos industry was growing rapidly in most industrialized countries—in the United States the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company merged in 1901 with the Manville Covering Company, of Milwaukee, to become the world's largest manufacturer of high-temperature insulation for boilers and steampipes—almost nothing was done to control dust levels in asbestos factories, and almost no medical information on asbestosis was gathered, during the quarter of a century that followed the disclosures of Murray and Auribault, although many asbestos workers were undoubtedly dying of it.

Not until 1924 did the first clear case of death due to asbestosis appear in the medical literature. That year, Dr. W. E. Cooke, an English physician, who gave the disease its name, performed a post-mortem examination on a thirty-three-year-old woman who at the age of thirteen had started working in an asbestos-textile factory that had no system to remove dust. By 1917, after thirteen years of exposure, she had been coughing and had been in bad health, and thereafter her attendance at work had been intermittent, because of shortness of breath and lassitude. The autopsy showed extensive pulmonary fibrosis and dense strands of abnormal fibrous tissue connecting the lungs and the pleural membranes surrounding them. Cooke's discovery, which was published in the *British Medical Journal*, provided the point of departure for an intensive study of asbestosis in Britain over the next seven years. The most important investigation during this period was conducted by Dr. E. R. A. Merewether, Medical Inspector of Factories for the British Home Office. In 1928 and 1929, he examined three hundred and sixty-three asbestos-textile workers out of an estimated total of twenty-two hundred asbestos workers employed in Britain, and found that ninety-five, or slightly more than twenty-five per cent, showed evidence of pulmonary fibrosis. He also demonstrated that the incidence of fibrosis increased in proportion to the number of years of exposure, reaching eighty-one per cent in a group of workers who had been employed in the asbestos industry for twenty years or more. As a result of Merewether's report, Parliament passed legislation in 1931 that required improved methods of exhaust ventilation and dust suppression in asbestos-textile factories, instituted periodical medical examinations for workers engaged in particularly dusty processes in the asbestos-textile industry, and made asbestosis a compensable disease.

Meanwhile, no medical investigations of the health experience of asbestos workers were being undertaken by the United States Public Health Service—or, for that matter, by any other American governmental health organization—and asbestosis did not become a compensable disease in most states for ten or fifteen years. Nevertheless, the fact that asbestos could cause disease was no secret: as early as 1917, Dr. Henry K. Pancoast, of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, who was considered the foremost roentgenological authority in the country, had observed lung scarring in the X-rays of fifteen asbestos-factory workers; in 1918, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics published a report by Frederick L. Hoffman, a consulting statistician for the Prudential Insurance Company of America, in Newark, New Jersey, who not only called attention to the fact that American asbestos workers were experiencing unusually early deaths but also revealed that it had become the practice of some American and Canadian insurance companies not to issue life-insurance policies to asbes-

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tos workers, because of the "assumed health-injurious conditions" that existed in the asbestos industry; in 1927, the first workmen's-compensation disability claim for asbestosis, which was filed by a foreman in the weaving department of an asbestos-textile mill in Massachusetts, was upheld by the Massachusetts Industrial Accident Board; and in 1930 the first case of asbestosis found at autopsy in this country—it occurred in a worker who had been employed at an asbestos mine in South America—was reported in a journal called *Minnesota Medicine*. During the next few years, however, the growing awareness that asbestos might constitute a serious industrial health hazard was all but buried by an avalanche of lawsuits brought by workers who were suffering from silicosis. This development took American industry by surprise, and it had consequences that adversely affected the fate of asbestos workers—Claude Tomplait among them—for decades to come.

SILICOSIS is an insidious and progressive disease in which the lungs become scarred through inhalation of silica, a compound that may exist in a number of mineral forms, the most common of which is quartz. Silica is released into the air as respirable dust when various rocks, such as granite and sandstone, are drilled, crushed, or pulverized. It causes severe shortness of breath and renders the lungs highly susceptible to tuberculosis, and, depending upon the occupation of its victims, it had been known over the years as miners' consumption, miners' phthisis, stonecutters' asthma, stonemasons' disease, grinders' rot, and potters' rot. Hippocrates, who lived between 460 and 377 B.C., first described silicosis in his "Epidemics," in which he wrote of a metal digger who "breathes with difficulty." Two thousand years later, Georg Bauer, a medieval German physician who wrote under the name of Georgius Agricola, gave a graphic account of its ravages among the miners of Bohemia in his book "De Re Metallica," saying, "When the dust is corrosive, it ulcerates the lungs and produces consumption; hence it is that in the Carpathian Mountains there are women who have married seven husbands, all of whom this dreadful disease has brought to an early grave." The first pathological description of silicosis was given in 1672, by Ijsbrand van Diemerbroeck, a professor of medicine at the University of Utrecht, who performed autopsies on several stonecutters who had died of asthma, and found the vesicles of their lungs so clogged with fine dust that in running his knife through them he thought he was cutting through sand. A measure to prevent the disease was suggested around 1700, by Bernardino Ramazzini, a professor of medicine at the University of Padua: he urged stonecutters to work with their backs to the wind. Little evidence exists to show that even such rudimentary advice was heeded, for by 1819 silicosis (in this case called grinders' asthma) was taking such a ghastly toll of workers who were engaged in grinding forks on dry stones in Sheffield, England, that a proposal was made to employ criminals for the task.

In the United States, silicosis appears to have escaped notice until 1887, when it was found at autopsy in the lungs of a stove-foundry worker in Poughkeepsie, New York. That same year, it was reported that twenty-three of thirty-four workers in a cutlery factory in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, had died of the disease during the previous decade. Around the beginning of this century, one report told of thirty men who had died of silicosis after only one or two years of exposure to quartz dust in a gold-ore-crushing mill in Nevada, and between 1913 and 1915 a study of seven hundred and twenty lead and zinc miners in southwestern Missouri revealed that four hundred and thirty-three of them, or sixty per cent, had developed the disease. Over the next fifteen years, silicosis was found to be prevalent among granite cutters in Vermont and among subway tunnellers in New York City, and the mortality tables of a dozen life-insurance companies showed that workers exposed to silica dust in several industries were experiencing a death rate that was three times as high as could have been expected. By 1930, more than a million workers in the nation had been exposed to harmful amounts of silica dust, and since at least one in four of them could have been expected to develop silicosis it is not hard to understand how a huge silicotic population had built up over the years. Only six states, however, had enacted laws that made silicosis a compensable disease, and since tuberculosis was often a complicating factor in diagnosis, a worker's chance of obtaining compensation even in those states was very slim. As a result, workers suffering from silicosis—especially those who lost their jobs in the Depression—sought recourse in the only remedy that was left to them. They began to bring damage suits against their employers under the common law.

During the era of litigation that followed, it became fashionable in business circles to sneer at silicosis as "the Depression disease." In 1933, silicosis damage suits totalling more than a hundred million dollars were pending in the United States, and by the following year the figure had risen to three hundred million dollars—a situation that was greeted by employers and their insurers with a mixture of astonishment, confusion, fury, righteous indignation, and predictions of bankruptcy. Many of these early lawsuits were brought by workers who were suffering not from silicosis but from asbestosis, but this fact went unrecognized. Still, the worrisome implications of the litigation did not go unrecognized by the officials of the Johns-Manville Corporation, of New York City, and Raybestos-Manhattan, of Bridgeport, Connecticut—the two largest asbestos-manufacturing companies in the nation—who undertook to suppress knowledge about the health hazards of asbestos. Nor were the implications lost on officials of the nation's leading insurance companies, who, even as they settled many of the initial damage claims for silicosis and asbestosis out of court, began casting about for ways to limit their liability for pulmonary dust diseases in the future.

As it happened, a solution to their dilemma had been proposed as early as 1932 by Andrew J. Farrell, a Chicago insurance-company lawyer. In an article in *Industrial Medicine*, he charged that many of the two hundred silicosis cases then pending in the courts of Illinois had

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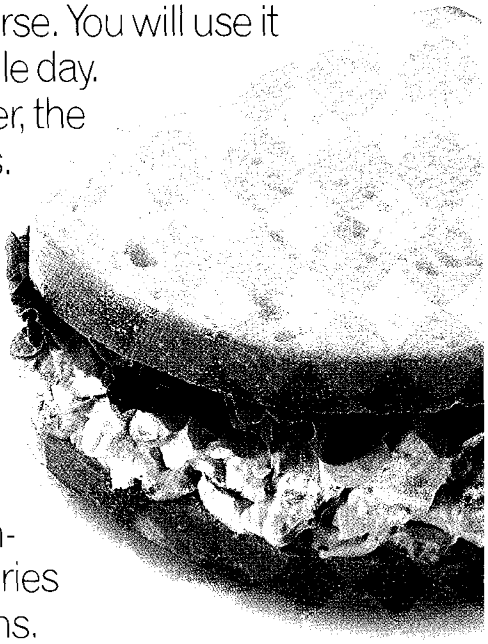

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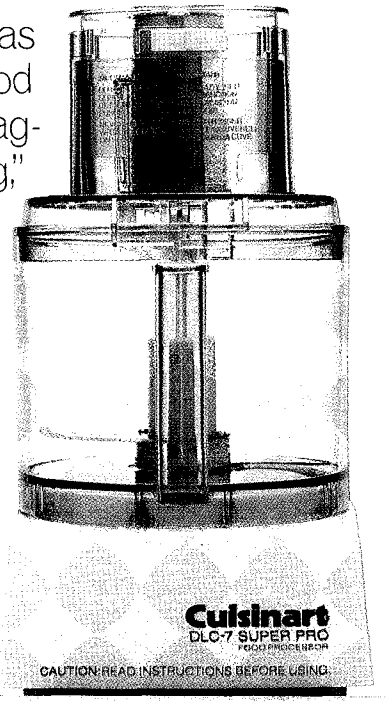

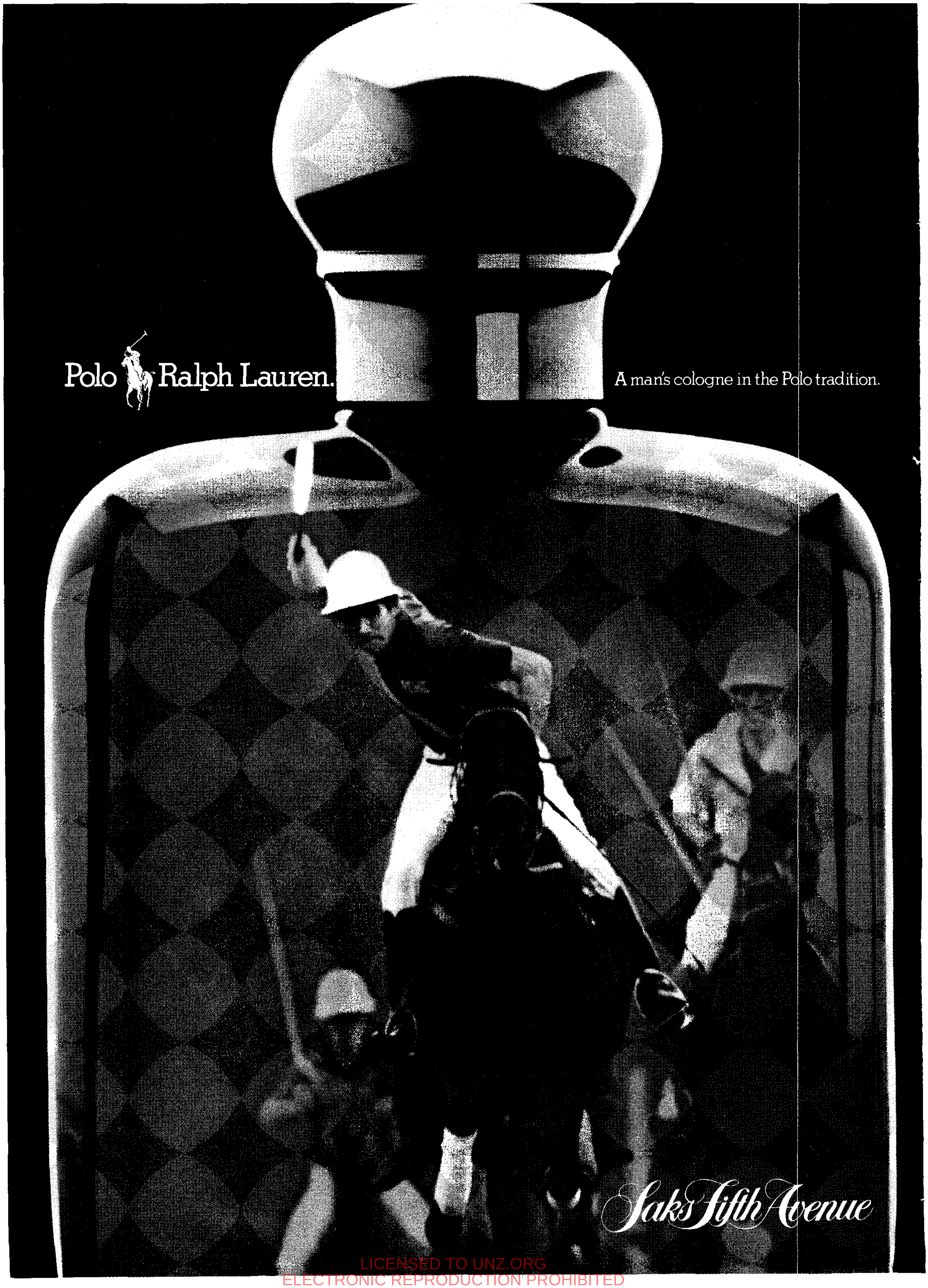
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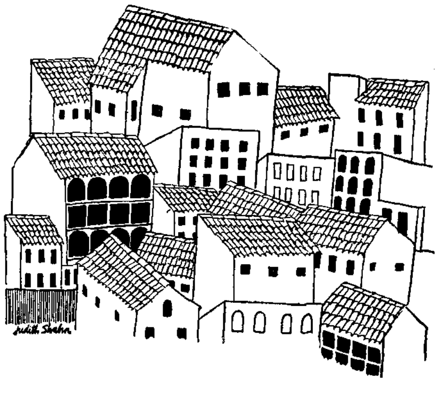
been instigated as part of an organized racket by unscrupulous lawyers and doctors, and after warning that there would probably be many more lawsuits, "because of the unemployment situation and the activity of ambulance chasers," he observed, "In those states where silicosis and kindred sicknesses are controlled by the workmen's-compensation act, there is not so much activity in stirring up claims, as the amount to be recovered is limited by the statutes." He also recommended that silicosis and other pulmonary dust diseases be taken out of the courts and covered by workmen's-compensation acts wherever that was possible.

Manufacturers and their insurers had good reason to believe that Farrell's solution to the silicosis-litigation problem could be adopted, for over the years they had been able to manipulate state legislators with great ease in matters relating to the workplace. A prime example was the workmen's-compensation system itself—a hodgepodge of laws that, for the most part, had been enacted with industry support in various states between 1911 and 1920. In theory, workmen's compensation was a no-fault system: it made employers liable for work-related injuries and death, regardless of whether there had been negligence, and required them to pay to employees or their families benefits that were limited by statute; in return, the employees and their families gave up the right to bring suit for full compensatory damages under the common law. Because the lawmakers who drew up the statutes were prevailed upon by industry and its insurers to keep the cash benefits to a minimum, however, workmen's compensation proved to be a boon for employers: they were allowed to compensate for a worker's loss of life and limb at bargain prices during a time when the injury-and-death rate had soared in coal mines, steel mills, textile factories, and other corners of the nation's workplace.

Over the next few years, Farrell's proposal that pulmonary dust disease be covered by workmen's-compensation laws was echoed by a parade of prominent industrial physicians. Among them was Dr. Clarence Olds Sappington, a well-known consulting industrial hygienist from Chicago, who wrote this assessment in the April, 1935, issue of *Industrial Medicine:*

> From the manufacturer's point of view, the best possible thing that can happen to him is to be in a state where there is compensation for silicosis and to provide adequate manufacturing equipment and protective equipment for his employees; experience has proved that where this is done, the manufacturer pays less and in some cases very little for cases of silicosis. The next best thing that can happen to a manufacturer is to be in a state where compensation is provided for silicosis, although he has not been in a position, or thinks he has not been in a position, to provide proper manufacturing equipment and proper protective equipment for his employees—for should they develop silicosis, he at least has a fee schedule to conform to and the decision depends upon a special commission. The worst possible thing that can happen to the industrial defendant is to be in a state where there is no compensation provided for silicosis and also not to provide adequate manufacturing equipment and proper protective equipment for his employees, the reasons for this being obvious.

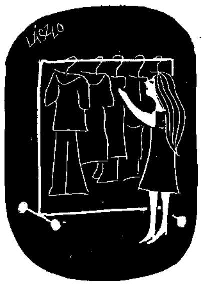
The asbestos manufacturers, of course, were already aware that workmen's compensation would be to their benefit. In a 1935 memorandum describing a symposium on the pulmonary-disease problem and its legal implications, Vandiver Brown, the chief attorney for Johns-Manville, took special note of a speaker who stated that "the strongest bulwark against future disaster for industry is the enactment of properly drawn occupational-disease legislation," which would "eliminate the jury" as well as "eliminate the shyster lawyer and the quack doctor since fees would be strictly limited by the law." Indeed, industry lobbyists were already hard at work persuading lawmakers in states across the nation not only to amend existing compensation statutes to include silicosis and asbestosis but also to severely limit the cash and medical benefits that would be paid out for these diseases and to restrict the number of claimants who would be eligible to collect them. As things turned out, they soon got help in this endeavor from an unexpected quarter: within the year—as a result of public clamor that greeted a belated revelation of the Hawks Nest tunnel disaster, in West Virginia—a receptive political climate for Farrell's solution was in the making.



Hawks Nest was a village on the New River, at the foot of Gauley Mountain, in Fayette County, about thirty miles southeast of Charleston. Between April of 1930 and September of 1932, a three-and-three-quarters-mile-long tunnel had been driven through the mountain to bring water to a hydroelectric station that was being built near the town of Gauley Bridge for the New-Kanawha Power Company, a utility corporation owned by the Union Carbide & Carbon Company, of New York. Excavation of the tunnel was undertaken by the Rinehart & Dennis Company, of Charlottesville, Virginia, and was accomplished by some two thousand laborers—three-quarters of them black—who had been recruited from all over the South to work for wages as low as twenty-five cents an hour. To speed the work, Rinehart & Dennis's foremen permitted compressed-air jackhammers to be operated dry, in spite of the fact that much of the tunnel was being driven through sandstone that contained 99.44 per cent pure silica, and in contravention of a long-standing recommendation by the United States Bureau of Mines that wet-drilling methods be used to suppress hazardous silica dust. The dry drilling created so much white silica dust in the tunnel that workers could scarcely see ten feet ahead, and they often looked as if they had been sprinkled with flour. Many of them soon developed acute silicosis—a vicious and rapidly developing form of the disease which often ends in suffocation—and began to die.

By the winter of 1931, rumors were circulating through Fayette County about the large number of deaths that were occurring among the tunnel's work force. During the spring, an inspection of the tunnel was made by the chief of the West Virginia Department of Mines, and afterward he wrote a letter to the chief engineer of the New-Kanawha Power Company warning him that the heavy concentration of silica dust in the tunnel was highly dangerous, and recommending that improved ventilation equipment be installed to protect the health and lives of the workers and that respirators be issued. Neither of these recommendations was carried out, however, and by the autumn of 1931 an alarming number of the workers had fallen sick, complaining of chest pain and shortness of breath. Almost none of them had any idea that they were suffering from silicosis, for they had been told by the company doctors who examined them that they were suffering from "tunnel pneumonia" or "tunnelitis."

In the summer of 1932, after an autopsy confirmed silicosis as the cause of death of an eighteen-year-old tunnel worker, the first damage suit alleging negligence on the part of Rinehart & Dennis was brought, in the circuit court of Fayette County. Within a year, three hundred more silicosis lawsuits were filed—many of them naming the New-Kanawha Power Company as a defendant—seeking a total of more than three million dollars in damages. When the first case was tried, in the spring of 1933, the chief of the state's Department of Mines testified that he had been "misinformed" about the existence of unhealthy conditions in the tunnel at the time of his 1931 inspection, and that he had orally withdrawn his recommendations after conferring with officials of Rinehart & Dennis. The trial ended in a hung jury, and in June, just before a second trial was scheduled to begin, Rinehart & Dennis offered to settle the remaining cases for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars all told, and the cases were duly settled for that amount. As part of this deal, the law firm representing not only the plaintiff in the first lawsuit that was brought but also the plaintiff in the first case that was tried was paid twenty thousand dollars. By this time, hundreds of the men who had worked in the Hawks Nest tunnel had left West Virginia to find employment elsewhere, and others, having become disabled by silicosis, had gone home to rest or die. During the next two years, however, some two hundred more damage suits were brought as other workers who had remained in the area fell sick with the disease. The first of these cases came to trial in the summer of 1934 and also ended in a hung jury. Almost a year later, the rest of the lawsuits were jeopardized by a ruling of the West Virginia Supreme Court that the state's one-year statute of limitations for personal-injury actions had begun to run from the date of a plaintiff's last employment with the company. At that point, Rinehart & Dennis proceeded to settle the remaining cases against it for some seventy thousand dollars. As part of this deal, the attorneys representing the plaintiffs were required to turn over all of the evidence and data they had compiled to Rinehart & Dennis.



Incredibly, up until then almost nothing was known in the nation at large about the Hawks Nest tunnel tragedy. In December of 1935, however, the *People's Press*, a Chicago labor tabloid, broke the story under a banner headline that read "476 DEAD, 1500 DOOMED, IN W. VA. TUNNEL CATASTROPHE." This revelation prompted Vito Marcantonio, a freshman Republican member of the House of Representatives, who had won election to the seat formerly held by Fiorello LaGuardia, to initiate hearings on the disaster before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Labor. The hearings, which began on January 16, 1936, and ended almost three weeks later, were filled with sad disclosures and sensational charges. The wife of a tunnel worker who had developed silicosis told how the disease had also struck down her three sons, who had worked in the tunnel with their father, and who had died within a thirteen-month period at the ages of eighteen, twenty-one, and twenty-three. Philippa Allen, a social worker from New York City, who had gone to Gauley Bridge to investigate the tunnel tragedy, testified that when she had attended the annual meeting of the stockholders of Union Carbide, in April of 1935, she had unsuccessfully tried to persuade high officials of the company to admit responsibility for what had happened. "Thus a great corporation silently disowned those who made its wealth," she said. Rush Dew Holt, a United States senator from West Virginia, charged that officials of Rinehart & Dennis had known that many of the workers would die. "The company openly said that if they killed off those men there were plenty of other men to be had," he declared. An attorney for some of the tunnel workers revealed that officials of Rinehart & Dennis had paid twenty thousand dollars to other plaintiff lawyers for helping to bring about the hundred-and-thirty-thousand-dollar settlement of the first three hundred lawsuits in the summer of 1933. This was too much for Marcantonio. After reminding the members of the subcommittee that the president of Rinehart & Dennis had been quoted in the press as saying the lawsuits against his firm were part of a "silicosis racket," he declared that "the most damnable racketeering that I have ever known is the paying of a fee to the very attorneys who represented these victims." He went on, "Not only Al Capone should be in Alcatraz, but these representatives of the Rinehart & Dennis Company, tunnel contractors, should be there with him."

The next day, the *Times* ran an editorial suggesting that some of the allegations against Rinehart & Dennis were "too harrowing" to be accepted at face value; that much of the evidence against the contractor "seems to be based on mountain gossip;" and that the company's defense deserved to be given as much publicity as the accusations. However, officials of Rinehart & Dennis declined the subcommittee's invitation to appear before it, and Congress made no further effort to investigate the charges. Nor was any attempt made by Congress to determine just how widespread the kind of practice that had provoked Marcantonio's wrath had become in an era when many corporations found themselves beset by litigation involving pulmonary dust disease. It seems probable that such practice was more prevalent than the *Times* would have liked to believe. On April 24, 1933—a few weeks before Rinehart & Dennis made its irresistible offer to settle three hundred silicosis damage suits for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars—members of the board of directors of the Johns-Manville Corporation directed their president to strike a deal with an attorney who represented plaintiffs in eleven asbestosis cases that had been brought against the company by former employees. Specifically, they authorized the president to pay some thirty thousand dollars to settle the cases, which were pending in federal district court in New Jersey, in return for written assurance from the attorney that he would not "directly or indirectly participate in the bringing of new actions against the Corporation." One can only speculate how Marcantonio might have reacted to this deal, because the minutes of the 1933 directors' meeting did not come to light for more than forty-five years. During most of that time, Johns-Manville was extremely successful in avoiding common-law damage suits. Indeed, thirty-five years passed before it was forced to settle Claude Tomplait's asbestosis claim, and nearly half a century went by before it filed for

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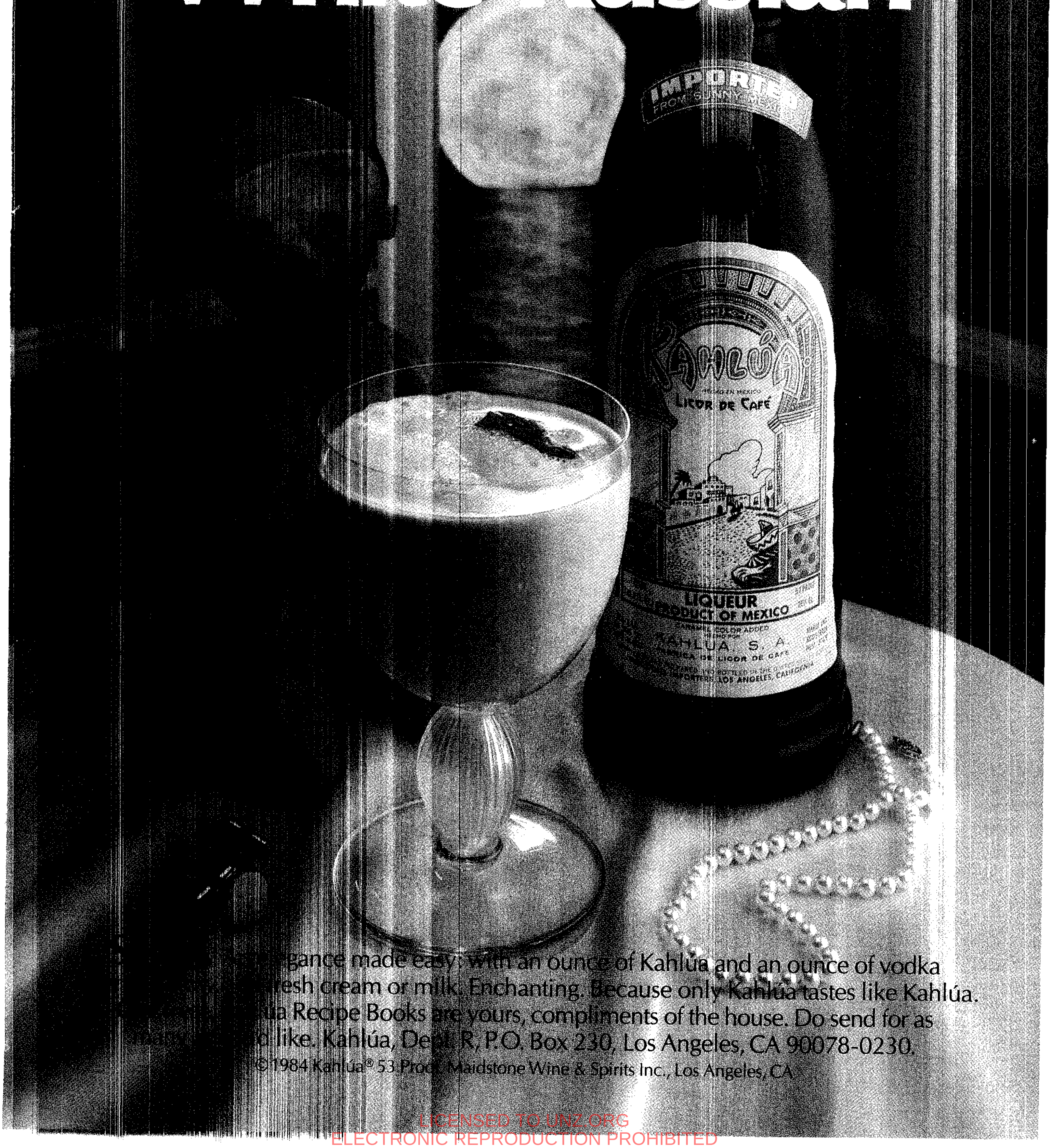
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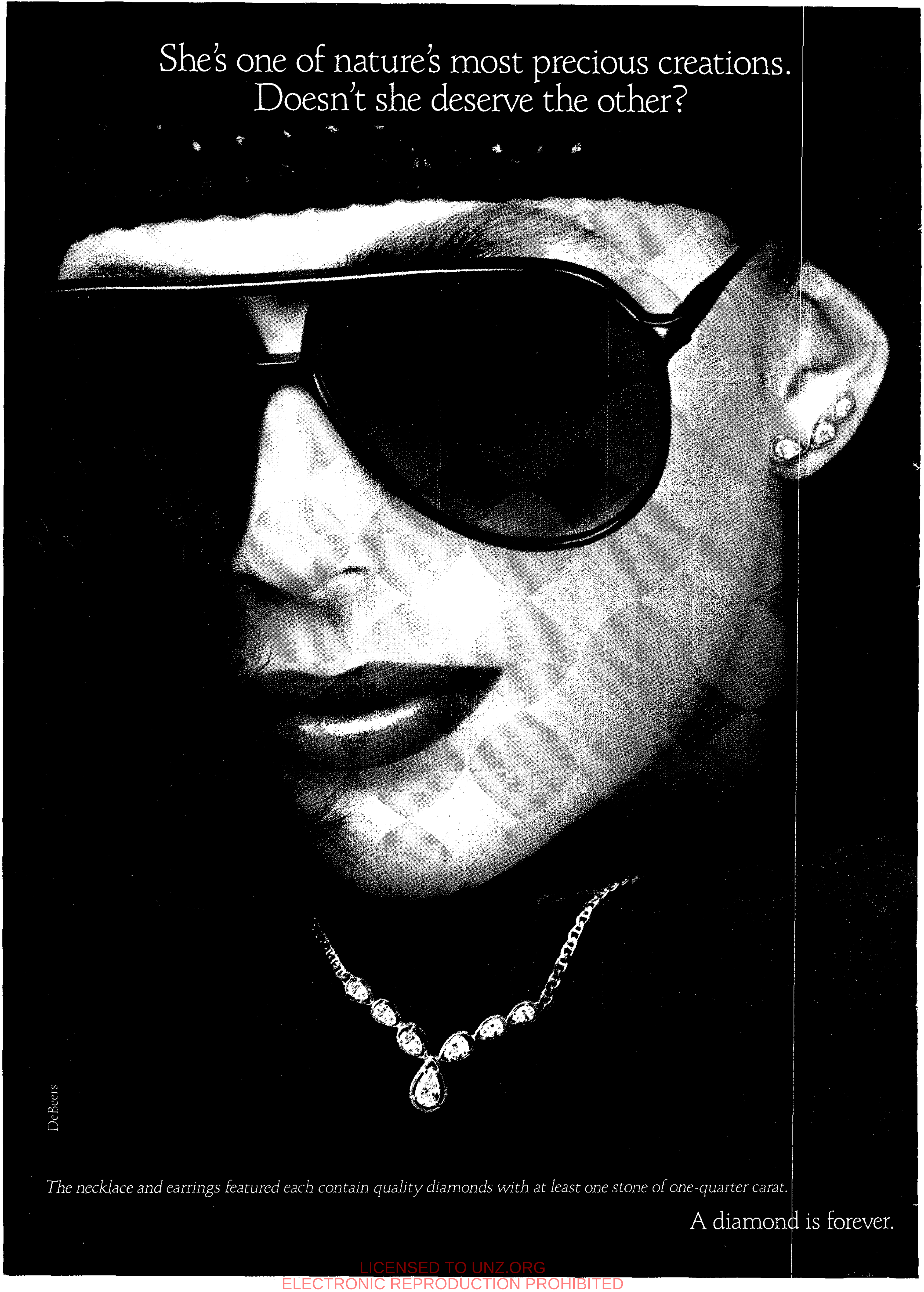

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reorganization and protection under Chapter 11, claiming that it was overwhelmed by litigation it had had no way of foreseeing.

As a consequence of the congressional hearings on the Gauley Bridge tunnel disaster, as it came to be known, there was a public outcry for remedial legislation, and over the next decade workmen's-compensation statutes for pulmonary dust diseases were enacted in some twenty states. Such legislation worked far more to the advantage of the employers, the insurers, and the politicians than to the advantage of the afflicted workers whom it was supposed to assist. It afforded manufacturers protection from costly common-law damage suits through the purchase of relatively low-cost premiums; it provided insurance companies with a large market in which to sell compensation policies that had a very low rate of loss payment; and it furnished the politicians with an easy way of assuaging public indignation over the silicosis scandal even as they went along with the harsh restrictions advocated by industry lobbyists, who argued that so many workers had already developed silicosis that the sheer number of claims might exhaust existing workmen's-compensation funds and make insurance rates prohibitively high.

The restrictions governing compensation for silicosis and asbestosis took many forms, and were incorporated into the various laws with considerable ingenuity. To begin with, almost all states required a worker to file his compensation claim within a certain period after his last exposure to the hazard that caused his illness or injury. Such statutes of limitations, which usually ran from one to three years, were supposed to prevent fraud and unreasonable delay, but by ignoring the fact that, once inhaled, asbestos and silica dust, which are virtually indestructible, continue to react within the lungs for a lifetime, and can thus cause disease many years after exposure has ceased, they also had the effect of drastically reducing the number of workers who were eligible to bring claims. To make compensation even more difficult, many states barred claims for pulmonary dust diseases unless workers could prove that their exposure to harmful dust had occurred over a specified period, and some states required claimants to show that they had been exposed to asbestos or silica dust for a substantial period.

In addition to imposing time limitations on exposure, a number of states refused to pay compensation for silicosis and asbestosis in the absence of total disability—a condition that was often difficult or impossible for a worker to prove—and many states fixed the maximum benefits to be paid for total disability or death from these diseases at levels that were far below the level of benefits paid out for other types of disease or injury. Moreover, although workmen's compensation was supposed to be a no-fault system in which negligence need not be established—the idea being to spare workers the delay and expense of prolonged court trials—claims for asbestosis and silicosis were routinely contested by many insurers, for they could benefit from the delay by collecting investment earnings on the unpaid claims or by eventually settling with sick workers and their families for far less than these financially distressed people might otherwise have been willing to accept. For thousands upon thousands of workers who became disabled by silicosis and asbestosis, the workmen's-compensation statutes that were enacted in the nineteen-thirties and forties amounted to a swindle, in which men and women who had been unsuspectingly robbed of their health were cheated out of just recompense for their loss of earning power, their suffering, and, in many cases, their early death. Moreover, these statutes helped sow the seeds of disaster for tens of thousands of other workers, who, like Claude Tomplait, were then being exposed to harmful levels of mineral dust, because workmen's compensation was almost always enacted as an exclusive remedy, which deprived workers of the right to sue their employers for negligence under the common law, and thus eliminated the possibility of large court awards that might have served as an incentive for industry to remedy hazardous dust conditions in the workplace.

The extent to which the manufacturers, the insurance companies, and their allies in the state legislatures succeeded in this effort to limit compensation for pulmonary dust diseases can be gauged by the fact that by 1955 only a small fraction of the several hundred thousand workers in the United States who were estimated to be afflicted with silicosis had received any compensation whatever. It can also be measured by the fact that between 1950 and 1961—the year Claude Tomplait filed his workmen's-compensation claim in

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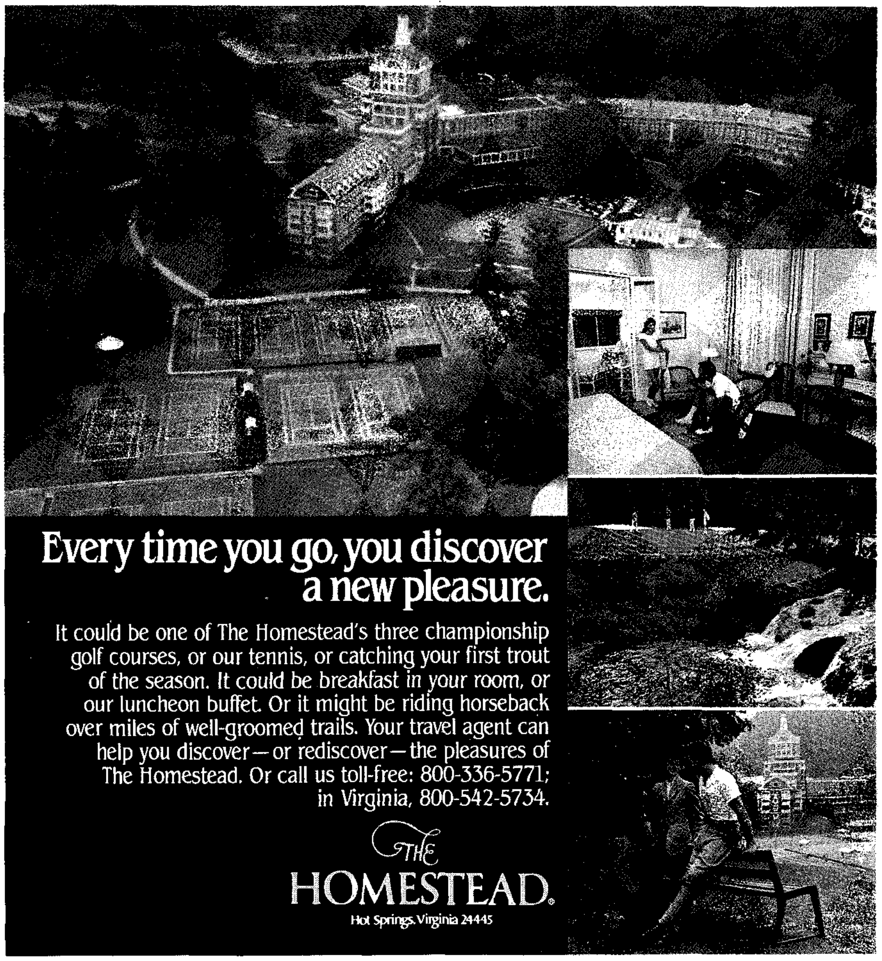

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Texas—relatively few cases of asbestosis were compensated in the nation, even though tens of thousands of men and women had been employed over the years in asbestos manufacturing and literally millions of workers had been exposed to asbestos while they were engaged in other occupations.

As for Tomplait, his experience with the Texas Industrial Accident Board proved to be typical of what happened to workers in other states who sought compensation for silicosis and asbestosis. In addition to imposing a heavy burden upon an asbestotic or silicotic worker to show that his disease was causally related to his occupation, Texas law required him to file his claim for compensation within six months after the "occurrence of the first distinct manifestation of the occupational disease." In Tomplait's case, this was deemed to have taken place on July 26, 1961, when Dr. Greco first diagnosed his complaint as pulmonary dust disease. On December 11, 1961, Ward Stephenson sent to the Texas Industrial Accident Board a notice of injury and claim for compensation, which listed Tomplait's employer at the time of the diagnosis as the Armstrong Contracting & Supply Corporation, of Houston. The notice alleged that Tomplait had developed asbestosis and silicosis, and it named Dr. Tom R. Jones as a doctor who could furnish additional information on his medical condition.

On February 24, 1962, Stephenson filed a claim for compensation for injury from occupational disease, which notified the Armstrong Contracting & Supply Corporation and its workmen's-compensation carrier, the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, of Tomplait's action. The claim stated that Tomplait's disease had first manifested itself in July of 1961, when Tomplait was working for Armstrong Contracting & Supply at the Firestone plant, in Orange, and that he had been examined at that time by Dr. Greco. Also on February 24th, Tomplait informed the Accident Board that since his incapacity began he had worked for the Aber Company, the Johns-Manville Corporation, and Industrial Insulators. (Like Armstrong Contracting & Supply, these three companies, which had offices in Houston, were in the business of installing asbestos insulation, and they were now included in the claim as employers of last record, who might be held liable for compensating Tomplait for his injuries.) On October 19th, Tomplait was examined at the Kelsey-Leary-Seybold Clinic, in Houston, by Dr. William V. Leary, a specialist in chest disease who had been retained by the Travelers Insurance Company, and on November 13th Dr. Leary sent a report to the Industrial Accident Board. It made no mention of the fact that Tomplait had previously been found to be suffering from asbestosis, and concluded that his shortness of breath was caused by emphysema.

On December 18, 1962, a little more than a year after Tomplait filed his claim, the Industrial Accident Board sent notice of its final award in Case W-67299 (Claude J. Tomplait v. Armstrong Contracting & Supply Corporation, Industrial Insulators, the Johns-Manville Corporation, and the Aber Company) to the parties involved, with copies to the offices of the Travelers Insurance Company, in Port Arthur; the Texas Employers' Insurance Association, in Dallas; and the Queen Insurance Company of America, in Houston. "The Board finds that the evidence submitted fails to establish that the claimant suffered occupational disease in the course of his employment for subscribing employers herein as alleged," the notice read. "Therefore, said claim is denied."

THE law in most states provides that the award of a workmen's-compensation board can be appealed to an appellate court, whose jurists then decide the matter on the basis of whether the board followed correct procedures and arrived at its decision according to the evidence. In Texas, however, a plaintiff can appeal an award of the Industrial Accident Board only by filing a lawsuit against the employer's insurance company in State District Court and embarking upon a trial de novo, in which all the issues of the compensation claim are litigated before a jury. On December 21st, a day after receiving notice of the Accident Board's decision, Stephenson filed a lawsuit on Tomplait's behalf in the 128th District Court, in Orange. The complaint alleged that Tomplait had developed silicosis and asbestosis while working for the Armstrong Contracting & Supply Corporation and had become incapacitated as a result. It asked that he be reimbursed for his medical expenses and compensated for four hundred and one weeks at thirty-five dollars a week—fourteen thousand thirty-five dollars all told—

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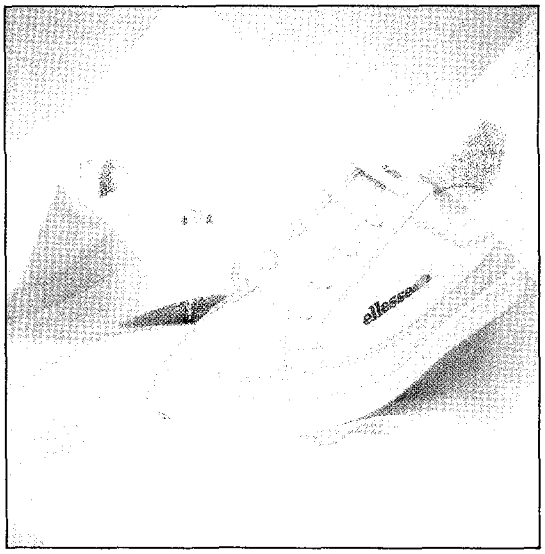

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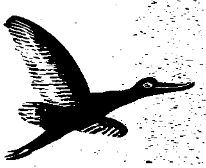
which was the maximum amount that could be awarded for total permanent disability under the Texas Workmen's Compensation Law. It named the Travelers Insurance Company (the carrier for Armstrong), the Texas Employers' Insurance Association (the carrier for Johns-Manville), and the Queen Insurance Company of America (the carrier for Aber) as defendants. Industrial Insulators, which had employed Tomplait for only a week, was no longer in the picture.

As things turned out, Stephenson was mistaken in alleging that his client had developed silicosis as well as asbestosis during his employment as an insulator, for examination of Tomplait's chest X-rays in the years to come showed conclusively that he was suffering only from asbestosis. Stephenson's error stemmed from the tendency of most people, including many members of the medical profession, to confuse the two diseases, and from an impression on the part of Dr. Jones that some of the insulation materials Tomplait had worked with contained free silica in addition to asbestos. Whatever the reason, confusion over the cause of Tomplait's chest condition, which had been further complicated by Dr. Leary's finding of emphysema, persisted for nearly three more years, as physicians retained by both sides continued to disagree. Finally, in September of 1965, Stephenson sent Tomplait's X-rays to Dr. Selikoff, of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine. (Selikoff had recently conducted some pioneering studies of the health experience of asbestos-insulation workers in New York and New Jersey, and he had been brought to Stephenson's attention by officials of Houston Local 22, of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers.) After reviewing seven sets of X-rays that had been taken of Tomplait's chest between 1961 and 1964, Selikoff wrote Stephenson a letter stating that Tomplait was suffering from "extensive pulmonary asbestosis." He also said that there had been a "significant progression of the condition" since 1961, and that the diagnosis was "as certain as anything can be in medicine."

In the meantime, however, the diagnostic waters had been so muddied by the conflicting opinions of Dr. Leary and other medical consultants that Stephenson had come to believe that going to trial would be an extremely risky undertaking. Therefore, when Travelers and Texas Employers' offered, in September of 1964, to settle their part of the case for five thousand dollars and one thousand dollars, respectively (the two insurance companies had been haggling between themselves for months over the extent of their liability in the matter), he had reluctantly advised Tomplait to accept. He gave the same advice, for the same reason, when Queen Insurance offered to settle for fifteen hundred dollars, in May of 1966. It was a bitter pill for Stephenson and his client to swallow, for by that time Tomplait, who for almost two years had been too sick to work, was disabled to the extent of having to carry an oxygen bottle in his car. The grand total that had been offered by the three insurance companies was seventy-five hundred dollars—only a little more than half of the fourteen thousand thirty-five dollars that could have been awarded for total permanent disability under the Texas Workmen's Compensation Law. Stephenson, however, was a lawyer to be reckoned with, and he had something up his sleeve. His secretary, Mrs. Jackie Bean, remembers that after the final settlement agreement had been signed he returned to the office, sat down in a swivel chair behind his desk, and stared grimly at the wall. Then he swung the chair around suddenly and said, "Jackie, we're not done with this case yet. We're going to sue the manufacturers."



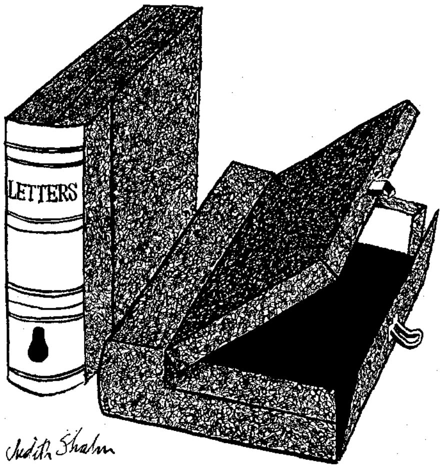
ORDINARILY, Tomplait's chances of recovering damages would have ended with his acceptance of the seventy-five-hundred-dollar settlement from his former employers' insurance carriers. But during the three and a half years that his case had been languishing in the district court in Texas two extraordinary developments had taken place—one in law and the other in medicine—which provided the basis for Stephenson's resolve to bring suit against the manufacturers of asbestos insulation. The legal development dated from the spring of 1965, when the American Law Institute—an organization that promotes the clarification and simplification of the law—published a second edition of the "Restatement of the Law of Torts." This was a comprehensive redefinition of tort law that had been undertaken over a period of years by a committee of eminent legal scholars, jurists, and lawyers from all over the nation, and it set forth a special new rule of strict liability that applied to the sellers of various products. The new rule, which was carefully defined in Section 402A of the "Restatement," read, "One who sells any product in a defective condition unreasonably dangerous to the user or consumer or to his property is subject to liability for physical harm thereby caused to the ultimate user or consumer," and it made the seller of such a product liable to the user or consumer even though the seller "has exercised all possible care in the preparation and sale of his product."

As early as 1266, special criminal statutes were enacted under the common law in England which imposed harsh penalties on victuallers, vintners, brewers, butchers, and other persons who supplied corrupt or tainted food and drink. In the United States, the concept of strict liability began to be expressed during the nineteenth century, in court decisions that held the seller of food and drink liable to the consumer even though there was no evidence of negligence on the seller's part. During the first part of this century, thanks largely to Upton Sinclair's sensational novel "The Jungle," which exposed filthy conditions in Chicago meat-packing houses, the concept of strict liability began to be extended to third parties—ultimate consumers with whom the food seller had made no contract. During the nineteen-fifties, the doctrine of strict liability was extended beyond food and drink to cover products that were intended for intimate bodily use, such as lipstick, face powder, and other cosmetics. Now, as the rule of strict liability was defined in Section 402A of the "Restatement," it was no longer limited to products that were sold for human consumption or for intimate bodily use but was extended to "any product sold in the condition, or substantially the same condition, in which it is expected to reach the ultimate user or consumer," and thus applied to such products as "an automobile, a tire, an airplane, a grinding wheel, a water heater, a gas stove, a power tool, a riveting machine, a chair, and an insecticide."

The authors of Section 402A emphasized that the new rule applied "only where the defective condition of the product makes it unreasonably dangerous to the user or consumer," and they defined the term "unreasonably dangerous" to mean that "the article sold must be dangerous to an extent beyond that which would be contemplated by the ordinary consumer who purchases it." They stipulated that such an article would not be considered unreasonably dangerous if it was accompanied by adequate directions or warning regarding its use, and went on to apply this stipulation even to unavoidably unsafe products, such as rabies vaccine. Finally, they made it clear that the new rule applied even though the ultimate user or consumer might have acquired the product through one or more intermediate dealers, and they gave a broad definition of the term "user," saying that it "includes those who are passively enjoying the benefit of the product, as in the case of passengers in automobiles or airplanes, as well as those who are utilizing it for the purpose of doing work upon it, as in the case of an employee of the ultimate buyer who is making repairs upon the automobile which he has purchased." Thus, in almost every respect the special new rule of strict liability, which soon became known as 402A, could be deemed to apply to the occupational experience of Claude Tomplait, who had worked for intermediate contracting firms using asbestos-insulation products that were unreasonably dangerous because they caused asbestosis—an irreversible lung disease that Tomplait, who had never heard of it, could not possibly have contemplated—and because they had been packaged and shipped by their various manufacturers in containers that bore no warning labels of any kind. Small wonder that when 402A came to Ward Stephenson's attention it set his legal mind to working.

As for the medical development that lay behind Stephenson's new strategy, it consisted of the epidemiological studies of the health and the mortality experience of asbestos-insulation workers which had been conducted during 1962 and 1963 by Dr. Selikoff, of Mount Sinai; Dr. Jacob Churg, chief pathologist at Barnert Memorial Hospital, in Paterson, New Jersey; and Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, vice-president for epidemiology and statistics of the American Cancer Society. Selikoff had become interested in asbestos in 1953, when he founded a medical clinic in Paterson, New Jersey, for, by chance, seventeen of his early patients were men referred for chest-disease consultations who worked in a local factory that was owned by the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company, of Chicago, or UNARCO, as it had come to be known. The company had been making amosite-asbestos insulation materials for the United States Navy since the late nineteen-thirties. (Amosite is a variety of asbestos found mainly in South Africa, and the first four letters of the word stand for "asbestos mines of South Africa.") At the time, fifteen of these men showed some evidence of pulmonary defects resulting from the inhalation of asbestos fibres, but all were working and were apparently able-bodied. By 1961, however, four of them were dead. One had died of asbestosis, one of lung cancer, one of cancer of the stomach, and one of malignant mesothelioma—an invariably fatal tumor of the pleura, the membrane that encases the lung, or of the peritoneum, a similar membrane that lines the abdominal cavity—which rarely occurs without some history of exposure to asbestos. At that point, Selikoff tried unsuccessfully to enlist the support of UNARCO and the United States Public Health Service for a study of workers at the Paterson plant. He then tried a different tack. Since he already knew that men who had worked in an insulation factory were dying of asbestosis and cancer at an alarming rate, he suspected that men who were installing such materials might also risk disease, and early in 1962 he made contact with officials of New York Local 12 and Newark Local 32 of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. These officials, it turned out, were extremely worried about the medical problems being encountered by their members, and were only too glad to coöperate in a study of workers' health.

During the next year, Selikoff and his associates gave X-ray examinations, pulmonary-function tests, and blood tests to eleven hundred and seventeen asbestos-insulation workers in the two locals and questioned them closely about the materials they used and the conditions under which they worked. They found radiological evidence of asbestosis in almost half of them. The extent of the fibrosis varied directly with the duration of exposure. Of three hundred and forty-six men whose exposure had begun less than ten years before, only ten per cent showed any abnormality; of three hundred and seventy-nine men who had been exposed for between ten and nineteen years, more than fifty per cent still had normal X-rays; but of three hundred and ninety-two men with more than twenty years of exposure, three hundred and thirty-nine, or slightly less than eighty-seven per cent, had developed asbestosis, and it had by that time become moderate or extensive in over half of the cases. Even more significant were the results of a carefully conducted mortality study of six hundred and thirty-two workers who were on the union rolls in the two locals as of December 31, 1942. According to the standard mortality tables, two hundred and three deaths could have been expected among the six hundred and thirty-two workers. Instead, there were two hundred and fifty-five, not counting seven men who had died before incurring twenty years of exposure—an excess of twenty-five per cent. The reason for the excess was not hard to find, because the study showed that these men had succumbed to lung cancer at seven times the expected rate and to gastro-intestinal cancer at three times the expected rate.



The studies of Dr. Selikoff and his associates, because of their objectivity, their scope, and their thoroughness, had a great impact on the medical community when they were delivered at an international Conference on the Biological Effects of Asbestos, which was sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences and held at the Waldorf-Astoria in October of 1964. They furnished incontrovertible evidence that industrial exposure to asbestos was extremely hazardous, and they marked a turning point in the views held by doctors and health officials around the world. In addition, they provided Ward Stephenson with ammunition for the precedent-setting product-liability lawsuit he was preparing to bring against the manufacturers of the various insulation products that had been used by Claude Tomplait.

AT the outset, the biggest problem Stephenson faced was to determine just who the defendants in the case should be. Since he was starting from scratch, the only logical way to go about this was to find out what insulation products Tomplait had worked with and who had made them. During the summer of 1966, he spent many hours questioning his client about the insulating contractors he had worked for over the years, where he had worked, and what materials and substances he had used. This was something of a hit-or-miss approach, for although Tomplait could occasionally remember the trade name of a product, such as Unibestos—an asbestos pipe-covering insulation that was manufactured by the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation—he could often recollect only that he had come in contact with materials such as asbestos, calcium silicate, fibre glass, magnesium, and mineral wool. By late autumn, however, Stephenson had been able to fill in many of the gaps by interviewing men who had worked with Tomplait and by talking with officials of the Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. He proceeded to draw up a complaint against eleven asbestos-insulation-manufacturing companies, which he filed on December 10, 1966, in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Texas, in Beaumont. (The lawsuit was brought in federal court because none of the defendant companies were incorporated in Texas.) The eleven were Combustion Engineering, Inc., of New York City; the R & I Refractory and Insulation Corporation, of Port Kennedy, Pennsylvania; the Johns-Manville Sales Corporation and the Johns-Manville Products Corporation, of New York City; Johns-Manville Fiber Glass, of Toledo, Ohio; the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, of Toledo; the Gustin-Bacon Manufacturing Company, of Kansas City; the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation, of Pittsburgh; the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, of Pittsburgh; the Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation, of San Francisco; and Eagle-Picher Industries, Inc., of Cincinnati.

Tomplait's complaint listed twenty-six separate insulating jobs that he had been hired to work on between 1959 and 1964—most of them in chemical plants, power plants, oil refineries, and shipyards in the Golden Triangle—and it named many of the insulation products and insulating materials he had come in contact with during each of the jobs. It went on to allege that although the defendants either knew or ought to have known that their insulation products were harmful to Tomplait's health, they had not warned him of the danger and had not placed danger warnings on the containers of the products, and that as a result of such negligence and carelessness he had suffered "a very serious and permanent injury to his lungs and respiratory system." (Stephenson chose to base his allegations on the more traditional theories of negligence and breach of warranty, rather than on the new rule of strict liability, because 402A had not yet been adopted in Texas.) After stating that Tomplait was suffering from an inability to breathe that required him to carry a container of oxygen with him at all times, the complaint alleged that he had lost his ability to work, and that his earning capacity had been "permanently diminished and impaired." It concluded by demanding judgment against the defendants for five hundred thousand dollars.

During the next two years, much of Stephenson's time was taken up with discovery—the process by which evidence is compiled and assessed for use in trial proceedings. To begin with, sets of written interrogatories were drawn up and sent out to the eleven asbestos-insulation manufacturers who had been named as defendants, and to ten insulation contractors who had hired Tomplait between 1959 and 1964. Among other things, the interrogatories required the defendants to furnish names, trade names, descriptions, and contents of all the insulation materials they had manufactured since 1940, and to provide written answers to dozens of questions, such as whether they had ever initiated studies to determine the effect of their products upon the lungs and general health of the insulators who used them, whether they had knowledge of any deaths or serious diseases caused by asbestos inhalation among their own employees, and whether they had placed warnings on their asbestos-insulation products. In addition, depositions by oral or written interrogatories were taken from all the witnesses who would be called upon to testify for Tomplait, and cross-interrogatories were propounded for witnesses who were being deposed by the defendants, in order to

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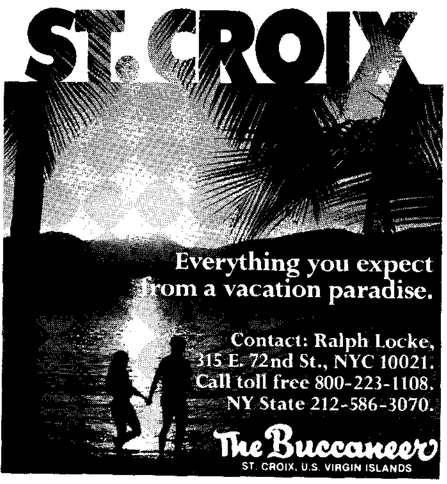

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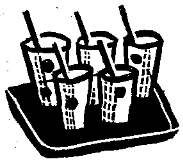
clarify important areas of contention, such as what the defendants knew about the biological hazards of asbestos and when they acquired this knowledge. With regard to the last question, Dr. Selikoff testified in answer to written interrogatories that during the twenty-five-year span since Tomplait had begun working as an asbestos insulator "literally hundreds of studies on the relation between asbestos-dust exposure and the occurrence of asbestosis were published by independent academic and scientific investigators." Selikoff also furnished a list of ten studies of the relationship between asbestos exposure and asbestosis which had been conducted during the late nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties by researchers in Britain and the United States.



This information, which was supplied by Selikoff in March of 1968, was extremely important to the case that Stephenson was preparing on Tomplait's behalf, because it clearly indicated that the defendants could have known about the asbestos hazard for forty years simply by reading available medical literature. By late September of that year, Stephenson was sufficiently confident to write to the six defendants who remained in the case, offering to settle with them for a total of a hundred thousand dollars. (By this time, the Gustin-Bacon Manufacturing Company had been dropped from the lawsuit, because of insufficient evidence that Tomplait had used any of its products; the Johns-Manville Sales Corporation and Johns-Manville Fiber Glass had been replaced as defendants by the Johns-Manville Products Corporation; Combustion Engineering and the R & I Refractory and Insulation Corporation, which Combustion had purchased in 1963, had been joined as a single defendant; and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company had been replaced by its subsidiary the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation, which had been joined as a single defendant with UNARCO Industries—formerly the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company—from which Pittsburgh Corning had bought an asbestos-insulation factory in Tyler, Texas, in 1962.) During the next few weeks, five of the six defendants expressed willingness to negotiate—only the Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation refused—and at the end of November the five companies agreed to settle the case for fifteen thousand dollars apiece. At that point, Judge Joe J. Fisher, the Chief Judge for the Eastern District of Texas, who was presiding over the case, entered an interlocutory judgment until Tomplait's complaint against Fibreboard could be litigated.

The seventy-five-thousand-dollar settlement did not mean that Tomplait was going to be seventy-five thousand dollars richer, because the Texas Workmen's Compensation Law, like the compensation laws in most states, required that he pay back any compensation award or settlement in the event that he recovered damages for the same injury in a subsequent third-party lawsuit. Moreover, once the Travelers Insurance Company, the Texas Employers' Insurance Association, and the Queen Insurance Company of America had intervened to assert their claim to the seventy-five hundred dollars they had paid to settle his earlier workmen's-compensation lawsuit, the sixty-seven thousand five hundred dollars that remained would be further diminished when Stephenson took his thirty-per-cent contingent fee, plus expenses. In the end, Tomplait would be left with thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. Nearly seven and a half years had gone by since he first walked into Stephenson's office, and he now weighed just over a hundred pounds. His medical prognosis was bleak, and his financial future depended upon the outcome of his suit against Fibreboard, which had been set for trial in the spring.

STEPHENSON'S case against Fibreboard—or Pabco, as Fibreboard was sometimes known after being identified with its subsidiary the Pabco Industrial Insulation Company, of San Francisco—was based principally on the contention that the company knew, or should have known, that the asbestos-insulation products it manufactured were hazardous to use, and that it was negligent for not having warned Tomplait of this. (By now, the rule of strict liability had been adopted in Texas, but Stephenson still felt more comfortable with the familiar theories of negligence and breach of warranty, and for this reason he elected not to pursue the new doctrine.) Fibreboard was represented by George A. Weller, a stocky, gray-haired defense attorney from the firm of Weller, Wheelus & Greene, in Beaumont, who contended that his client was not guilty of negligence, on the ground that before 1961, when Tomplait became ill with asbestosis, the company could not have reasonably foreseen that its insulation products might be harmful to use.

In order to show that Fibreboard should have foreseen that its asbestos-insulation products could cause disease, Stephenson spent considerable time at the outset of the trial—which began on May 12, 1969, in the Federal Courthouse in Beaumont—establishing the fact that asbestosis had been studied and written about for more than forty years, and had been a compensable occupational disease in many states during that period. Weller countered by calling Dr. W. Clark Cooper, a professor of occupational health at the University of California at Berkeley, who had been chief of the United States Public Health Service's Division of Occupational Health in 1962 and 1963. Dr. Cooper testified that the early studies of asbestosis focussed primarily upon workers in English asbestos-textile mills, who were far more heavily exposed to asbestos than insulators were. He went on to tell the jury that in 1938 the Public Health Service had recommended that an average dust level of five million particles per cubic foot should be considered a safe level of exposure for American asbestos workers. According to Dr. Cooper, this recommendation was based on a study of working conditions in several asbestos-textile factories in the United States and was adopted in 1946 by the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists as a threshold-limit value for asbestos dust. Dr. Cooper then described a study that had been conducted in 1945 by Professor Philip Drinker, of the Harvard School of Public Health, together with Dr. Walter Fleischer and several colleagues, of the health and working conditions of asbestos insulators in several United States Navy shipyards during the Second World War. Because they had found only a few cases of asbestosis in the shipyards, Drinker, Fleischer, and their associates had come to the conclusion that asbestos pipe covering was not a dangerous occupation, and had concluded that the five-million-particles-per-cubic-foot limit recommended by the Public Health Service was a level to which asbestos workers might be exposed without adverse health effects. This set the stage for Weller to ask Dr. Cooper whether it was reasonable in his opinion to ex-

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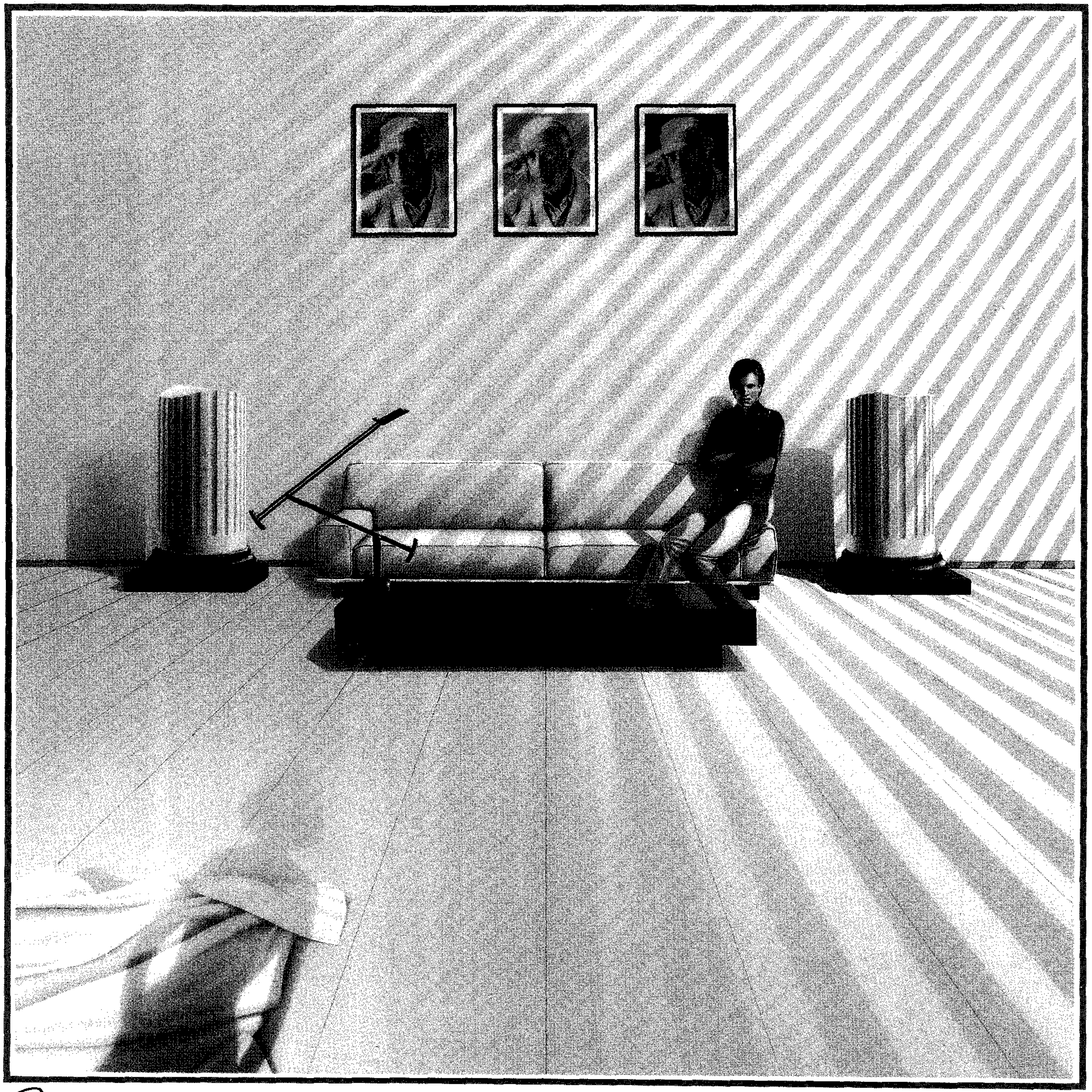

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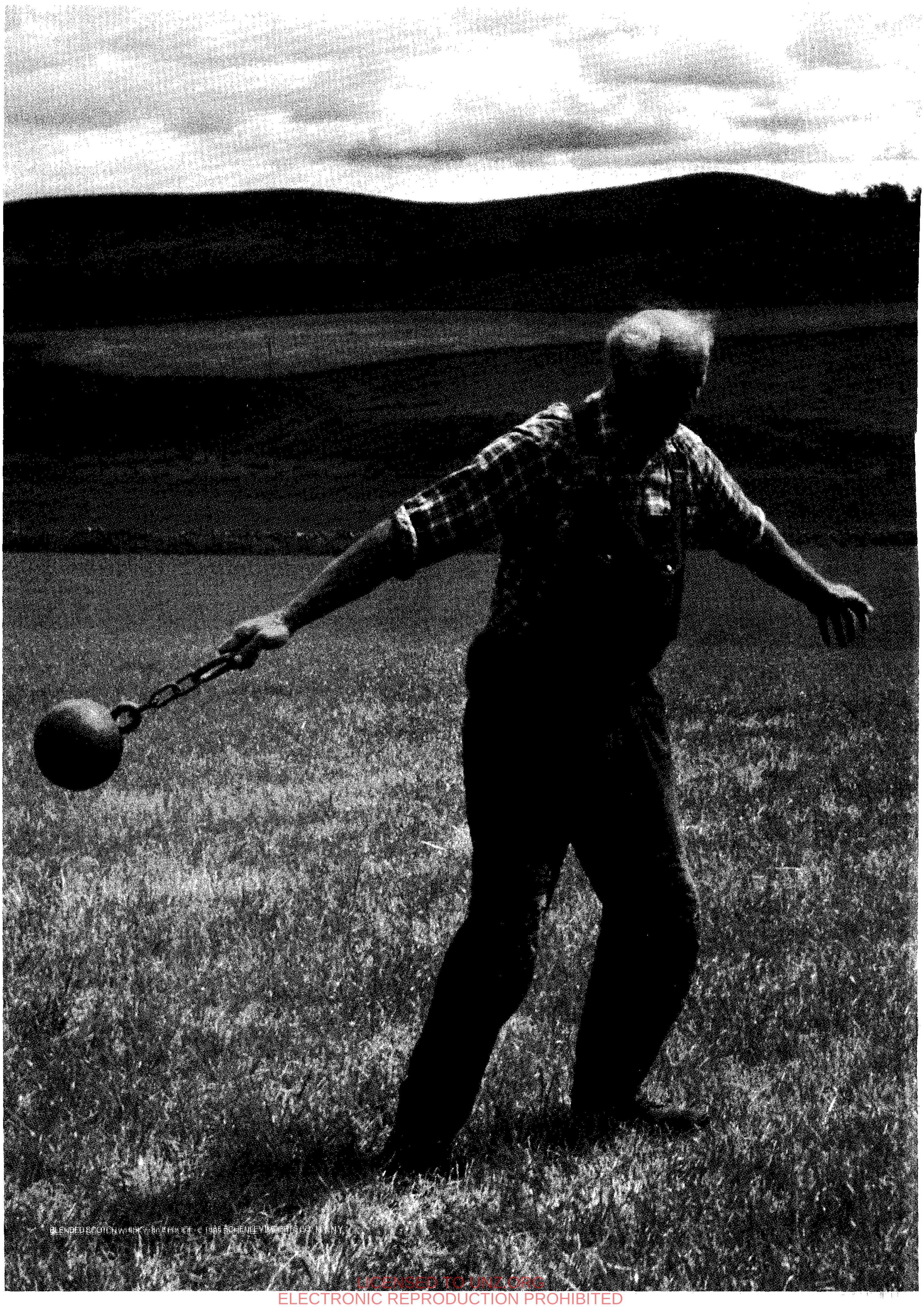

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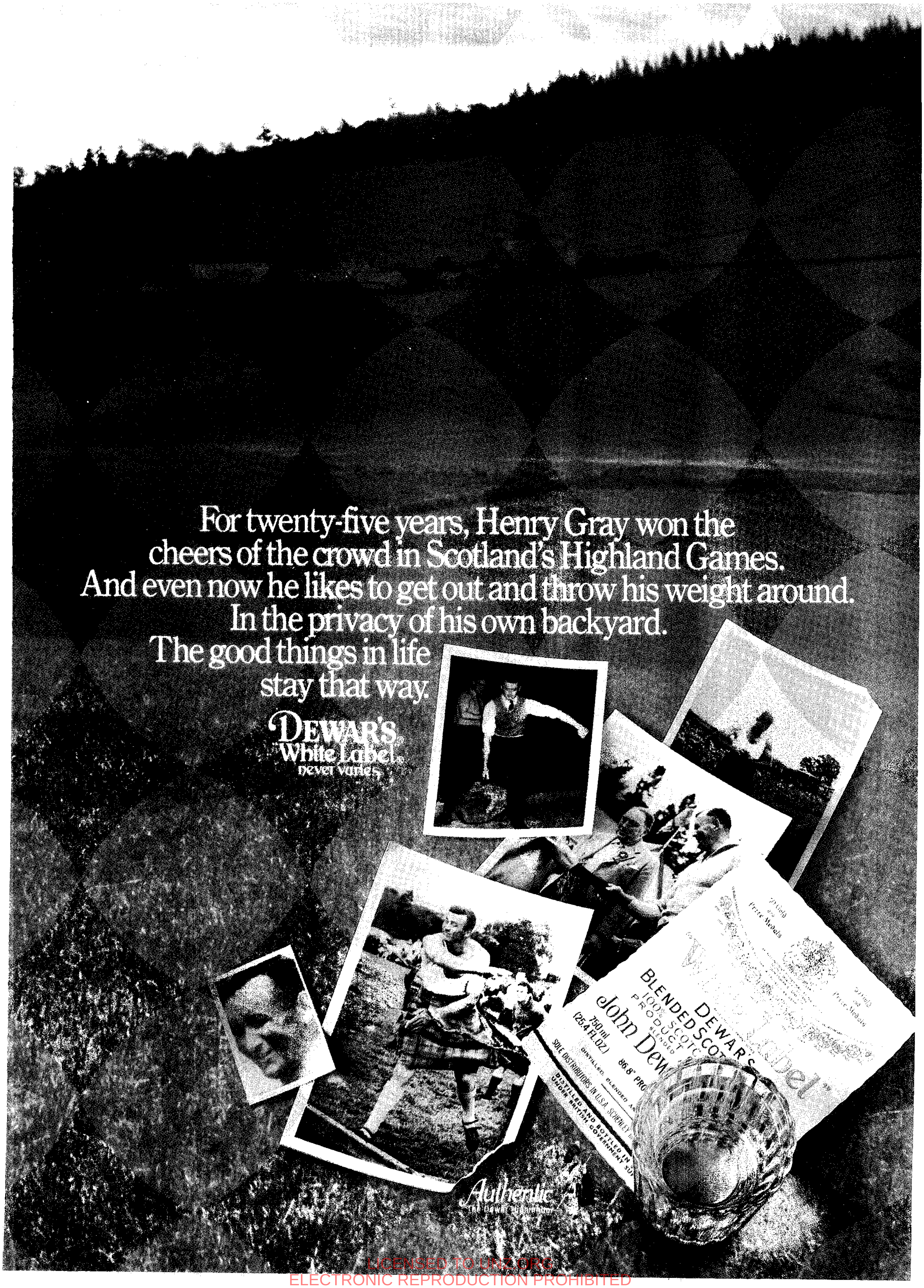
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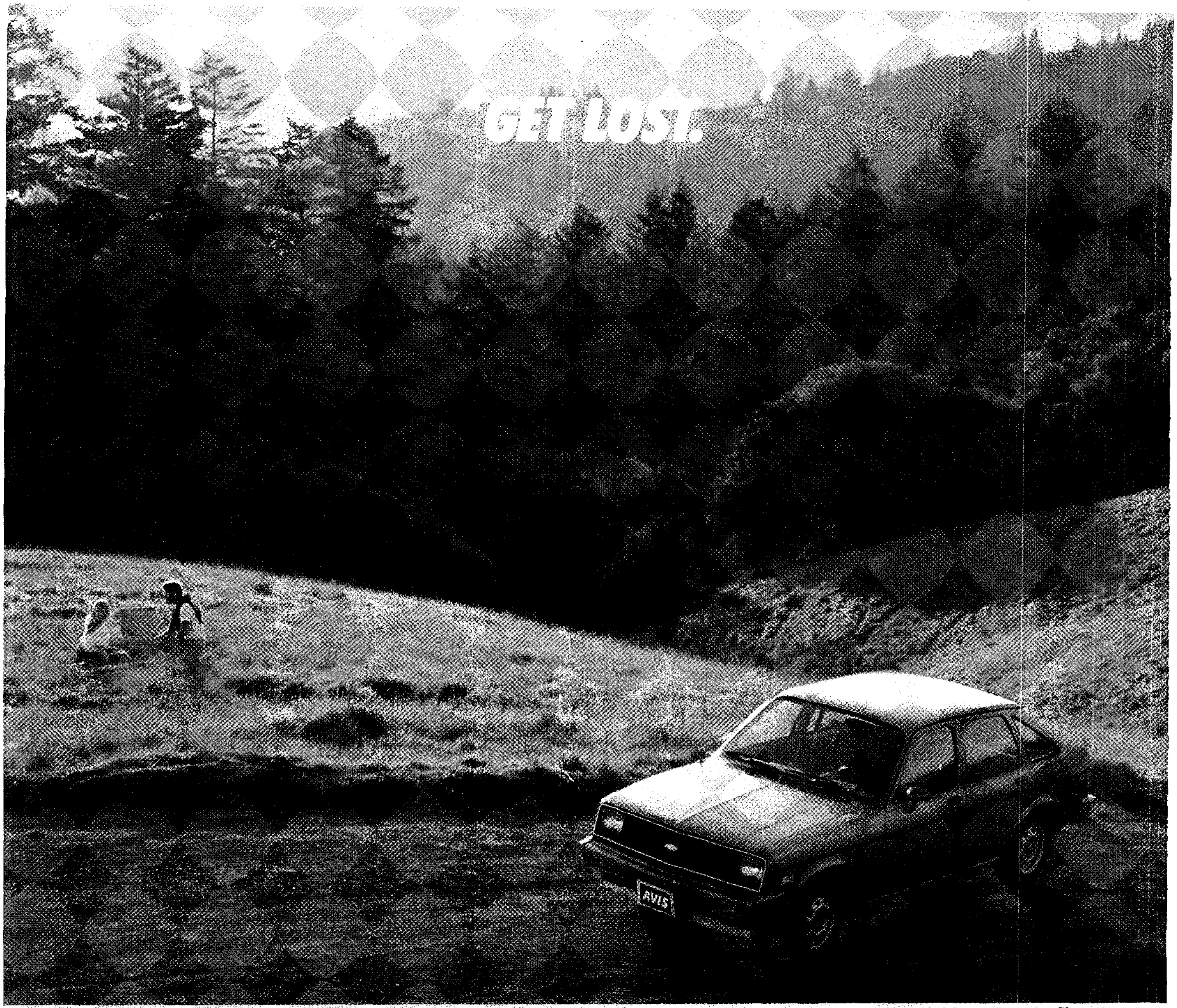

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pect a manufacturer of insulation material with an asbestos content of between ten and fifteen per cent to have known in 1961 that his product was unsafe, and for Dr. Cooper to reply that it was not.

During his cross-examination of Dr. Cooper, Stephenson hammered away at Weller's foreseeability defense by getting Cooper to acknowledge that various studies of asbestosis which had been conducted in the United States during the nineteen-thirties were available to the manufacturers of asbestos-insulation products.

During redirect examination, Weller got Dr. Cooper to restate his opinion that as of 1961 it was not reasonably foreseeable that anyone working as an asbestos insulator would develop a serious case of asbestosis.

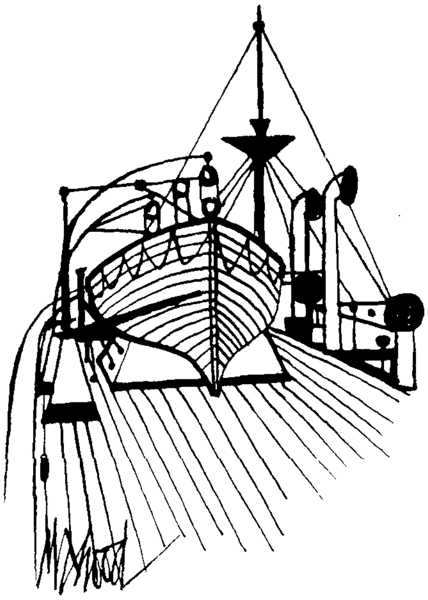
When it came time for re-cross, Stephenson countered with a single question. "Dr. Cooper," he asked, "do you know of any scientific studies made by the manufacturers of insulating products prior to the year 1961?"

"No," Cooper replied, "and that is because—"

"I don't want you to explain," Stephenson said. "I just wanted an answer. That is all."

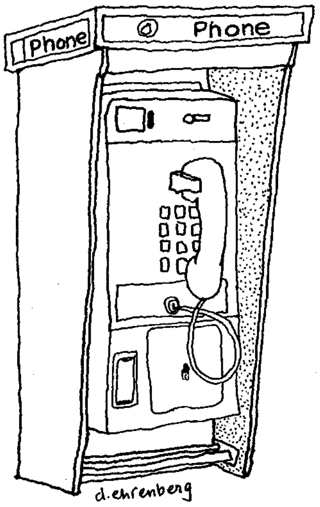
Having dealt with Dr. Cooper, who was Weller's chief expert medical witness, Stephenson introduced the depositions of Dr. Selikoff and two other physicians who had found Tomplait to be suffering from asbestosis. He then called Dr. Greco to the witness stand. Greco told the jury that asbestosis was an incurable and irreversible disease, that scar tissue was slowly but irrevocably replacing the healthy tissue in Tomplait's lungs, and that Tomplait would gradually suffocate. Tomplait, for his part, took the witness stand to testify that he was short of breath to the point of having to keep bottles of oxygen beside his bed and in his car, and that coughing made him feel as if he were being stuck with a thousand needles. He also told the jury that he had used Pabco on many of the insulating jobs he had worked on between 1941 and 1961, and that he could distinctly remember seeing the name "Pabco" printed on the boxes in which this insulation had been shipped. (His testimony in this regard was corroborated by that of a co-worker, Jesse J. Crawford, who also stated that he himself had used Pabco asbestos-insulation products on many jobs during that same period.) But Stephenson's apparently strong case crumbled when, under cross-examination by Weller, Tomplait found himself unable to remember exactly when or on precisely which jobs he had used Pabco products. In his summation to the jury, Weller emphasized this admission with telling effect, and when the trial ended, on May 19th, the jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendant.

THE verdict in Tomplait's case against Fibreboard ended Tomplait's chances of obtaining further damages for his disability from asbestosis. However, it marked a new beginning for Stephenson, whose success in obtaining a settlement with five of the six defendants had resulted in his acquiring as clients several of Tomplait's fellow-insulators who were also suffering from asbestosis. Obsessed by the injustice of what had happened to these workers, and incensed by the insulation manufacturers' apparent disregard of their plight, Stephenson now immersed himself in asbestos litigation. "We lawyers like to feel that by our action in bringing matters of this nature to trial, we are performing a service, and hopefully, alerting the manufacturers to the need for an all-out effort to design preventive measures," he wrote in July of 1969, in a letter describing the outcome of the Tomplait case to Dr. Selikoff, and he added, "I, too, as I know you are, am touched by these men that come into my office with this disease, who are now too old to learn a new occupation and have no choice but to continue in the trade." A few days later, speaking at a trial lawyers' seminar in Denver, he declared that victims of asbestosis "cry out for help from members of the bar," and that the legal fraternity could render "a substantial benefit to mankind" by alerting the public to the dangers of asbestos insulation. As it turned out, he could have been exhorting himself, for within a month he took the case of a co-worker of Tomplait's named Clarence Borel, and embarked upon the last leg of the legal journey that had begun when Tomplait walked into his office eight years before.



Pale, emaciated, and short of breath, Borel, who had recently turned fifty-seven, was visibly sick when he drove over to Stephenson's office, on August 20th, from his home, in Groves—a town about a mile north of Port Arthur. Like Tomplait, he was a soft-spoken and slightly built man of Cajun descent—he was born in the town of Jeanerette, Louisiana—and he was the father of six grown children. He told Stephenson that he had been an asbestos worker since 1936. He had started out at a Texaco plant in Port Arthur, had worked there for six years, and then had spent five years insulating destroyers at the Consolidated Shipyard, in Orange. He went on to say that during his thirty-three years in the trade he had enjoyed relatively good health until the previous January, while working at an oil refinery in Baytown for the Fuller-Austin Insulation Company, of Houston, when he developed pain in the right side of his chest and difficulty in breathing. At that time, his physician had hospitalized him in Port Arthur, and he had been found to be suffering from pneumonia. When his condition did not improve by the end of February, he entered Memorial Baptist Hospital in Houston, and there exploratory surgery was performed on March 7th, which showed that in addition to pneumonia he was afflicted with extensive pulmonary asbestosis. During the spring, he had filed a claim for workmen's compensation with the Texas Industrial Accident Board, and in June he had settled with Fuller-Austin's workmen's-compensation-insurance carrier for eight thousand dollars, plus five thousand eighty-one dollars and ten cents for medical and hospital expenses. He told Stephenson that he was unable to stand or walk for a prolonged period, and that he was incapable of lifting or carrying anything weighing more than twenty pounds. He also said that in all his years as an insulator no one had ever told him that asbestos would make him sick.

Stephenson, thanks to his experience with Tomplait, was able to get his new client's case under way without delay. Before Borel left the office that day, Jackie Bean told him to refresh his memory by looking over his past tax returns, and to reconstruct his work record as far back as he could remember. When Borel had compiled the necessary information, Stephenson drew up a complaint seeking damages of a million dollars against eleven asbestos-insulation manufacturers, and filed it in federal district court in Beaumont on October 20, 1969, under the title of Clarence Borel v. Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation, et al. (He put Fibreboard in the title of the case as a deliberate challenge to Weller, whom he had come to dislike intensely.) Of the eleven defendants, seven had been named in the complaint for Tomplait's lawsuit. In addition to Fibreboard, these were Johns-Manville Products Corporation, Pittsburgh Corning, Owens-Corning, UNARCO, Combustion Engineering, and Eagle-Picher. The four other defendants were the Philip Carey Corporation, of Cincinnati; the Armstrong Contracting & Supply Corporation, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; the Ruberoid Company, of New York City, which was a division of the GAF Corporation, also of New York City; and the Standard Asbestos Manufacturing & Insulating Company, of Kansas City, Missouri. The complaint alleged that the manufacturers had not warned Borel of the danger of using their asbestos-insulation products, had not informed him about safe methods of handling these products, had not tested the products in order to determine the dangers involved in their use, and had not removed them from the market upon learning that they could cause asbestosis. Most important of all, the complaint held that the defendants should be subject to the doctrine of strict liability, alleging that their products were unreasonably dangerous, because they did not carry adequate warnings of the foreseeable dangers associated with them. Borel v. Fibreboard thus became the first case in the nation to test the applicability of Section 402A to asbestos-insulation materials.



Shortly thereafter, Stephenson brought product-liability cases in behalf of Jesse J. Crawford and Samuel Potter, two co-workers of Borel's, and since the same defendants were named in all three lawsuits Judge Fisher, who was presiding over them, combined them for purposes of discovery. Meanwhile, Borel's condition was growing steadily worse. In late January of 1970, he was admitted to Memorial Baptist Hospital, in Houston, complaining of sharp pains in the right side of his chest, and on February 11th he underwent surgery for the removal of his right lung. Subsequent pathology determined that he was suffering from diffuse malignant mesothelioma of the lung. Several weeks after the operation, Borel left the hospital and went home to Groves. In early May, bedridden and in pain, he gave a deposition about his career as an asbestos insulator, and on June 3rd he died.

Borel's widow, Thelma, to whom he had been married for thirty-seven years, was thereupon substituted as the plaintiff, under the Texas wrongful-death statutes, and the process of discovery by means of interrogatories and depositions continued for fifteen months. During this period, Stephenson prepared for the coming trial with great care. To begin with, he got in touch with nearly a dozen of Borel's fellow-insulators—all of whom had worked with Borel since the early nineteen-forties—in order to substantiate Borel's assertion that he had used and been exposed to asbestos insulation manufactured by each of the defendants. Having taken steps to make sure that he could not lose on the exposure issue, as he had in Tomplait's case against Fibreboard, Stephenson turned his attention to what he knew would be the chief defense of his opponents—the claim that until 1964, when the study of Dr. Selikoff and his associates furnished evidence that asbestos-insulation work was hazardous, asbestos manufacturers had no knowledge that asbestosis and other asbestos-related diseases could afflict asbestos insulators. This defense, which became known as the state-of-the-art defense, was a variation of the foreseeability defense that had been raised by Weller in Tomplait's trial. It was devised by John Tucker, of the law firm of Orgain, Bell & Tucker, in Beaumont, who was counsel for Johns-Manville, as well as coördinator of the defense effort that was being mounted for the asbestos-insulation manufacturers by their insurance carriers. A wiry, leather-faced man in his middle fifties, Tucker was one of the most capable and most highly respected defense lawyers in East Texas, and his state-of-the-art defense posed a formidable problem for Stephenson, because Section 402A specifically limited the seller's liability by stating that he was required to give warning only about those dangers that were "reasonably foreseeable." If Tucker and his colleagues, then, were able to furnish enough evidence to convince a jury that Borel's lung disease could not have been reasonably foreseen by the manufacturers of asbestos insulation until the publication of Selikoff's studies, they could jeopardize Stephenson's contention that the manufacturers were negligent because of their failure to warn, and could defeat his allegation that they were strictly liable.

At the time, Stephenson made fun of the manufacturers' claim that they had no way of knowing that it was hazardous for insulators to apply their products in the field by telling associates that it was tantamount to saying, "I didn't know my pistol would kill a priest, because I never shot one before, but I did know it would kill other things, because I had shot game with it." During the summer and autumn of 1970, however, he prepared for Tucker's state-of-the-art defense with the utmost seriousness, sending requests to dozens of health officials and medical librarians for medical and scientific literature dealing with asbestos during the nineteen-thirties, forties, and fifties. In November, he finally hit pay dirt: the assistant director of the American Medical Association's Department of Environmental, Public, and Occupational Health, in Chicago, sent him a bibliography that listed scores of articles on asbestosis that had been published during those three decades, including eighty-six articles most of which had appeared before 1938.

Early in January of 1971, Judge Fisher set May 24th as the trial date for Borel v. Fibreboard, and a few weeks later Standard Asbestos and Owens-Corning settled out of court for three thousand dollars apiece. Stephenson had hopes of opening serious negotiations with the remaining defendants, but in April he discovered a lump on the left side of his face. On May 3rd, at the John Sealy Hospital, in Galveston, he underwent surgery for the removal of a small spindle-cell cancer, and on May 17th he asked Jackie Bean to write this letter to Judge Fisher:

DEAR JUDGE:

Some several days ago, I talked to you about surgery that I was going to have on the left side of my face. This was done at John Sealy on May 3rd. The surgeon removed certain tissue and did not think it was malignant from looking at it. The tissue was sent to pathology for testing. The pathologist found, however, what he believed to be cancer cells. The surgeon had to stretch certain facial nerves which has caused me to have some difficulty in speaking and pronouncing words. Hopefully this will correct itself in time.

You have set down the case of Borel vs. Fibreboard et al (Civil #6449) to pick a jury on May 24th and to go to trial sometime the week of the 24th. This is a very complicated case and one which will take probably two weeks to try. I have to go back to Galveston now on a one or two trips a week schedule. The doctors are trying to decide whether to go in for more facial surgery or radium treatments, or just how to handle this situation. I do not feel up to trying the Borel case and would appreciate it if you could put it over to a later date.

I have not told anyone in legal circles, other than my secretary who is writing this letter, of this problem.

I would very much appreciate you handling this for me if you will in such a manner that it will not advise of my illness. Needless to say, it is a rather traumatic period for me anticipating each of the trips to Galveston and awaiting decisions on what course will be followed.

Sincerely,
WARD STEPHENSON

On May 18th, Judge Fisher sent this letter to Stephenson and the twelve lawyers who were representing the defendants in Borel v. Fibreboard.

GENTLEMEN:

Due to the docket problems presented because of the trial now in progress, and which in all probability will continue into next week; and also because of the time-consuming nature of the above cause, I believe it advisable to pass the trial until the September Term.

You are, therefore, advised that the cause will be reset for trial for the second Monday in September 1971 and you will be advised later when it will be necessary to appear for jury selection. If any of you gentlemen have an objection to rescheduling the trial for the September Term, please advise the Court by May 24th.

Sincerely yours,
JOE J. FISHER

During the rest of May and all of June, Stephenson recuperated at home with his second wife, Marcelle (he had

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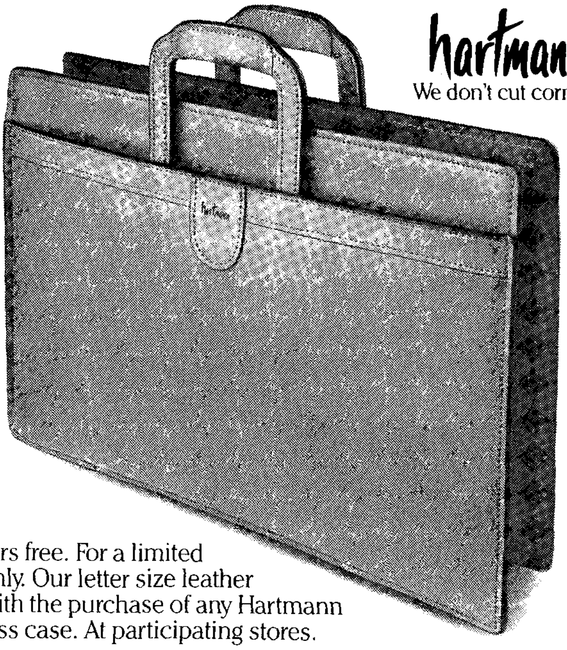

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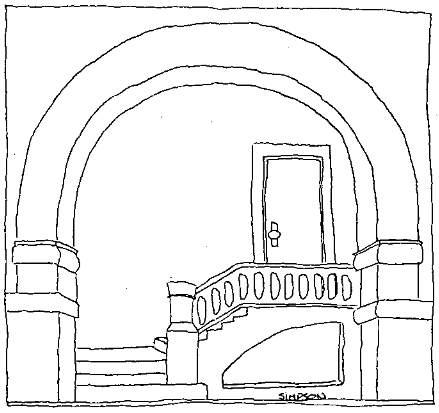
divorced and remarried in 1967), and by the end of August his feeling of well-being had returned, and he was eagerly looking forward to trying Borel v. Fibreboard. Jackie Bean remembers that he was full of enthusiasm when, a few weeks before the trial, he returned to Orange from the Beaumont office of his old adversary George Weller, for there he had participated in the deposing of Dr. Cooper, whom Weller was planning to call again as an expert medical witness for the defendants. "Ward was tremendously elated about how much he had got Cooper to admit on cross-examination," she recalls. "In fact, when he came through the door, the first thing he said was 'Jackie, I can't for the life of me imagine why Weller ever decided to call Cooper again, because I have just turned him into a star witness for us!' "

DURING the early part of September, UNARCO and Eagle-Picher settled out of court for five thousand dollars apiece, and at 9 A.M. on September 21st Borel v. Fibreboard got under way as Stephenson opened the case for the plaintiff against the remaining defendants, who, in addition to Fibreboard, were Johns-Manville, Pittsburgh Corning, Philip Carey, Ruberoid, and the Armstrong Cork Company, which had become a defendant in place of its subsidiary Armstrong Contracting & Supply. (The trial court had instructed a verdict in favor of Combustion Engineering, because the plaintiff had failed to show that he had ever been exposed to any insulation product manufactured by that company.) In his opening statement, Stephenson told the jury that each of the defendants knew or should have known about the dangerous nature of asbestos-insulation products and their harmful effects upon the human body but that they had not tested these products to find out if they could be safely used, and had not warned Borel of the danger to which he was exposed in handling them. The defendants, Stephenson predicted, would claim that Borel's death was not their fault but that of his employers; that Borel should have worn a respirator; and that the state of the medical and scientific knowledge was such that they could not have foreseen injury and death to insulation workers who used their products. By way of countering this last defense, Stephenson pointed out that a considerable amount of medical and scientific literature relating to asbestos disease had been available to each of the defendants, and that another reason they should have known about the hazard was that workmen's-compensation laws covering the disease had been in effect in some states for more than forty years. He concluded his opening remarks by telling the jurors that Thelma Borel was claiming punitive as well as compensatory damages, because "the wrongs committed by the defendants were so gross that they should be required to pay an additional amount of money in such sum as would act as a deterrent to these defendants and others in the future from committing like offenses and wrongs."

In the opening statement for the defendants, Weller stressed the fact that Borel had never been employed by any of them, that the defendants had not had control over Borel's working conditions, and that it had been the duty of Borel's employers to furnish him with respirators and to provide him with proper working conditions. As Stephenson had predicted, Weller claimed that no medical or scientific knowledge existed before 1964 to show that asbestos insulators might be risking health problems as a result of their occupation. He then told the jurors that the workmen's-compensation laws covering asbestosis, which were on the books in Texas and other states, should have served to warn Borel that asbestos was a hazard of his trade, and that Borel was guilty of contributory negligence because he had failed to wear a respirator. Weller also claimed that since 1956 Borel had received copies of a union publication, *Asbestos Worker*, that contained warnings about the harmful health effects of insulation products.

Stephenson's first witness was Harvey Legate, a forty-eight-year-old asbestos insulator from Port Arthur, who was working as a business agent for Asbestos Local 22, in Houston. Legate, whose father was an asbestos insulator and had died of asbestosis in November of 1970, told the jury that he had first met Clarence Borel in 1942, when they were both working at the Consolidated Shipyard, in Orange, and that he had subsequently worked with Borel in various chemical plants in the Golden Triangle, where they used asbestos products made by Johns-Manville, Owens-Corning, and Pittsburgh Corning. He went on to testify that he had never been issued a respirator capable of preventing the inhalation of asbestos dust, and that until 1966, when some manufacturers placed a small warning label on boxes containing asbestos insulation, no one had ever told him that it was dangerous to breathe asbestos dust. Here Stephenson offered the label in evidence. It read:



> Caution, this product contains asbestos fibre.
>
> Inhalation of asbestos in excessive quantities over long periods of time may be harmful.
>
> If dust is created when this product is handled, avoid breathing the dust.
>
> If adequate ventilation control is not possible, wear respirators approved by the U.S. Bureau of Mines for pneumoconiosis-producing dusts.

Legate then told the jury that no one had ever informed him what was meant by excessive quantities of asbestos dust, and that in any event there was no way a worker could avoid breathing asbestos when he was working with asbestos insulating materials. During a long cross-examination, Weller sought to establish the basis for an assumption-of-risk defense by trying to get Legate to admit that he had heard about Claude Tomplait's workmen's-compensation claim for asbestosis ten years before, and that he had known about the hazard of inhaling asbestos dust since the late nineteen-fifties. Legate was also cross-examined by John Tucker, who asked him if he had ever read the November, 1961, issue of *Asbestos Worker*, which carried a full-page advertisement urging union members to wear their respirators.

When Legate, who would develop asbestosis in 1979, was excused from the witness stand, Stephenson called Cecil E. Gladden, a forty-four-year-old insulator from Groves, who testified that he had known Borel since 1943, and that they had worked together on jobs using asbestos products that were manufactured by Johns-Manville, Ruberoid, Philip Carey, Eagle-Picher, and Owens-Corning. When Gladden, who would develop asbestosis in 1981, had left the stand, Stephenson read portions of a deposition he had taken from Dr. Daniel Jenkins, a pulmonary specialist and professor of medicine at the Baylor College of Medicine, in Houston. Dr. Jenkins testified that sufficient scientific knowledge existed as early as 1940 to warn a manufacturer of asbestos insulation that his product was dangerous to human health, and he drew special attention to an article describing a case of asbestosis in a pipe coverer which had been published in the *British Journal of Radiology* in 1934 by a chest physician, Dr. Philip Ellman. During cross-examination, however, Jenkins said that until Selikoff and his associates performed their 1964 studies very little knowledge had existed to show that the inhalation of asbestos by insulators was hazardous.

STEPHENSON began the second day of the trial by putting Samuel Potter, a fifty-nine-year-old insulator from Orange, on the stand. Potter, who would die of asbestosis in 1973, testified that he and Borel had worked together at the Consolidated Shipyard during the Second World War, using asbestos-insulation products manufactured by Johns-Manville, and that he had also worked with Borel in several chemical plants using insulation products manufactured by some of the other defendants. He went on to tell the jury that he himself was suffering from asbestosis, and that the disease had severely impaired his ability to breathe. During cross-examination, Weller brought out the fact that Potter was being represented by Stephenson in an asbestos lawsuit, and that until recently he had been a heavy cigarette smoker. Tucker then got Potter to admit that he had rarely used a respirator, even though he had been sufficiently bothered by asbestos dust to make complaints about it.

At this point, George E. Duncan, of Beaumont, who was the attorney for Pittsburgh Corning, was allowed to present Dr. Paul Gross, a witness from out of state who could not appear at any other time. Dr. Gross, who was sixty-nine years old, stated that he was a professor of pathology at the Medical University of South Carolina and the director of the research laboratories at the Industrial Health Foundation, in Pittsburgh. (This was a new name for the thirty-five-year-old

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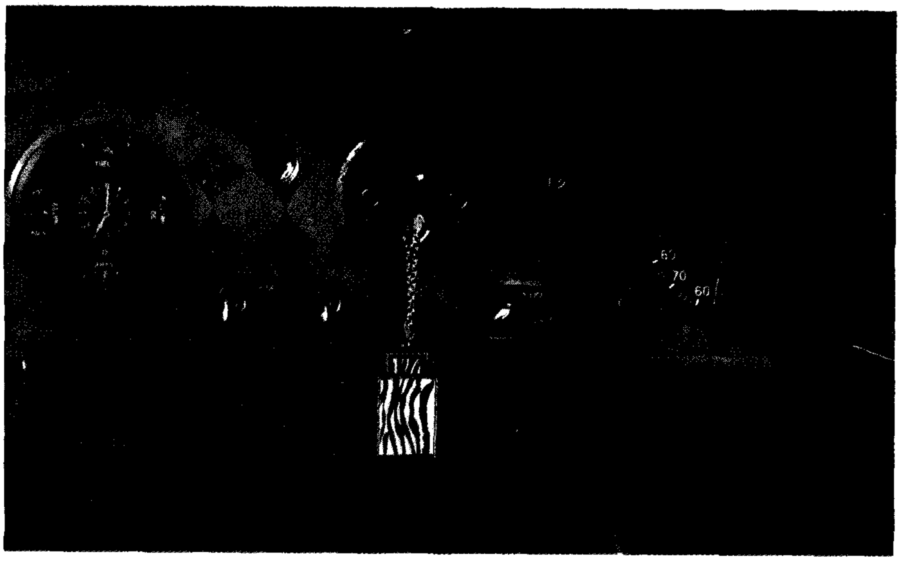

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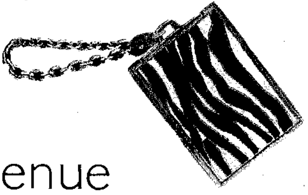

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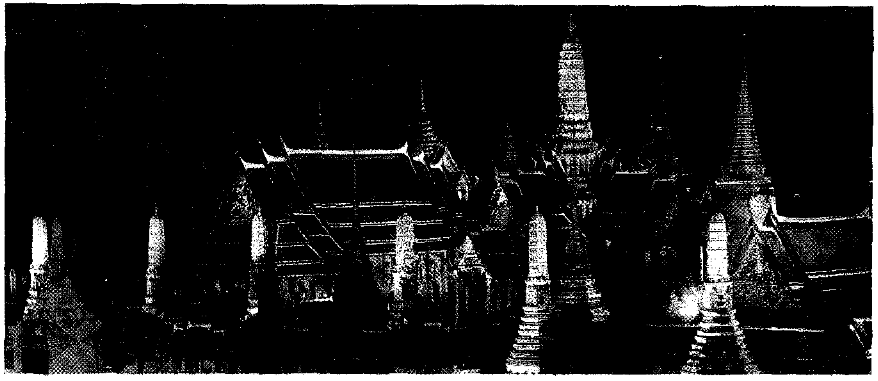

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Industrial Hygiene Foundation of America, a self-styled "association of industries for the advancement of healthful working conditions," which was almost entirely financed by industry, including Johns-Manville, and which had been retained by Pittsburgh Corning in the summer of 1963 to evaluate the dust hazard of its newly acquired asbestos factory, in Tyler, Texas.) Dr. Gross then testified that he was a member of the Threshold Limit Values Committee of the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists, which had recommended to the asbestos industry in 1946 that a threshold limit of five million particles of dust per cubic foot be considered a safe level of dust to which an asbestos-factory worker could be exposed for eight hours a day, five days a week during their entire working lifetime without danger of developing disease.

During cross-examination, Stephenson launched a heavy attack upon his opponents' state-of-the-art defense. It was a tactic that took the defendants by surprise, and it enabled Stephenson to seize the initiative at a crucial point in the trial. To begin with, he established that in spite of its imposing title the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists was not an official government agency, and that it had first recommended the five-million-particles standard in 1946. He later asked, "Doctor, if five million particles per cubic foot of exposure was a danger level set by the Threshold Limit Values Committee, would there be any way to know whether a worker was being exposed to more or less than five million particles besides going into the area where the worker works and taking dust counts?"

"No," Dr. Gross replied.

"All right, sir, so if Johns-Manville or Fibreboard or any of the defendants here knew in 1946 of the five million particles per cubic foot, then would there be any way for them to tell a worker that there were dangerous exposures other than going and taking measurements as to how much dust was created by the use of their products?"

"I wouldn't think so," Gross answered.

"No, sir, I wouldn't, either," said Stephenson, who had already established through interrogatories that none of the defendants had ever made such measurements when insulators were working in the field.

When Stephenson was through cross-examining Gross, Weller tried to shore up the state-of-the-art defense by getting the witness to say that the five-million-particles-per-cubic-foot level had been based on the best medical and scientific knowledge that was available at the time. In re-cross-examination, however, Stephenson deflated Weller's efforts by seeking Dr. Gross's opinion of the proposition that if a worker contracted asbestosis he must have been exposed to a sufficient number of asbestos fibres and particles to cause the disease, regardless of what dust levels were recommended.

"I think that is only common sense," Dr. Gross replied.

"Yes, thank you. That's all," Stephenson told him, and since there were no further questions from the defense Dr. Gross was excused from the witness stand. (What Stephenson did not know at the time, or he might have questioned Dr. Gross at greater length, was that Dr. Gross had considerable knowledge about the occurrence of asbestos disease in Johns-Manville workers. Eleven years later, at the age of eighty, Dr. Gross would testify in another asbestos case that during the late nineteen-fifties, while he was director of the Industrial Hygiene Foundation's research laboratories, he had examined lung-tissue specimens from more than half a dozen dead Johns-Manville employees who had suffered from asbestosis, had found evidence of lung cancer in most of them, and had concluded that there was an association between asbestos exposure and lung cancer.)

Following Dr. Gross's testimony, Stephenson resumed the case for the plaintiff by calling four more of Borel's co-workers to the witness stand. As it happened, one of them was Claude Tomplait, who was now, at fifty-one, terribly emaciated by the ravages of asbestosis. When he took the stand, Stephenson lost little time in asking him to tell the jury how the disease was affecting him.

"Well, the way it is with me, I am sitting here right now and I am just liable to go to coughing and want to black out right quick, and when I do it is like pins and needles going through my body," Tomplait said. "As a matter of fact, I can't use my hands. If you will notice, all of my fingers are all thick and clubbed. If I could have some kind of a little old job putting things together, it would be impossible. As I say, my life is ruined from it."

Tucker cross-examined Tomplait at length, as he had the other insulators,

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in an attempt to show that he had known about the health hazard of asbestos for many years and should have worn a respirator to protect himself.

Seeking to implicate the contractors, Tucker asked Tomplait who should have supplied him with respirators.

"Well, sir, I will explain it this way," Tomplait replied. "I never knew in my life this stuff was hard on my life, no more than the air I am breathing right now, and just like for me to go out there and cut my grass and put a handkerchief over my face—"

"Your Honor, the answer is not responsive," Tucker complained.

"I didn't know it was a hazard," Tomplait insisted, "or I would have put a handkerchief over my face, but nothing was furnished to us."

Tomplait's claim that he had not known about the hazards of inhaling asbestos dust was echoed by most of the insulators who followed him to the witness stand, and by the late afternoon of the second day Weller and Tucker had by and large been frustrated in their efforts to show contributory negligence or assumption of risk on the part of Borel.

At this point, Stephenson, seeking to keep his opponents off balance, offered the deposition testimony of Dr. Cooper, the expert witness for the defense whom he felt he had cross-examined so effectively back in August. Reading from the cross-examination, he brought out the fact that Cooper had recently been a consultant for Johns-Manville in an asbestos lawsuit and had also dispensed advice to Eagle-Picher and Pittsburgh Corning. Cooper acknowledged that by 1945 more than a hundred scientific and medical articles had been published about the effects of asbestos upon human health, and that there were probably fifty such articles as early as 1930.

Soon thereafter, Judge Fisher adjourned the court for the day, and when the trial resumed the next morning Stephenson continued reading the deposition of Dr. Cooper, who stated that there was intense interest in asbestosis during the nineteen-twenties, and that during the twenties and the nineteen-thirties the literature on the disease would have made a stack about two feet high. Later in the deposition, Stephenson asked Cooper whether he knew if any manufacturer of asbestos insulating products had ever tested them in order to determine how much asbestos dust was created when they were sawed, cut, or mixed. Cooper replied that he knew of no such tests

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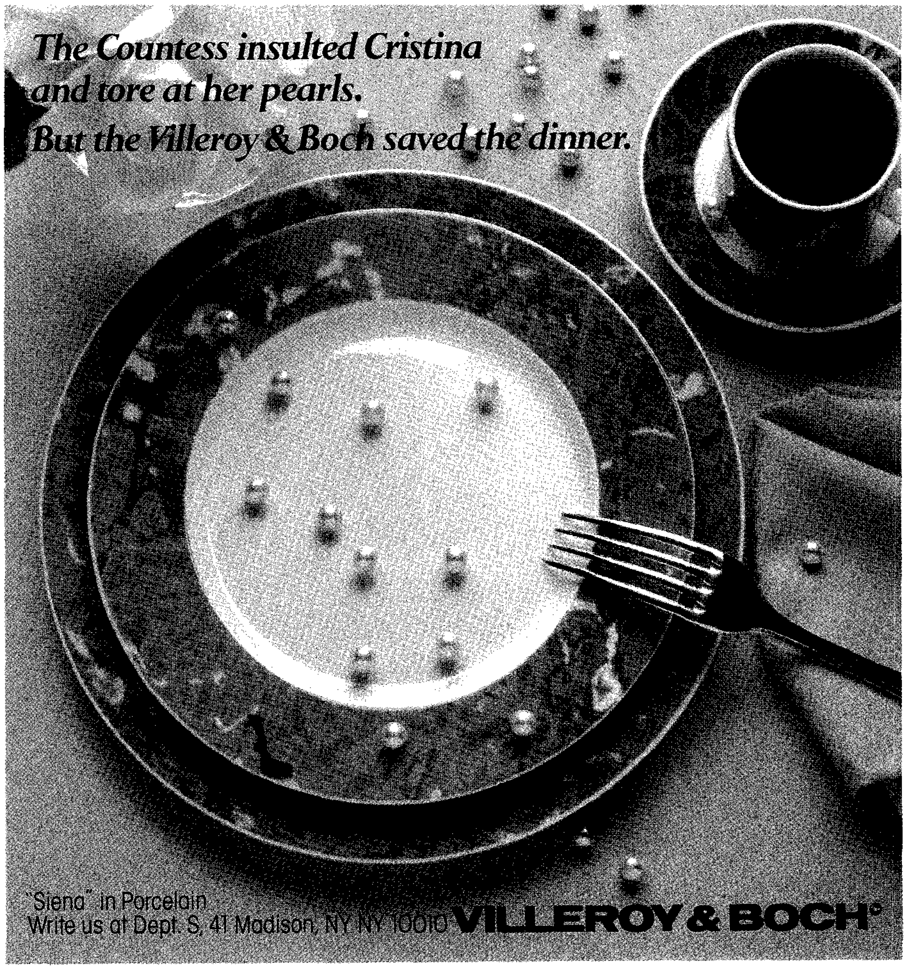
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having been conducted until the past two years. Still later, Stephenson asked Cooper this question: "Doctor, can we say that for at least fifty years it has been recognized that asbestos is a harmful—causes harm to the human body?"

By this time, Cooper had apparently become somewhat uncomfortable, for instead of answering the question directly he replied, "I want the record to show that I believe strongly that asbestos—the inhalation of asbestos—can be harmful, and that I feel it is a great responsibility for people that manufacture or sell or use asbestos to handle it with dispatch and to avoid exposures, and the record must show that I feel this very strongly." Then, after Stephenson had asked him the question a second time, Dr. Cooper acknowledged that it had been recognized for fifty years that asbestos could cause asbestosis, and that the disease was harmful.

During the rest of the morning, Weller, trying desperately to repair the damage that had been done to the state-of-the-art defense, read other portions of Dr. Cooper's testimony, which suggested that because the vast majority of the early cases of asbestosis had been found among workers who were employed in asbestos-textile factories, where there was often heavy exposure to pure asbestos fibre, the manufacturers of asbestos-insulation products with an asbestos content of only between twelve and fifteen per cent could not have been expected to know before 1964 that insulation workers who used these products were also at risk of developing asbestos disease. In addition, Weller took considerable pains to establish that there was no possible way for anyone to tell when or where Borel might have received the exposure to asbestos which had caused him to develop his asbestosis and mesothelioma, or, for that matter, what asbestos product, manufactured by which of the remaining defendants, might have caused these diseases. Be that as it may, by the time Judge Fisher called a recess for lunch on the third day of the trial, most observers felt that Stephenson's cross-examination of Dr. Cooper—a brilliant one, in which he had transformed a prominent expert witness for the defense into a prime witness for the plaintiff—had dealt a heavy blow to the defendants' claim that they had no way of reasonably foreseeing that exposure to their products posed a danger to human health.

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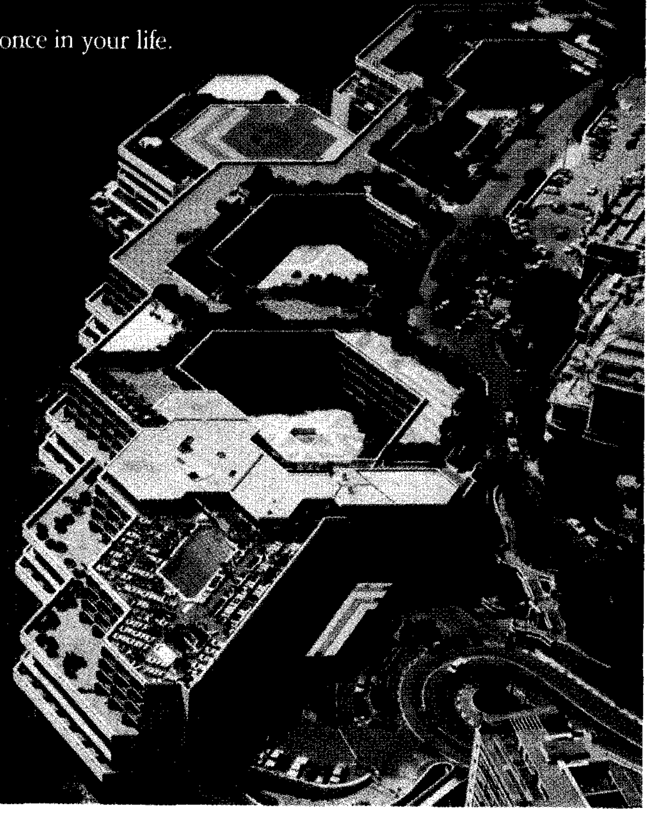

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phenson introduced in evidence a bibliography of eighty-six articles on the health effects of asbestos, most of them published before 1938. Then he read answers to written interrogatories that had been given by the defendant manufacturing companies. They enabled him to establish that none of the defendants had placed warning labels on their insulation products until 1964, and that Philip Carey and Armstrong Cork had not seen fit to provide warning labels even as late as the time of the trial. He was also able to show that Johns-Manville, Philip Carey, and Ruberoid had known that death and serious lung disease had already occurred among their employees as a result of inhalation of asbestos dust or fibres. (It later came to light that in 1969 alone Johns-Manville had paid out eight hundred and eighty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-one dollars in workmen's compensation to two hundred and eighty-five employees of its manufacturing plant in Manville, New Jersey, who had become disabled by asbestosis.) Following his reading of the interrogatories, Stephenson introduced testimony given at deposition by the chest specialist who had treated Borel in 1969 and 1970; by the surgeon who had removed Borel's lung; by the pathologists who had found Borel to be suffering from asbestosis and malignant mesothelioma; and by Borel's personal physician, who stated that his patient had suffered great pain during the last months of his life.

STEPHENSON began the fourth day of the trial by introducing the deposition testimony of Borel himself, who had been able to piece together an amazingly detailed work history, pinpointing exactly when and where he had used insulation products manufactured by the various defendants. Borel had testified that during his career as an insulator he had been continually exposed to heavy concentrations of asbestos dust as a result of cutting, sawing, and mixing these products. He said that in an effort to avoid inhaling the dust he had tried many different types of respirators but had found them almost impossible to breathe through. He went on to say that no one had ever told him that asbestos-insulation materials were dangerous to his health, and that he had never seen any of the defendant manufacturers testing their products in the field to see whether they could devise some way of suppressing asbestos dust. He also stated

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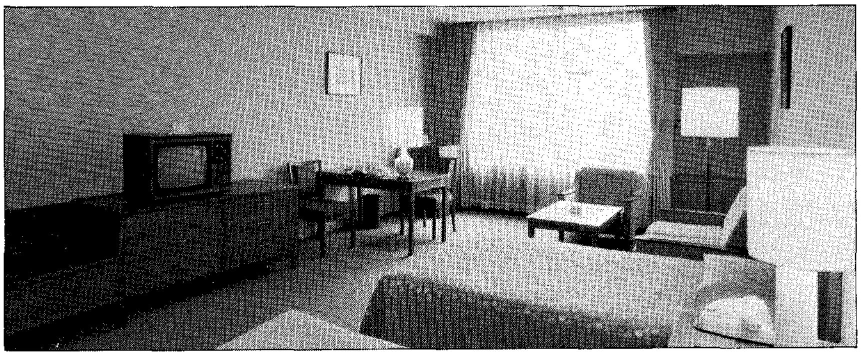

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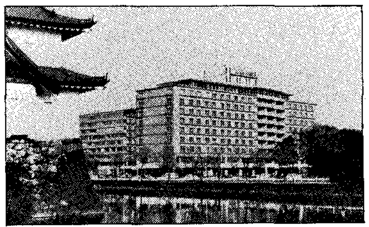

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that he had been bedridden since the operation to remove his lung, and that he had been in constant pain for thirteen or fourteen months.

When Stephenson had read Borel's testimony, Tucker asked permission to present a witness out of order, and when Stephenson agreed Dr. Hans Weill, a professor of medicine at the Tulane University School of Medicine, in New Orleans, took the stand to testify in behalf of Johns-Manville. By way of establishing his credentials, Dr. Weill said that he had examined more than a hundred asbestotic workers during his career and that he was then conducting a study of asbestosis among workers in the asbestos-cement industry. (Although it was not brought out at the trial, Weill was in fact studying employees of a Johns-Manville asbestos-cement-products plant at Marrero, Louisiana, and his work was being financed by the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association, of which Johns-Manville had long been the dominant member.) Weill went on to tell the jury that after reviewing chest X-rays of Borel that had been taken between 1964 and 1970 he had come to the conclusion that Borel had never suffered from asbestosis, and that his pleural mesothelioma could have developed as a result of cancer spreading from some other site.

During cross-examination, Stephenson forced Weill to acknowledge that without ever having seen Borel or examined Borel's lung he was trying to refute the diagnosis of asbestosis which had been made at first hand by Borel's internist, by the surgeon who had removed Borel's lung, and by the pathologists who had examined tissue from Borel's lung in the laboratory of Memorial Baptist Hospital. He proceeded to obtain an admission from Weill that Borel's mesothelioma was in all likelihood associated with his exposure to asbestos.

When Dr. Weill left the witness stand, Weller read from his cross-examination of Borel in an attempt to show that Borel had known since his early years as an insulator that breathing asbestos dust was hazardous, that he had voluntarily assumed the risk by continuing to work with the mineral, and that he was contributorily negligent for failing to wear a respirator during most of his employment. In his answers to Weller's questions, Borel admitted that he had sometimes applied Mentholatum in his nostrils, or worn a wet handkerchief over his face, in an effort to avoid inhaling asbestos dust. He also acknowledged that he and his fellow-insulators had speculated about whether asbestos was hazardous but that there was a consensus among them that the dust "dissolves as it hits your lungs."

"In other words, there was some question in your mind as to whether this was dangerous and whether it was bad for your health?" Weller asked.

"There was always a question," Borel replied. "You just never knew how dangerous it was. I never did know, really. If I had known, I would have gotten out of it."

"All right, then you did know it had some degree of danger but you didn't know how dangerous it was?"

"I didn't know it was dangerous like this bad," Borel said. "I really didn't."

Later in his cross-examination, Weller got Borel to admit that in 1964, during a life-insurance medical examination, he had been told that his chest X-ray was cloudy, and that this might be the result of his occupation as an insulator. Weller then asked, "Did you know at that time that you were working with asbestos and asbestos dust?"

"I knew I was working with insulation," Borel said.

"Did you know that it contained asbestos?"

"Yes, sir," Borel replied. "But I didn't know what asbestos was."

When Weller had finished reading from his cross-examination of Borel, Stephenson called Borel's widow, Thelma, to the witness stand and asked her if her husband had ever done anything that would indicate, one way or the other, whether he thought that asbestos was harmful. She replied that at Christmastime he used to bring home pieces of asbestos insulation for their children to crumple up and put on the family tree as artificial snow, and she expressed certainty that if he had known that asbestos was harmful he would not have done so.

During cross-examination, Weller established that copies of *Asbestos Worker* had been delivered to the Borel home for many years. Then, in an effort to minimize the effect of Borel's death in terms of monetary damages, he got Mrs. Borel to acknowledge that she had never been given a household allowance by her husband, that she

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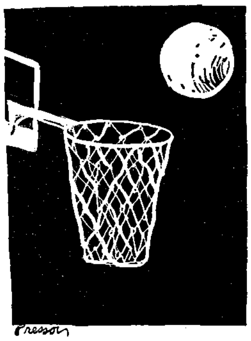
had no way of knowing what portion of his income had gone for household expenses, and that none of their six children were financially dependent upon her.

At that point, Stephenson rested the case for the plaintiff, and, since it was Friday, Judge Fisher adjourned the trial for the weekend.

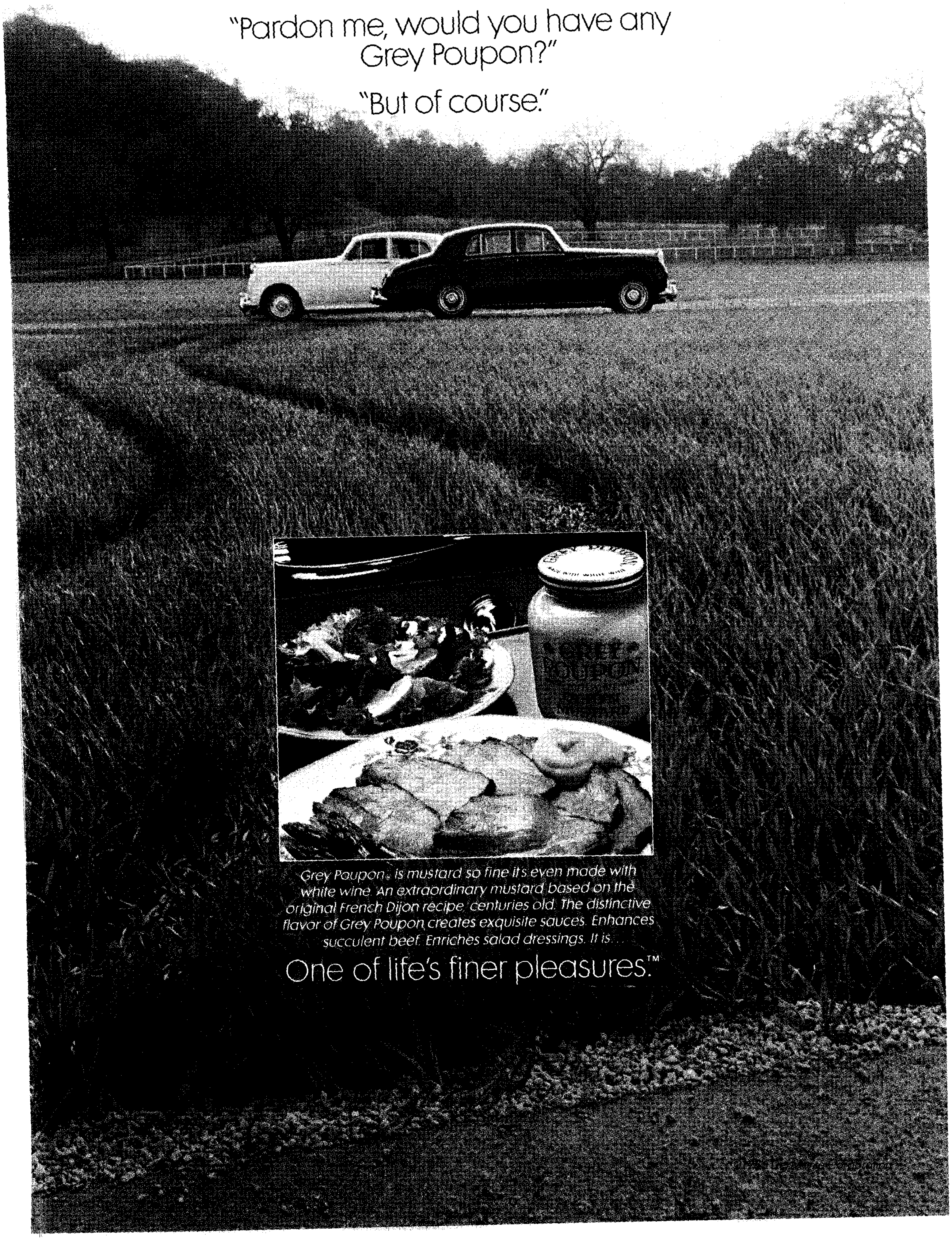
On Monday, Gordon R. Pate, an attorney from Beaumont who, together with Tucker, was representing Johns-Manville, opened the case for the defendants. His first witness was Joseph Ralph Shrode, an official of Houston Local 22 of the Asbestos Workers union, whose deposition testimony Stephenson had read on the second day of the trial in order to show that Shrode, who had worked as an insulator at the Consolidated Shipyard during the Second World War, had never seen any of the defendants testing their products in the field or been warned that breathing asbestos dust was dangerous. It soon became apparent that Pate's strategy in calling Shrode for cross-examination was to set up an assumption-of-risk defense, for he quickly got Shrode to admit that when he was sawing asbestos-insulation products in an indoor fabrication shop during the late nineteen-forties he had worn a respirator, because he felt that it would be dangerous to inhale asbestos dust. Pate then got Shrode to acknowledge that he had not worn a respirator in the field, because "there wasn't as much dust working in the field as there was working around the saw in the shop." Shrode went on to say that he had become aware of asbestosis around 1955, when he developed spots on his lungs, which his doctor told him were caused by his employment as an insulator, and that the disease had become a subject of discussion at union meetings at about that time.



During redirect examination, Stephenson got Shrode to acknowledge that when asbestos insulators worked in the field they were often working indoors in confined spaces where there was considerable asbestos dust. Nevertheless, Pate's skillful examination of Shrode, who would die of mesothelioma in 1980, had given new force to the defendants' contention that Borel was contributorily negligent for not having worn a respirator, and it set the stage for Tucker to call Clifford L. Sheckler, the manager of Johns-Manville's accident-prevention program. The defendants were relying upon Sheckler to resurrect the state-of-the-art defense, which had been so badly damaged by Stephenson's cross-examination of Dr. Gross and Dr. Cooper. A tall, self-confident man in his middle fifties, Sheckler had first gone to work for Johns-Manville, as a construction engineer, in 1936—the same year in which Clarence Borel had become an insulator—and had risen steadily through the ranks. Between 1957 and 1960, he had been supervisor of safety and industrial hygiene; from 1960 to 1967, he had been corporate manager of industrial health; during 1967 and the first part of 1968, he had been manager of occupational and environmental control and had been given the task of starting an environmental-control department. Sheckler told the jury that during the nineteen-sixties he had become thoroughly familiar with the medical literature on asbestosis. He described it as dealing primarily with British asbestos-textile-factory employees, who were working with fibre that was one hundred per cent asbestos, and were far more heavily exposed than insulators using Johns-Manville insulation products, which had an asbestos content of only about fifteen per cent. He went on to say that before Dr. Selikoff's studies the only research he knew of that dealt with the health problems of asbestos insulators was an investigation of a thousand seventy-four insulators who had worked in United States Navy shipyards during the Second World War. This was the study that had been conducted by Dr. Fleischer and Professor Drinker and their colleagues; it had been published in 1946 in the *Journal of Industrial Hygiene and Toxicology* under the title "A Health Survey of Pipe Covering Operations in Constructing Naval Vessels." According to Sheckler, Fleischer and Drinker had found only three cases of asbestosis in the entire group of shipyard insulators—a finding that, together with the fact that dust levels in the shipyards were well within the recommended five-million-particles-per-cubic-foot range, had led them to conclude that asbestos pipe covering was not a dangerous occupation.

Sheckler told the jury that the first time he had ever heard that asbestos insulators might be at risk of developing asbestos disease was when he and Dr. Kenneth W. Smith, who was then the medical director of Johns-Manville, attended the 1964 New York Academy of Sciences' Conference on the Biological Effects of Asbestos, where they learned about Dr. Selikoff's studies of mortality and disease among asbestos insulators in Newark and New York. He testified that Johns-Manville began to place cautionary labels on its thermal-insulation products soon thereafter, and that during 1967 and 1968 the company had initiated a program to make asbestos-insulation contractors across the nation aware of the potential hazards of using asbestos materials and to enlighten them about dust-abatement methods and the need for supplying their employees with respirators. He went on to draw a picture of Johns-Manville as a corporation deeply concerned about the health and welfare of the workers who used its products, pointing out that in 1968 the company had donated two hundred thousand dollars to buy an electron microscope for Dr. Selikoff's laboratory at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine.

During a gruelling cross-examination, which took up much of the afternoon, Stephenson forced Sheckler to admit repeatedly that at no time during the nineteen-thirties, forties, and fifties had Johns-Manville ever tried to ascertain whether asbestos insulators were being exposed to dangerous levels of asbestos as a result of working with the company's insulation products. In doing so, he forced Sheckler again and again to excuse the lack of field testing, on the ground that there was nothing in the medical literature to warn company officials that asbestos insulators might be at risk of developing disease. Sheckler also defended Johns-Manville's failure to test, on the ground that Fleischer and Drinker had found very few cases of asbestosis among insulators working in naval shipyards during the Second World War. In addition, he claimed that the company had no authority to enter a subcontractor's work area in order to conduct such tests. Stephenson countered by pointing out that the early medical literature clearly demonstrated the danger of inhaling asbestos fibres and by getting Sheckler to acknowledge that for several decades



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the company had been installing ventilation equipment in its factories to reduce the amount of asbestos dust that was being inhaled by its own employees. Stephenson criticized the Fleischer-Drinker study as misleading by pointing out that ninety-five per cent of the insulators who had been examined had worked in the trade for less than ten years—usually an insufficient length of time for the development of asbestosis. As for the claim that Johns-Manville had no legal right to enter a subcontractor's job site for the purpose of conducting tests, Stephenson countered this contention by forcing Sheckler to admit that one of Johns-Manville's own subsidiary companies was in fact in the business of subcontracting asbestos-insulation work. Then, after showing Sheckler some photographs of insulation workers using asbestos products in the field, he asked whether it had ever occurred to anyone at Johns-Manville that an insulator who was engaged in sawing, cutting, and mixing asbestos-insulation products was bound to breathe asbestos dust.

Sheckler answered, "It never occurred to anyone, to the best of my knowledge, up until the time that Dr. Selikoff did his epidemiological study, that people who do not stand in fixed positions at fixed machines might have potential exposures that could possibly cause some pulmonary disease."

"I understand," Stephenson said, with a mixture of incredulity and sarcasm. "Then Johns-Manville had to wait on Dr. Selikoff to show that asbestos workers were breathing the dust?"

The question placed Sheckler squarely on the defensive. "Like many other potential toxic materials—DDT and many others that we are learning of today," he replied uneasily. "I presume, if you put it that way, the answer is yes."

Sheckler, whose wife had been exposed to asbestos and would later die of mesothelioma, was followed to the witness stand by Hugh M. Jackson, the director of employee relations and management development for Johns-Manville, who had preceded Sheckler as corporate manager of industrial health. Jackson testified that Johns-Manville had been aware as early as 1928 that asbestosis might present a problem for its factory workers, for that year it had sponsored studies by Dr. Leroy U. Gardner, of the Trudeau Foundation's Saranac Laboratory at Saranac, New York, and Gardner had been able to produce the disease in test animals by allowing them to inhale asbestos fibres. According to Jackson, Johns-Manville also sponsored research at about this time by Dr. Anthony J. Lanza, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. After conducting a survey of workers in a number of asbestos-textile-manufacturing plants, Lanza had recommended dust-control measures to prevent the occurrence of asbestosis. Jackson claimed that Johns-Manville had then undertaken to improve environmental conditions within its factories and to give periodic medical examinations to all its employees.

During cross-examination, Stephenson asked Jackson why Lanza's recommendations had not alerted Johns-Manville officials to the possibility that workers using their insulation products in the field might also run the risk of developing asbestosis.

Jackson replied, "We had no knowledge of the problem as we did with our own employees."

"But you didn't investigate," Stephenson declared. "I think that is clear?"

"No, I did not," Jackson said.

"Had Johns-Manville before 1965—let's say from 1900 to 1965—ever employed an industrial hygienist to go out and see what effects their products were having on the worker?"

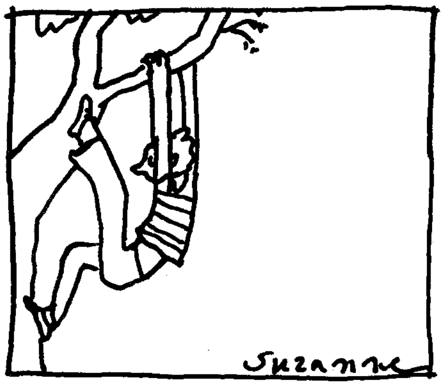
"No," Jackson replied.

"That's all," Stephenson said, turning away.

"We employed industrial hygienists to evaluate our own workers' exposures where we knew the problem was," Jackson continued.

"Yes, I understand that," Stephenson said coolly. "But you didn't employ one to go out to see what was happening to the man using your products."

With this statement, Stephenson concluded his cross-examination of the last of the five major expert witnesses who had been called to testify in behalf of the defendant manufacturers. In the opinion of most observers at the trial, each of these cross-examinations had inflicted heavy damage upon the defendants' case. To begin with, Stephenson had used Dr. Gross to counter the suggestion that the asbestos-insulation manufacturers had no reason to test the safety of their products in the light of their reported observance of the five-million-particles-per-cubic-foot recommendation. Second, by getting Dr. Cooper to acknowledge that there had been a two-foot-high stack of literature on asbestosis during the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties he had called into question the defendants' claim that they had no way of reasonably foreseeing the danger posed by their products to the health of insulation workers. Third, by belittling Dr. Weill's belated attempt to refute the firsthand diagnosis of Borel's asbestosis, which had been made by the doctors who had attended him, he had thwarted the defense's effort to challenge the medical evidence. And, finally, having disposed of the testimony offered by his opponents' expert medical witnesses, he had destroyed the remnants of the state-of-the-art defense by his cross-examinations of Sheckler and Jackson.



SHORTLY after Jackson was excused, George Duncan, the attorney for Pittsburgh Corning, put Eugene W. Holman, the company's vice-president in charge of manufacturing and technology, on the witness stand. Holman testified that when Pittsburgh Corning bought the manufacturing rights to Unibestos, in 1962, it was not aware of any health problems that the product might cause the workers who used it. He said that following the publication of Dr. Selikoff's studies his company had entered into a research program with the Industrial Hygiene Foundation in order to determine whether the amosite asbestos used in Unibestos could have harmful health effects, and he added that none of the tests had so far given any indication that amosite could cause cancer or fibrosis.

Although Holman's testimony tended to place Pittsburgh Corning in the clear, it posed little threat to the plaintiff's case, and Stephenson limited his cross-examination to a few perfunctory questions. Stephenson never would have allowed Holman's testimony to go thus unchallenged if he had been aware of a significant circumstance: that Holman was then involved in what would become one of the most scandalous asbestos horror stories of the decade—the situation at the company's Unibestos-manufacturing plant in Tyler, Texas, about a hundred and sixty miles northwest of the federal courthouse in Beaumont, which had begun to come to light only two months before the trial opened. In July, officials of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's newly formed National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, in Cincinnati, had become convinced that a serious health hazard existed at the factory, and had communicated their concern to Holman and other Pittsburgh Corning officials. Their worry was soon justified, for within a month after Holman stepped down from the witness stand a government inspection of the Tyler plant showed that the place was grossly contaminated with asbestos dust and that nearly half the men who had worked there ten years or longer had developed asbestosis. Eventually, this situation led to the closing of the plant and to a highly publicized lawsuit brought by four hundred and forty-five of its current and former employees or their survivors, which was ultimately settled out of court for twenty million dollars. In the course of this lawsuit, the executive director of the British-owned asbestos-mining company that had sold amosite asbestos to Pittsburgh Corning testified under oath that he had warned the president and other high officials of Pittsburgh Corning as early as 1961 that asbestos could cause irreversible and fatal lung disease and must therefore be used with great caution.

Shortly after Holman walked out of the courthouse in Beaumont, on the afternoon of September 27th, George Duncan rested the case for Pittsburgh Corning. The attorney for the Armstrong Cork Company thereupon read answers to interrogatories in which his client stated that it had "no knowledge of death or lung disease among our employees attributable to the inhalation of asbestos dust or fibres." As it happened, the company should not have made this statement. It had been substituted as a defendant in the Borel case for its wholly owned subsidiary the Armstrong Contracting & Supply Corporation, which had claimed exemption from being named as a defendant on the ground that it was an insulation contractor, not an insulation manufacturer. Armstrong Contracting & Supply could not have truthfully answered that it had no knowledge of death or disease among its employees, because it had settled workmen's-compensation lawsuits for death and disability from asbestosis as far back as the early nineteen-fifties, but officials of Armstrong Cork also knew about these claims. This, however, was something else that Stephenson did not know, so Armstrong Cork's testimony went unchallenged. In the end, it was a consummate irony of Borel v. Fibreboard that the jury found all the defendants were negligent except Pittsburgh Corning and Armstrong Cork.

ON the final day of the trial, the attorney for Ruberoid called to the witness stand the president of an insulation-contracting company for which Borel had worked. The contractor testified that his company had recognized the existence of asbestosis as an occupational disease since 1944, when it began in business, and had carried workmen's compensation to cover it. Under cross-examination by Stephenson, however, he admitted that he had known for only the past five or six years that asbestos could cause asbestosis.

The attorney for Ruberoid then called the district manager of another insulation-contracting firm that had employed Borel. He told the jury that his company had furnished respirators to its workers for nearly twenty years.

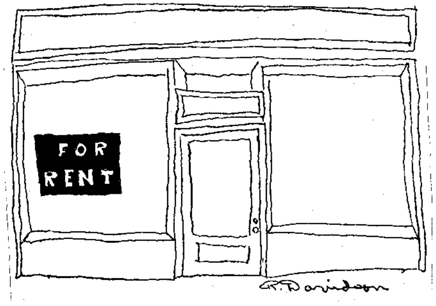
"And do you ever have any difficulty in persuading the insulation workers in the field to take advantage of these safety devices that you make available for their use?" the Ruberoid attorney asked.

"Constantly," the district manager replied.

"Is this one of your major problems?"

"This is indeed."

On cross-examination, Stephenson got the witness to acknowledge that he had no personal experience with a respirator, but the district manager was the final witness for the defense, and his testimony was damaging, because it established a basis for finding contributory negligence on the part of Borel.

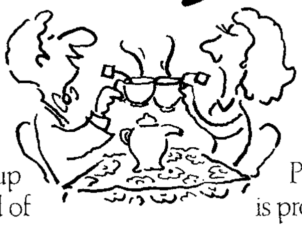


At this point, Judge Fisher instructed the record to show that all the defendants had rested their cases, and after a recess Stephenson, Weller, and Tucker made their closing statements. Stephenson went first, followed by Weller and Tucker, and then he rose again to give a final rebuttal. Jackie Bean, who attended the trial, remembers that he was brief and soft-spoken, making light of the contention that the manufacturers had no knowledge of the hazard and no way of foreseeing it, and reminding the jurors, some of whom had tears in their eyes, that Borel had paid for the defendants' negligence and callousness with his life.

When Stephenson had finished his rebuttal, Judge Fisher read his charge to the jurors. After telling them that "a corporation is entitled to the same fair trial at your hands as a private individual," he informed them that it was the burden of the plaintiff "to prove every essential element of the case by a preponderance of the evidence." He then instructed them that the defendants could not be held responsible for failure to warn Borel unless a preponderance of the evidence showed that they knew or should have known that the manner in which their products were being handled and installed by insulation workers rendered them unreasonably dangerous. Judge Fisher dwelt at length upon the doctrine of strict liability, telling the jury that "one who undertakes to manufacture an article for sale or use by others is held to the skill of an expert in that business and to an expert's knowledge of the arts, material, and processes involved," and that the manufacturer's status as an expert required him to know about possible harm that might come to people who used his product, and to communicate this knowledge to them. Judge Fisher declared that "the manufacturer is bound to keep reasonably abreast of scientific knowledge and discoveries concerning his field, and, of course, is deemed to possess whatever knowledge is thereby imparted."

Judge Fisher instructed the jury that contributory negligence did not constitute a valid defense in a case based upon strict liability but that if they found contributory negligence on the part of Borel they could not find the defendants negligent. At the same time, he informed the jurors, if they found that Borel had appreciated the dangers of working with asbestos and had voluntarily assumed the risk, they could not find against the defendants on the basis of strict liability or breach of implied warranty. He said that in the event that they found for the plaintiff they would have the duty of determining the damages that Mrs. Borel was entitled to recover but that these damages should consist only of the monetary value of services, including loss of earnings, that Borel might have provided her if had he not died, and were not to include anything for her sorrow, anguish, or grief. After telling the jurors that their verdict must be unanimous, Judge Fisher directed the court clerk to give them special interrogatories concerning the chief issues that had been raised in the case, to which they were to answer "yes" or "no." The first interrogatory asked whether they found that Borel had died as a result of negligence on the part of the defendants; the second asked whether any of the defendants had committed some act of gross negligence that had caused Borel's death; the third asked whether Borel was guilty of contributory negligence; the fourth asked whether the defendants were responsible for Borel's death through breach of warranty or strict liability; and the fifth asked what amount of money would fairly and reasonably compensate Mrs. Borel for the damages she had suffered. Then, at not quite four o'clock in the afternoon, the jurors retired to deliberate. At five o'clock, they returned to the courtroom to say that they could not reach a verdict that afternoon, whereupon Judge Fisher allowed them to adjourn until nine o'clock the next morning.

BY the forenoon, Jackie Bean had begun to worry. "I couldn't for the life of me imagine why that jury was taking so long," she recalls. "I was hoping that what was holding them up was how much money to award, but I couldn't help thinking that something had gone wrong. For the first couple of hours, Ward and I sat around in the corridor outside Judge Fisher's courtroom talking to Mrs. Borel and two of her daughters, who were keeping their mother company, but by lunchtime, after the jury had been out five hours, I was a nervous wreck. Ward stayed calm throughout. I don't think I ever saw him so sure about a case. Finally, at 4 P.M., the jury came back, and Judge Fisher directed the clerk to read the answers to the special interrogatories



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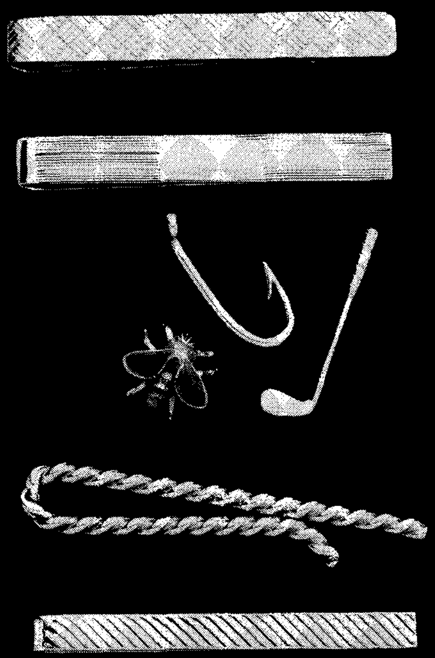

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that constituted the verdict. There were some surprises, let me tell you. First of all, the jury found that all the defendants had committed negligence except Pittsburgh Corning and Armstrong Cork, and that none of them had committed gross negligence. Second—and this was the big surprise—they decided that Clarence Borel was guilty of contributory negligence. But, third, and most important of all, they found that all six defendants had breached their warranties to Borel and could be held strictly liable for his death. This was the crucial part of the verdict, because Borel's contributory negligence cancelled out the negligence committed by Johns-Manville, Fibreboard, Ruberoid, and Philip Carey, so if the jury hadn't found for us on strict liability we would have lost the case."

As for how much money would fairly and reasonably compensate Thelma Borel, the jury fixed actual damages at sixty-eight thousand dollars, and then the judge added nine thousand seven hundred and eighty-three dollars and thirty cents for medical expenses and one thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars and ninety-four cents for funeral costs. This brought the total award to seventy-nine thousand four hundred and thirty-six dollars and twenty-four cents, plus interest of eighty-seven hundred dollars and thirty-four cents. However, it would be reduced by eight thousand five hundred and seventy-eight dollars and eighty-five cents that was recovered by the insurance company that had settled Borel's workmen's-compensation claim; by twenty thousand nine hundred and two dollars and twenty cents, which had been paid by the four defendants who had settled out of court before the trial began; by three hundred and ninety-one dollars and sixty-three cents in attorneys' expenses; by two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine dollars and ninety cents in unpaid medical expenses; and by Stephenson's forty-percent contingent fee, which came to twenty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-two dollars. In the end, Mrs. Borel would receive thirty-two thousand two hundred and twenty-two dollars for the death of her husband. The long and complex appeal process had not even begun, however, and it turned out that she had to wait more than three more years to get it.

On the drive back to Orange from Beaumont, Jackie Bean recalls, Stephenson's elation at winning the case was tinged with disappointment over the amount of the monetary award—he felt that it should have been much higher—and with puzzlement over the finding of contributory negligence. Later, it came to light that the twelve members of the jury had been evenly split when they took their first vote, and had subsequently divided eleven to one in favor of the plaintiff. The lone holdout was a man who felt deeply that workers were lucky to have jobs, and that no company that provided them should be judged harshly for its actions, whatever they might be. Finally, after the other jurors had tried vainly to get him to change his mind, a face-saving deal was struck in which, in return for their finding Borel guilty of contributory negligence, he agreed to find that four of the defendants were negligent, and all six of them liable to Borel under the doctrine of strict liability. In the end, most of the jurors were unconvinced by the defense attorney's attempts to draw a distinction between inhaling asbestos dust in a factory and inhaling it in the hold of a ship or in the confines of a chemical plant, and virtually all of them ended up believing that Claude Tomplait and the other colleagues of Borel's who testified at the trial were sick men who had not known or understood the magnitude of the health risk of their trade.

On October 6th, Stephenson filed a motion for judgment on the basis of the verdict, and during the next two weeks lawyers for the defendant manufacturers countered with motions for judgment notwithstanding the verdict and also for a new trial. Judge Fisher denied all the defense motions, and on November 30th Thelma Borel was officially notified that she had received judgment in the case. The attorneys for the six defendants were convinced that the chances for reversal were good, however, because of the finding of contributory negligence on Borel's part, and they appealed the verdict to the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, in New Orleans. On April 29, 1972, they filed a seventy-five-page defendant-appellants' brief with the Fifth Circuit, requesting a reversal of the trial court's judgment, and sent a copy by certified mail to Stephenson, who had sixty days to reply.

"Ward was a lawyer who just hated to brief law, but he bit the bullet for Borel," Jackie Bean recalls. "For six solid weeks, he pored over old cases and carefully worked out his reply to each and every one of the defendants' points and arguments. Why, I must have typed and retyped his reply brief a dozen times before he was satisfied with it. Oral argument before the Fifth Circuit was held on November 14th, almost fourteen months after Borel v. Fibreboard went to trial, and it lasted a couple of hours. Ward drove over to Lake Charles early in the morning, caught a plane to New Orleans, and appeared before Judge John Minor Wisdom and two other circuit judges at 10 A.M. When I saw him back at the office the next day, he said he thought it had gone very well. He said that he felt he had given a good answer to every question the judges had asked him, and that they had popped some really difficult ones at the defendants."

WHEN Stephenson argued before the Fifth Circuit, he did not go up against Tucker, Weller, Pate, or any of the other defense attorneys of record in Borel v. Fibreboard; instead, his adversary was W. Page Keeton, who was the Dean and a professor of law of the University of Texas School of Law, and was widely regarded as one of the nation's leading scholars in the field of product liability. Indeed, Keeton had been a member of the blue-ribbon committee that defined the special new rule of strict liability in Section 402A of the second edition of "Restatement of the Law of Torts." The decision to retain an attorney of his stature was a joint decision by the defense counsel and may well have reflected an awareness on the part of the defendant manufacturers and their insurance carriers—which, in addition

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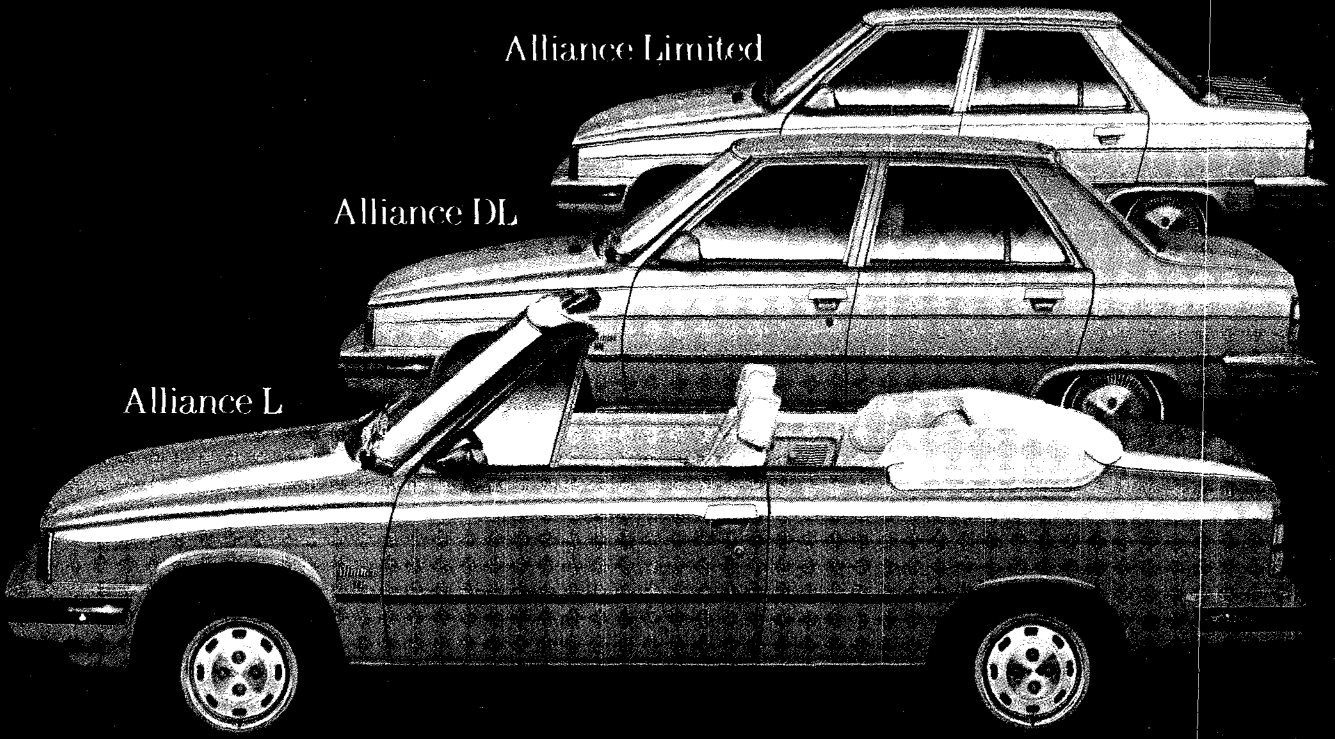

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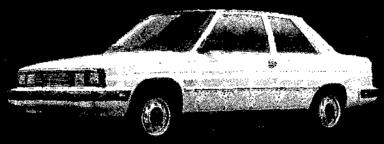

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to Travelers, included the Aetna Casualty & Surety Company, of Hartford; the Insurance Company of North America, of Philadelphia; the Fireman's Fund American Insurance Company, of San Francisco; the Texas Pacific Indemnity Company, of Dallas; and the General Accident Insurance Company, of Philadelphia—that if Borel v. Fibreboard should be lost there could be an avalanche of asbestos-disease litigation.

As it happened, no record of the oral argument in Borel v. Fibreboard was made, and whatever notes Stephenson may have jotted down have been lost. For his part, Professor Keeton remembers that in the twenty or so minutes that were allotted to him to speak he dwelled chiefly on the thesis that asbestos insulation could not be considered a dangerous product, because its usefulness and the fact that there was no good substitute for its use in high-temperature insulation far outweighed the recognized hazard it posed to human beings. Be that as it may, appellate court judges tend to place far more weight in deciding a given case on the detailed discussion of the issues which appears in the briefs than on oral argument, and this was undoubtedly the case in Borel v. Fibreboard. In the defendant-appellants' brief, Keeton reminded the court that Borel had admitted knowing that dust could not be good for one's health, and that Borel and his fellow-insulators had been aware of the dust problem from the time they began working in their trade. (Stephenson countered this argument in his brief for the plaintiff by stating that Borel's knowing that dust could not be good for one's health did not constitute a realization that the breathing of dust would create a serious or terminal physical illness, and he reminded the court that Borel had taken asbestos home to decorate his family's Christmas tree.) Keeton invoked the state-of-the-art defense by claiming that the defendants could not have known about the health hazard for asbestos insulators until the publication in 1964 of the study that had been conducted by Dr. Selikoff and his associates. (Stephenson responded in his brief by reminding the court of Dr. Cooper's testimony that by 1940 the medical and scientific literature concerning the adverse effects of asbestos upon human health would have made a stack two feet high.)

Keeton proceeded to argue that there should be no liability imposed on the manufacturers of asbestos products just because harm was reasonably foreseeable from their use for ordinary purposes; he pointed out that harm was reasonably foreseeable from the ordinary use of almost any product—a hoe, a knife, a lawnmower, penicillin, an automobile—even when the utmost care was exercised. To support this contention, he cited Davis v. Wyeth Laboratories, a 1968 case involving a plaintiff who had contracted polio after receiving a dose of Sabin oral polio vaccine, and had been unsuccessful in claiming that its manufacturers should be regarded as having guaranteed to each and every user that the vaccine was fit and safe for his individual use, rather than that it was reasonably fit and safe for public consumption. (The plaintiff had nonetheless won his case because of the manufacturer's failure to warn.) As for the Borel case, Keeton said that the plaintiff was in the position of asserting that virtually all asbestos products of all manufacturers had been designed in an unreasonably dangerous manner. "This is on its face preposterous," he wrote, and he added that his clients had been unable to find a single case holding an entire industry subject to liability for an occupational disease that took twenty or more years to develop.

Preposterous or not, holding the entire asbestos industry liable was precisely what Stephenson had been up to from the very beginning in Borel v. Fibreboard, and in his reply to the appellants' brief he had reiterated his position with telling irony and logic. Regarding Keeton's citing of Davis v. Wyeth Laboratories, he told the court that the defendant asbestos manufacturers were apparently suggesting that if a product was useful its maker did not have to warn the consumer of dangerous side effects. He went on to point out that the defendants had not been able to cite a single case that held this to be so. Then he unleashed a wickedly effective attack upon Keeton's argument by quoting several paragraphs from an article written by Keeton himself about product liability and failure to warn, which had appeared two years earlier in the *Texas Law Review*. In the article, Keeton had taken a position that contradicted the major assertions he had just made

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in behalf of his asbestos-manufacturer clients. Indeed, at one point he wrote, "My principal thesis is and has been that theories of negligence should be avoided altogether in the products liability area in order to simplify the law, and that if the sale of a product is made under circumstances that would subject someone to an unreasonable risk in fact, liability for harm resulting from these risks should follow."

As might have been expected, the Fifth Circuit Court judges asked Keeton some telling questions about the inconsistencies between the views on product liability which he had expressed as a legal scholar and those he was now espousing as an advocate for the defendant manufacturers. As for Stephenson, he had described in no uncertain terms in his brief what he felt about the defendant manufacturers' conduct. "In the case at hand, plaintiff feels that the defendants long ago discovered the danger of their products but just simply did not want to say anything about it to scare off any prospective customer," he wrote. He went on to point out that it would be a mockery of justice if a manufacturer could avoid liability on the ground that he did nothing to discover the wrong or eliminate the danger.

FOLLOWING the oral argument, while Weller, Tucker, and the other defense lawyers made motions for rehearing and rehearing en banc, Stephenson caught up on office work that had been allowed to languish because of his commitment to Borel. He spent a happy and uneventful Thanksgiving and Christmas at the ranch in Little Cypress with Marcelle and the two boys, but a few weeks into the new year he caught a bad cold, which settled in his chest, and developed a low-grade fever that would not go away. Finally, at Marcelle's urging, he went to Dr. Howard Williams, his physician and longtime friend, and after listening to Ward's chest with his stethoscope the doctor sent him to Orange Memorial Hospital for X-rays. When the chest films revealed an ominous shadow in the right lung, Stephenson drove down to Houston to see Dr. Daniel Jenkins, the pulmonary specialist at the Baylor College of Medicine, who had testified in behalf of Borel at the trial. The news was bad. Jenkins told Stephenson that he had developed a large tumor in his lung, and recommended immediate surgery to remove the lung. This was performed at Methodist Hospital in Houston on February 21st.

After a ten-day stay in the hospital, during which he received radiation therapy, Stephenson spent the rest of the winter recuperating at home. In April, he began a second course of radiation therapy, which initially required him to go to Houston every day. Because the radiation made him intensely ill, he was driven there in a thirty-five-foot mobile home, which enabled him to lie down during the trip, and afforded him the privacy he needed to cope with this latest crisis to his health. Most of the time, he was driven back and forth by Marcelle or one of his sons. Occasionally, he was driven by Marlin Thompson, his law partner and close friend, who had been hired by Ward's father in September of 1953 and had become a full partner in the firm a year after Mr. K.W.'s death, in 1958.

On May 13th, the defendants' motions for rehearing and rehearing en banc in Borel were denied. Shortly thereafter, they got in touch with Stephenson and agreed to settle the case of Samuel Potter for seventy-five thousand dollars. (Potter died of asbestosis the following September.) That same week, Stephenson and his wife motored to Austin and spent a few days in the hill country playing golf. By the end of the month, he was feeling well enough to come into the office for two or three hours a day. In June, however, he developed pain in his back and his left ankle, which was soon diagnosed as bone cancer, and which indicated that the malignancy in his lung was spreading through his body. In July, his peripheral vision deteriorated and he began to experience difficulty reading, and a brain scan taken at Methodist Hospital revealed that the cancer had spread even farther. When he returned to the ranch in Little Cypress, he was confined to a hospital bed in the master bedroom. He had his short-wave radio equipment installed there, and he spent many hours during the rest of July and August calling around the world. Jackie Bean, who lived nearby, stopped at the house at the end of every working day to bring him his mail and to brief him on matters of importance at the office. She remembers that he never failed to ask if anything had come down from the Fifth Circuit on Borel. "I don't guess we heard on Borel today or you would've called me, Jackie," he would say.

Early in September, Stephenson began to go downhill fast. On Tuesday, September 4th, tropical storm Delia swept through the Gulf of Mexico and struck the Gulf Coast, and Marcelle took him to Orange Memorial for the night. He was back home the next day, fiddling with his ham radio but also slipping into and out of coma. He made his last overseas contact on Thursday, and on Friday, September 7th, at 9 P.M., he died.

A week later, a broken-hearted Jackie Bean wrote a letter to Dr. Selikoff, which began:

DEAR DR. SELIKOFF:

It is with great sadness that I write to tell you of the death of Mr. Stephenson. He died Friday night, September 7, 1973 of cancer. He had had his right lung removed February 21, 1973 and following surgery, he had extensive radiation treatments and was hospitalized several times.

I wanted you to know about this, since he worked so very closely with you over the years on his asbestosis cases. As you can well imagine, these cases took up so very much of his time since about the year 1966, when we first filed a case against the manufacturers of asbestos insulation. He wrote to you about the trial of the Clarence Borel case in Federal Court in Beaumont and advised you that the case was on appeal to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. He argued the case November 14, 1972, and we anxiously awaited the Court's decision. Ironic as it may seem, the opinion arrived on September 11th, just four days following his death. I cannot tell you how elated I was that Mr. Stephenson won the case on appeal, but how saddened I was that he never knew the outcome.

As it turned out, Jackie Bean was mistaken when she told Selikoff that Ward Stephenson never knew the outcome of Borel, for early in September someone in the Fifth Circuit, who knew that Stephenson was dying, had telephoned him the news that the judgment of the trial court had been affirmed. Marlin Thompson, Stephenson's law partner, learned about it the last time he saw Stephenson alive. "It was in the middle of the week, just before Ward slipped into his final coma," he recalled not long ago. "I was over to the house visiting with him, and we were talking about some of the asbestos cases I would be trying, and right in the middle of this Ward paused and looked up and said very matter-of-factly, 'By the way, Marlin, we won Borel.' " —PAUL BRODEUR

(This is the first part of a four-part article.)

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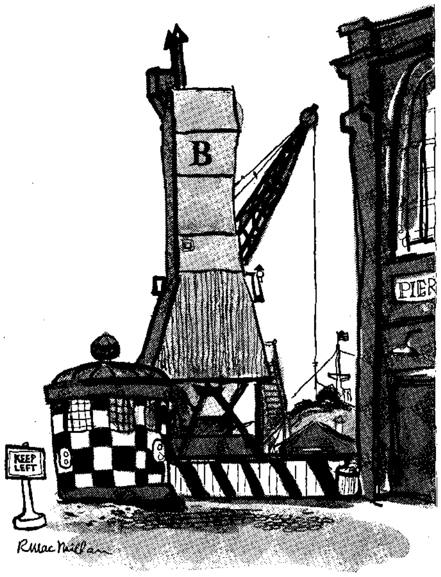
THE SPORTING SCENE

AUSTIN AND AUGUSTA

THERE have been few years like 1984, when each of the four major golf championships was won dramatically by a much-admired player. Ben Crenshaw, after a decade on the tour, faced up bravely to a series of perilous shots on the last round at the Augusta National, and his closing 68 won the Masters. In the United States Open, Frank (Fuzzy) Zoeller, having sportingly acknowledged defeat by waving a towel in a gesture of surrender as he stood about a hundred and eighty yards down the eighteenth (or seventy-second) fairway at Winged Foot and watched Greg Norman hole a forty-foot putt for what Zoeller mistakenly thought was a birdie, and not a par, lived to play another day, and decisively defeated Norman in the playoff. On the last round of the British Open, at St. Andrews, Tom Watson and Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, of Spain, fought a prolonged duel, until Ballesteros gained command on the seventy-first hole. And Lee Trevino, who was forty-four and had won the most recent of his five major titles in 1974, rolled back the years and carried off his second Professional Golfers' Association Championship with four rounds of beautifully controlled shotmaking. Of these four performances, I think that Crenshaw's probably made the followers of golf the happiest, simply because he had never won a major championship, though he had won the Crosby, the Hawaiian Open, the Colonial National, the Byron Nelson Classic, and quite a few other tournaments on the P.G.A. circuit, as well as the Irish Open. Moreover, it had begun to look as if Crenshaw were fated never to win a major championship. He had come close to victory several times in the big events. In 1975, he had looked to be on his way to winning the U.S. Open, at Medinah, but on the par-3 seventy-first hole he hit his 2-iron slightly toward the toe of the club, and the ball caught the pond before the green. Four years later, in the P.G.A. Championship, at Oakland Hills, he went into extra holes with David Graham. After Graham had managed to halve the first two holes by sinking an eighteen-foot putt and a ten-foot putt, he birdied the third extra hole, and that was that.

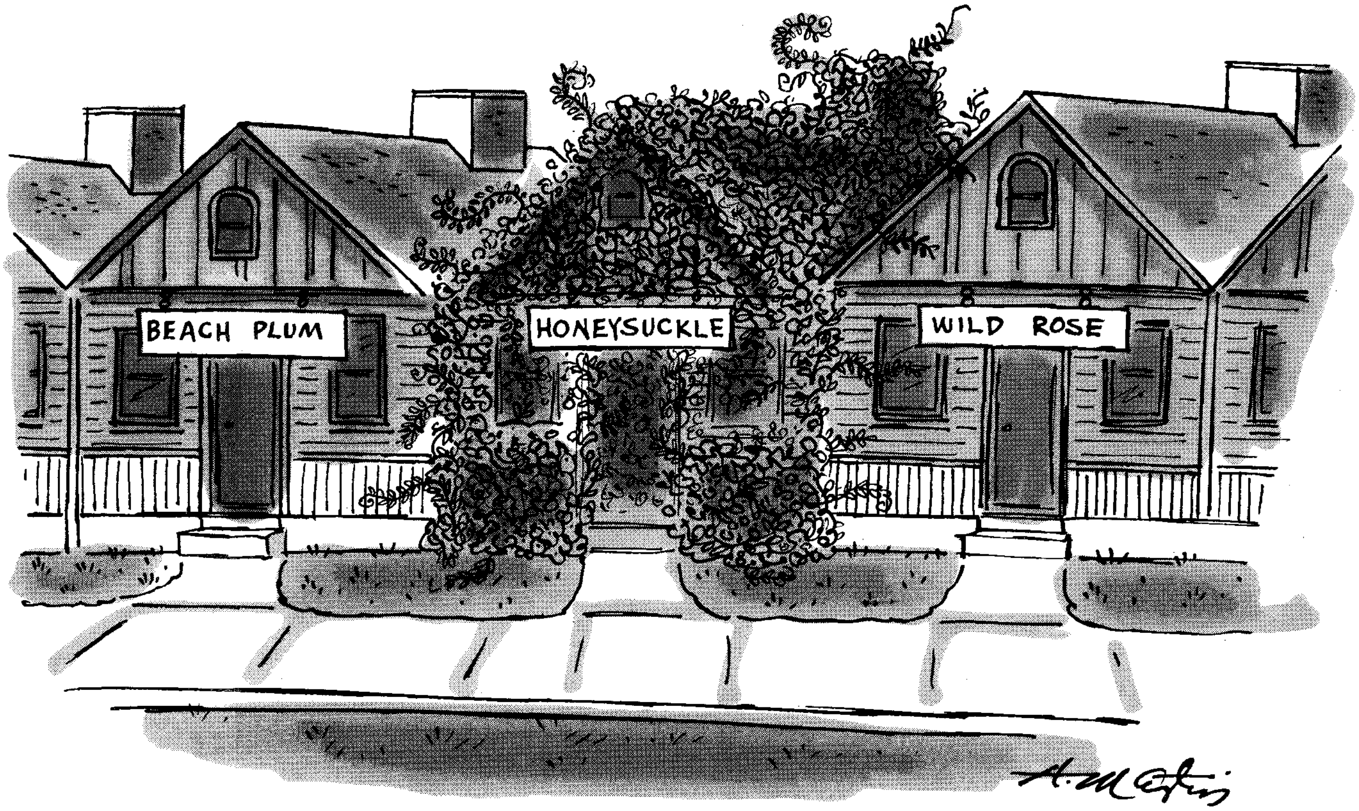
Besides his ability to play stretches of brilliant golf, Crenshaw has an appeal that runs much deeper than his clean-cut good looks and invariable politeness. He is a substantial young man, who has a firmer grasp of the history of golf than anyone else I know, mainly because he is that vanishing American a reader. He is, furthermore, an expert student of golf-course architecture, at home and abroad. Golf means the world to him.

I wonder what his father, Charles Edward Crenshaw IV, thought one day in 1962 when Ben, who was then ten, told him he had shot a 74 that afternoon on the Austin, Texas, municipal course. Mr. Crenshaw, a lawyer and a low-handicap golfer who had once played a 64, asked his son to take him through the round shot by shot. He was both convinced and delighted by Ben's reprise. Harvey Penick, the professional at the Country Club of Austin, had given Ben his first club, a cut-down mashie, when he was seven or eight. His second club, a straight-faced blade putter, was the gift of Wilmer Allison, a tennis star of the nineteen-thirties, who twice won our national doubles championship partnered with John Van Ryn. Allison was a good friend of the elder Crenshaw, and, along with a local publisher, Walter Benson, they often played golf together and engaged in serious putting matches on the practice green at the country club. Occasionally, they would invite Ben to join their putting matches. "I can remember that Mr. Allison always carried a glass of lemonade with him during a putting match," Crenshaw recently recalled. "He used a Ben Hogan putter, and he also carried the cover for it with him, which I thought was great. And he had a special putting ball he always used. It was yellow with the years." Ben savored those occasions. Everyone threw himself into the match, heart and soul. Crenshaw would probably have turned out to be a good putter, anyway, but this early exposure to pressure putting certainly didn't hurt.



The Crenshaw family numbered five. Ben's mother, Pearl, was a charming, fine-boned woman who had taught the sixth grade in her home town—Tazewell, Virginia, in the extreme southwestern corner of the state. Their eldest child, Bonnie, was nine years older than Charles Edward Crenshaw V and ten years older than Ben. Like her parents and her brothers, she was an avid reader. She went to the University of Texas, which is in Austin, and majored in English and minored in French. She married a Navy lawyer, and they currently live in Corpus Christi. The older son, Charlie, who is now in the security-and-alarm business in Dallas, early showed an aptitude for baseball. "He was a left-handed pitcher, and since he needed someone to catch him, I became a catcher," Ben recalls. "I started to catch in the Little League when I was seven. Actually, I was just following in my father's footsteps. He had played catcher at Baylor University. I liked the position. It gives you a full command of the situation."

It came as no surprise that the Crenshaws' younger son became a professional golfer, because he was such an outstanding player at such an early age. "I was so lucky in having the competition to play against," Crenshaw says. "There's no substitute for that. When you grow up with a Tom Kite in the same town, and you play against him from the age of ten on, it's bound to help. Even in junior high, I had good competition. In high school, I played against future professionals like Bruce Lietzke and Bill Rogers, and fellows like that. Then, there was the Texas state junior tournament, which had about six hundred



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entrants, from all over the state—people who could really play at that age." Crenshaw won that tournament twice. He went to the University of Texas on a golf scholarship, and could hardly have acquitted himself much better. He won the national intercollegiate championship in his freshman year, shared the title with his college teammate Tom Kite in his sophomore year, and won it again in his junior year. In the fall of that year, 1973, he not only earned his tour card at the P.G.A. qualifying school but finished first in that nerve-racking test, an incredible twelve strokes ahead of the runner-up. On top of this, he won the first P.G.A. tournament he entered, the 1973 San Antonio–Texas Open. At that point, people in and around golf were wondering if this new prodigy might possibly be another Jones or another Nicklaus. Crenshaw never reached a position where he dominated the golf world, but, in addition to playing first-class tournament golf for impressive periods down through the years, he achieved a special place in the game. Golf—not just its competitive aspect but all its facets—absorbed him deeply. Somehow, his feeling about golf communicated itself to his galleries on both sides of the Atlantic, and Crenshaw has long been as popular and as much respected in Great Britain as he is at home.

Of the many people who helped Crenshaw to attain the unique breadth of his knowledge of golf, two men stand out. One was Harvey Penick, who quickly understood that the young Crenshaw boy preferred to learn golf by playing it rather than by spending sedulous hours on the practice tee. If Crenshaw ran into a problem he could not correct, he would seek out Penick and learn how to deal with it. His relationship with Penick was similar to Jones's with Stewart Maiden, the professional at the East Lake course, in Atlanta, where Jones grew up. Jones never took a formal lesson but would go to Maiden when something about his game was bothering him. Maiden would watch him hit a few shots and then, in a few sometimes cryptic words (such as "Why don't you try hitting the ball with your backswing?" which was meant to convey that Jones was taking his club back so fast that it ruined his timing), would tell him the key adjustment to make. Penick realized that Crenshaw was a natural golfer. He made sure very early that the boy gripped the club properly, set himself up at the ball so that he was aiming correctly, and understood the value of a full shoulder turn. He also transmitted to him his own love of the game. The other man who helped Crenshaw to comprehend and enjoy the full scope of golf was his father. When Ben was thirteen, the elder Crenshaw gave him Charles Price's wide-ranging "The World of Golf" to read, having just finished reading it himself. Ben had no idea until he got into the book that golf was as old as it was—that the Dutch may have played an early version of it on their frozen canals in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He was entranced by its gradual development in Scotland and its progress from the feather ball to the gutta-percha ball and then to the modern rubber-core ball. He and his father took turns reading the book to each other, and this really laid the basis for Crenshaw's exceptional interest in golf throughout the world and in all its phases.

In 1968, Mr. Crenshaw, noting that the United States Golf Association would be holding the national junior championship in midsummer at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, decided that it would be an excellent idea for Ben to play in it. Through reading and rereading "The World of Golf," they were well aware that in the game's long history

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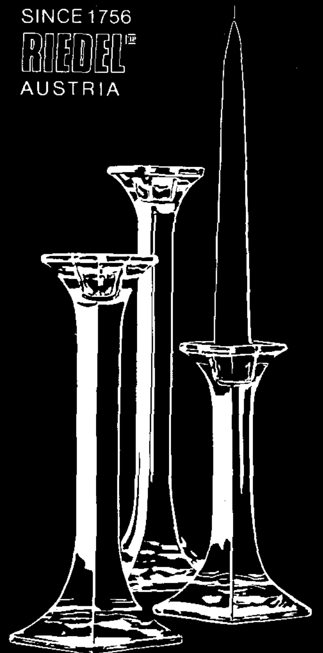

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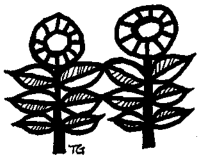
few rounds could compare in drama and importance with those which had been played at The Country Club in the 1913 U.S. Open, when Francis Ouimet, a twenty-year-old ex-caddie, first tied the famous English professionals Harry Vardon and Ted Ray and then, on the following day, went out in the rain and defeated them soundly in the playoff. The senior Crenshaw thought that it would be both educational and enjoyable for him and Ben to see that renowned home of golf, and Ben duly sent in his entry form to the U.S.G.A.

"I had been to St. Louis as a boy, but this was my first trip up East," Crenshaw told some friends not long ago. "The Country Club made a tremendous impression on me. That yellow wooden clubhouse on the oval driveway was so handsomely spread out under those big old trees. There was a fine atmosphere about the club. The people dressed properly. There was nothing fancy about the food, but it tasted unusually good. And that wonderful course—it far surpassed my expectations. I'd never played on bentgrass fairways before or putted on real bent greens. The greens were faster than the ones I was used to and much smoother. There was no excuse for failing to putt them well. Those bent fairways were so beautiful I was scared to take a divot. I was struck by the variety of holes at The Country Club. I had never seen comparable natural relief in a course—such rolling fairways, such deep bunkers, such shallow greens, like the one on the seventeenth hole, which Francis Ouimet birdied on the last regular round and again in the playoff. Francis's winning the Open was such a romantic story that walking over the course where he had played his memorable rounds was a little like visiting the Alamo for the first time if you were in the least historically inclined. Thank goodness, I played pretty good golf and got to stay around a few days. There were two qualifying rounds, and then the match play began. I won my first two matches but lost in the quarter-finals. I got beaten on the last green by Larry Griffin, the New Orleans junior champion. I think I was a shot or two over par. I loved everything about the trip East. The climate was so different—when you got up in the morning, you had to wear a sweater. It was a perfect place to play your first national championship. While we were there, my father and I saw a Red Sox game at Fenway Park, and we took two historical tours—the Freedom Trail tour and the Liberty Trail tour. We made the most of our trip."

What with the background Crenshaw had acquired by reading about the British championship courses, it was anything but surprising that in the summer of 1974—his first full season as a professional—he chose to go over and play in the British Open, at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, on the Irish Sea in Lancashire, the course on which Jones had won his first British Open, in 1926. Crenshaw had read everything he could find about that championship, including Jones's own memorable account of it in his book "Down the Fairway." He was particularly impressed by the easy sportsmanship that took place on the third, and final, day of the championship, when Jones and Al Watrous, a professional from the Detroit area, were paired together on the third and fourth rounds. After the third round, Watrous was leading the championship, two strokes ahead of Jones. Just as if it were the customary thing to do, in the interval between rounds Watrous and Jones went to Jones's room in the nearby Majestic Hotel, took off their shoes, and stretched out on the beds. After a short rest, they chatted over ham sandwiches and tea, which O. B. Keeler, Jones's close friend, had arranged to have sent up to them. Then they returned to the battle. With two holes to play in the final round, Jones and Watrous were tied for the lead. On the seventeenth, a long par 4 on which the fairway twists to the left, Jones hooked his drive into the loose sand to the left of the fairway, but he then hit a heroic mashie iron—about a 4-iron—onto the green, parred the hole, and moved into the lead by a stroke. His par on the seventy-second gave him a winning margin of two strokes over Watrous. No one else in the field—not even Walter Hagen—had been able to make up ground on the two leaders in the afternoon.



Crenshaw played quite well in his first crack at the British Open, finishing in a tie for twenty-eighth place. On a seaside links, there is a certain coldness and dampness in the air, not to mention heavy winds off the sea from time to time, and an American golfer has a good deal of adjusting to do. Since he often gets less distance on his shots than he normally does, he has to use different clubs from those he ordinarily would, and he has to concoct different kinds of shots. In 1979, when the British Open was again played at Lytham, Crenshaw was in the thick of the fight for the lead on the fourth round when he came to the difficult seventeenth. He hit his tee shot down the right side of the fairway, where he wanted to be, but the ball took an unlucky bounce into the semi-rough. The flag was positioned on the left side of the green, a 2-iron shot away. With all the hazards on the left, Crenshaw aimed his second for the right side of the green, but he couldn't keep his club head from turning over in the wiry rough, and his ball finished in the sandy country well short of the green and to the left. He exploded out, but it took him three more strokes to get down. That double-bogey 6 ended his chances then and there. This was the British Open that Ballesteros won with a birdie on the sixteenth hole after hitting his tee shot into a parking lot.

Crenshaw has played in the British Open almost annually since 1974. He had possible chances to win it in 1978 and 1980. It would mean the world to him to win that championship, of course, but as long as he plays decent golf he gets a good deal of pleasure from these visits. He believes that the British are perceptibly closer to the soul of golf than we are, and that it plays a larger part in their lives. Where Americans tend to focus on winning and losing, the British, he believes, appreciate the human element of the game more. This explains, as Crenshaw sees it, the delight they take in foursome play in which a golfer and his partner hit alternate shots on each hole and drive from alternate tees. The British also prefer golf in its natural form, which is why few clubs water their courses or tamper with the terrain. Crenshaw thinks that the small Scottish and English golf clubs —the annual dues might be only ten pounds or so—have an intimacy and a warmth that suit the game perfectly.

Knowing that Crenshaw is a keenly observant man, I asked him on one occasion what he had been stirred by in his travels. He thought a while and replied, "By the Scottish people. They are happy and honest, hearty and warm. By seeing *anything* in St. Andrews for the first time. By the eagerness of the Japanese people to learn about golf. By the fact that every Japanese person does the task he is assigned very well and is proud of himself. By the Australians—their gregariousness and their true love of sports. By the Sydney Opera House and its extremely individual style of architecture. By Texas. I'm extremely patriotic about Texas."

INTERVIEWS with Crenshaw when he has been in the heart of the struggle have been a high point of the BBC's generous coverage of the Open championship. People in the British Isles admire and like Crenshaw not only because of his good golf but also because of his outgoing manner and his obvious love of the game; in fact, seventy-five per cent of his fan mail comes from Britain. When it became known through a BBC interview a few years back that Crenshaw is a collector of golf books, copies of many treasured old books were sent to him by his British fans. "The Art of Golf," by Sir Walter Simpson, provides an excellent example of this. A clear and witty exploration not only of correct golf technique but also of the mysterious hold that the game has on its devotees, Simpson's magnum opus, published in 1887, is a prize that every golf bibliophile wants to have in his library. As it happened, Crenshaw already had a copy of the book, having received it from his friend Morton Olman, who runs the Old Golf Shop, in Cincinnati. He got his second copy in the late seventies, when he was about to tee off in the Piccadilly World Match Play championship at the Wentworth Golf Club, southwest of London. "This old gentleman came out of the crowd and walked toward me with the book held under his coat," Crenshaw recalled not long ago. "He drew the book out, handed it to me, and said, 'I thought you would like to have this.' Before I could say anything, he had rushed off." In 1982, when the U.S.G.A. published a special edition of Simpson's classic, Crenshaw, one of the few crack golfers who can write well, was asked to furnish an introductory essay. Here is a sample of Crenshaw the appreciative critic:

> Furthermore, the author describes the futility in us all because we know that the game many, many times leaves us thinking we are such small creatures, meek and weak as a new-born lamb. And every so often, Simpson asserts, when we pull off a shot exactly as planned, we are the stout-hearted lion, taking on all comers and enjoying oneself again.

Last autumn, I went down to Austin to see Crenshaw; one of my reasons for making the trip was the chance it

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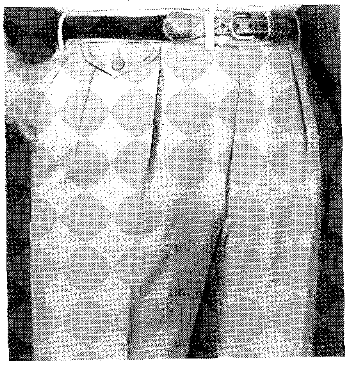

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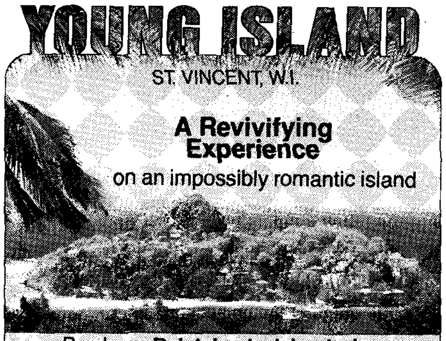

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would afford me to look at his library. It may be the largest private golf library I have ever seen, running to almost four hundred books. Along with Simpson's work, just about all the classics are on the shelves: "The Golf Book of East Lothian," by the Reverend John Kerr (No. 76 of two hundred and fifty copies published); Robert Clark's "Golf: A Royal and Ancient Game;" the golf volume, published in 1890, of the Badminton Library of Sports (edited by the Duke of Beaufort), with Horace Hutchinson as the principal contributor; and "The Game of Golf," by Willie Park, Jr., the first instruction book written by a professional, which was published in 1896. Then come several shelves heavy with slightly later books, many of them about the "Great Triumvirate" of Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and James Braid, which ruled professional golf just before and after the turn of the century. These books include Vardon's "The Complete Golfer" and "My Golfing Life," Taylor's "Taylor on Golf" and "Golf, My Life's Work," and Braid's "Advanced Golf." Along with them are a dozen or so volumes written by or about the other heroes of that day, such as "F. G. Tait: A Record," by John L. Low, a tribute to the renowned Scottish amateur; "The Life of Tom Morris," by W. W. Tulloch, a biography of the professional who epitomized the spirit of St. Andrews; and "Fifty Years of Golf," by Andra Kirkaldy, a colorful professional whose gift for the earthy aphorism almost eclipsed his celebrity as a golfer. When Crenshaw was twenty-four, he discovered Bernard Darwin, far and away the best golf writer of all time. The first Darwin book he got hold of was "British Golf," a slim, forty-eight-page volume that was part of a 1946 series called Britain in Pictures. He liked his first taste of Darwin very much, but he began to appreciate the author more when he learned that Darwin was a grandson of Charles Darwin, the evolutionist. The tie-in is that Crenshaw, an avid bird-watcher since his youth, was deep into ornithology at the time he started to read Bernard Darwin's inspired musings on golf. (One of the few areas in Crenshaw's library not devoted to golf is given over to the five volumes of "The Complete Audubon" and the Audubon Society Encyclopædia of North American Birds.) Crenshaw has well over a dozen of Darwin's books on golf. (Darwin wrote on many other subjects, from Dickens to the historical landmarks of London.) His Darwin collection starts with the comparatively early "The Golf Courses of the British Isles" and continues through Darwin's autobiography, "The World That Fred Made," written when he was approaching eighty. (Fred was his grandfather's groom and, in the eyes of Darwin as a young boy, Fred could do anything and everything.)

One of the most imposing sections of Crenshaw's library is devoted to books on golf-course architecture, with prominent positions occupied by "Golf Architecture" (1920), by Dr. Alister MacKenzie, who designed Royal Melbourne and Cypress Point, and co-designed the Augusta National with Bobby Jones; "The Architectural Side of Golf" (1929), by H. N. Wethered and Tom Simpson, two outstanding English golf-course architects; "The Links" (1926), by Robert Hunter, an Indianian who assisted MacKenzie in designing Cypress Point; "Golf Course Architecture in America: Its Strategy and Construction" (1927), by George C. Thomas, Jr., whose work includes Bel-Air, Riviera, and the two courses of the Los Angeles Country Club; "Scotland's Gift—Golf" (1928), by Charles Blair Macdonald, who finished building the National Golf Links of America, in Southampton, Long Island, in 1911, and who was the first great American golf-course architect; the invaluable "World Atlas of Golf" (1976), put out in London by a team headed by P. A. Ward-Thomas; and "The Golf Course" (1981), a voluminous, thoughtful, and well-illustrated survey of the history of golf-course architecture, written by Geoffrey S. Cornish and Ronald E. Whitten.

Crenshaw's library also includes a discriminating selection of books published in recent times, but it is the unusual depth and range of the books written in the last two decades of the nineteenth century and the first three decades of this century which give it its distinction. Crenshaw explained to me that, in addition to the books he has bought, some of the most prized ones in his collection were sent to him by persons between sixty and eighty years old who had their own golf libraries. With the help of booksellers specializing in golf books and golf art (such as Harry Rountree's lovely watercolors), he has been able to acquire several private golf libraries that were up for sale. Eleven prints of famous British courses bring color and sparkle to his dining room.

CRENSHAW'S visit to The Country Club in 1968 had really opened his eyes to a new world—the world of golf-course architecture. He has been studying it fervently ever since, revelling in his visits to the notable courses around the globe, and frequently wondering how it was that the architects of many banal layouts could have failed so patently to take advantage of the opportunities the splendid terrain offered for building fresh, handsome holes with true shot values. For years, whenever a tour event has been held near a justifiably famous course, he has made it a point to visit and study that course. For example, when his schedule takes him to the Chicago area he makes sure to set aside sufficient time to play C. B. Macdonald's Chicago Golf Club. Although some of the holes have been revised, the course still has the fundamental feeling of the early eighteen-nineties, when Macdonald laid it out. (Crenshaw was invited to become a member of the club, and jumped at the chance.) Another of his favorite courses is Pine Valley, in southwestern New Jersey. It is a course so studded with original and dramatic holes that Crenshaw cannot resist persuading well-known golfers who happen to be playing an event in the neighborhood to accompany him to Pine Valley and

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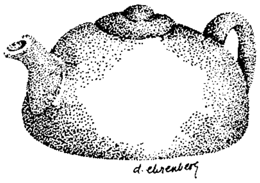
thrill to its succession of imaginatively designed and handsomely maintained holes. In 1971, when the United States Amateur was held in Wilmington, Delaware, he took Tom Kite over to Pine Valley. In 1978, when there was a tournament in the Philadelphia area, he drove Steve Melnyk over one day. In 1981, on the day of the first round of the U.S. Open, at Merion, he inveigled David Graham—they both had early starting times—into driving to Pine Valley with him in the afternoon. (Graham, incidentally, went on to win that Open, finishing with a round of 67, on which he struck the ball with the authority of a Hogan.) Last summer, during the Greater Hartford Open, Crenshaw drove to New Haven to take a look at the Yale golf course, one of the few C. B. Macdonald courses he had not previously visited. He explained to the young professional, David Paterson, that he preferred not to play the course, because he could learn much more by concentrating on the design of the individual holes. Paterson, a student of golf-course architecture himself, offered to drive him over the layout in a golf cart, and this worked out fine. Crenshaw left the cart twenty or thirty times to study a hazard or a green that especially interested him. Shortly after that visit, Crenshaw, in his whirling Spencerian hand, wrote a very polite letter to President A. Bartlett Giamatti, of Yale, to the general effect that the university had a priceless historic jewel in its unchanged Macdonald course, and that he hoped the president would value it properly and see that it received the finest maintenance possible.



Crenshaw knows most of the championship courses in England and Scotland—from Dornoch, which is in the northern Highlands, to Royal St. George's, in the town of Sandwich, in Kent, not far from the Strait of Dover. He also knows a good many of the less publicized courses in such detail that he bowls over British golf authorities. For example, take North Berwick. If that course is famous for any single hole, it is the fifteenth, the Redan, so named because of the resemblance of its sternly elevated green area to a key fortification protecting Sevastopol, which the British, French, and Turkish forces successfully stormed during the Crimean War, driving the Russians out of that strategic seaport. The commanding hazard on the fifteenth, a par 3 a little over two hundred yards long, is an extremely deep bunker cut into the steep left-front wall of the green. The pin is usually positioned on the left side of the contoured green, behind the bunker. To get into position for a crack at a birdie, the golfer must play a champion's shot. If he does not bring it off, and the ball lands in the bunker, he must play a superb recovery to avoid taking a 5. Accordingly, most golfers prefer to play a safe tee shot, and they aim for the tongue of the green to the right of the bunker, hoping to make a 3 but perfectly willing to settle for a 4. Crenshaw thinks highly of the Redan, but in his opinion the variation on it that Macdonald built at the National Golf Links—it is the fourth hole, a 196-yard par 3—is superior to the original, because the bunker is deeper, the green is canted more from right to left, the back-center area of the green slopes down and away more devilishly, and, finally, from the tee the golfer can take in more clearly the various elements that will influence the shot he is being asked to play on this partly blind hole. In a way, all this talk about the Redan is somewhat irrelevant, since Crenshaw thinks that the best hole at North Berwick is not the fifteenth but the fourteenth, a medium-length par 4 called Perfection, on which the left side of the narrow green sits just at the edge of a sharp vertical drop into the waters of the Firth of Forth. "I like Perfection because it requires two very good shots," he explained to me. "The drive is to the brow of a hill. You know what's over it, but you're not quite sure, and this keeps you off balance. You must hit a nicely controlled drive. The pitch to the green is very difficult. You can fly it into the ocean if you're not careful. You can be short with it. To find the green, you must play a shot that has perfect touch. It has to be spot on. That's why I think Perfection is the ideal name for the hole." Taking a characteristically Crenshavian stand, he endorses and enjoys the predilection of pre-First World War golfers for calling a hole by some suitably fetching name, and would like to see this tradition revived. While he applauds touring golfers for seeking out and playing the celebrated courses in the country they are visiting, he feels that they are apt to over-

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look some unpublicized courses that have many first-rate holes and an over-all soundness and charm but have not been selected for major championships because they lack sufficient length to test the big boys. In England, he has in mind such courses as Sunningdale, Ganton, and Woodhall Spa. When he talks of courses in this country he loves to play, he invariably mentions, along with Seminole and Cypress Point, which he thinks are marvellous, Prairie Dunes (far off the beaten path, in Hutchinson, Kansas); the National Golf Links and its neighbor, Shinnecock Hills; Chicago Golf (as the insiders call it); and two courses in New Jersey, Somerset Hills and Ridgewood, that were designed by the inventive A. W. Tillinghast.

Three or four years after becoming a professional golfer, Crenshaw, without expressly thinking about it, came to realize that when his playing days were over he would like to be a golf-course architect. No other kind of work interested him half as much. Furthermore, he thought he would be good at it. In the fall of 1984, he altered that decision. With many new courses being built left and right on beautiful new sites, he felt that if he waited another six or seven years before he entered golf-course architecture a change might have set in, and there might be very few new courses in interesting locations left to build. Besides, he would have to compete with a fairly large number of experienced firms for the available jobs. He was in this frame of mind last September when he was asked by Jay Morrish, an able architect, if he would like to work with him and Byron Nelson on a new course at Las Colinas Country Club, which they were starting to design on a tract of undulating land east of the Dallas–Fort Worth airport. Crenshaw replied that nothing would please him more. Since then, he has spent much time working on the course. It is scheduled to be completed this fall, and in the spring of 1986 it will serve as the new site of the annual Byron Nelson Classic.

"In the future, I expect to spend as much time playing tournaments as I have in the past," Crenshaw told me. "I've always made it a practice to set aside a fair amount of free time from the tournament circuit. That time, and maybe more, will go into building courses. It won't be a glamorous life. To get a hole just right, an architect must spend a lot of time at the site. I don't think you can build a fascinating green, for example, by relaying instructions to a bulldozer operator. You've got to be there during the long stretches when the crew is moving the soil for the green into place with scoops and, following that, when you mold the rolls and breaks of each green practically by hand until you've got them right." He paused a moment in thought. "A good golf architect, as I see it, must have done a great deal of research at many courses and tested that research himself. Then when he lays out a course he will know how to move the earth that has to be moved so that it resembles natural golf land. He must stay with a course until he's pretty sure that he's got a course on which every hole is elastic enough so that it is playable for all the different classes of players, from beginners to the best professionals. On a really good course, the contours should be gentle and have a nice ease of movement. There must be a pleasant diversity in the shots that the golfers of all degrees of skill have to play—some from uphill stances, some from downhill stances, some from sidehill stances. You've constantly got to stimulate both the average golfers and the best golfers. I'm fully in accord, for example, with Alister MacKenzie's principle that a course should encourage the average golfer to attempt a shot he hasn't tried before. That will make him a better golfer. I think we must test the abilities of the top golfers more thoroughly by designing stronger par 5s. To cite one example, in this long-driving world there's been a tendency to build too many par-4½ holes. We're not listening to the land. Golf at its best is more than a game in which you fly the ball from point to point. I think that a golf architect must come up with holes that offer a wide variety of shots. I like to see holes that are designed so that the golfer must make the ball move a certain way—say, make him bound it onto the green. I like to see the ball roll on a pitch-and-run shot. I like to see the ball curl on the green. We don't see enough of those things now."

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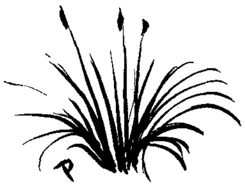
It is good to hear that Crenshaw has added another string to his bow. I think that he will be a remarkably good golf-course architect—that he will build courses that are sound, original, and a great pleasure to play.

At the Augusta National on the eve of the Masters, when the members, the players, the media people, and the patrons (which is the Augusta National's term for the spectators) exchange views on which golfers they think might win the tournament, the defending champion usually figures large in their conversations. If a man was able to win the year before, he is obviously a superior player, and there is no reason he shouldn't be in the race again the next April. It was different at Augusta this year. Crenshaw's record in 1984 after winning the Masters was extremely disappointing. He failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut in both the U.S. Open and the P.G.A. Championship. He played quite well in the British Open, but when he finished his second round with three straight bogeys he was out of contention. It was a terribly hard year for him. His many friends hoped that he would soon regain his winning form, but in 1985 his game had been even sorrier: prior to the Masters, he had made the thirty-six-hole cut in only three of the nine tournaments he entered. It was the old story of the youthful sensation who becomes a standout at an indecently early age because he plays the game by feel. Somehow or other, he later loses that feel, and he must then learn how to consciously make the moves on which his natural swing was based. In a somewhat similar case in the late nineteen-fifties, Gene Littler, who had been one of the leading players on the tour, lost his swing, just like that. As a boy in San Diego, he had learned to play golf the way most young fellows learn to play baseball or basketball: he imitated the swings of the best players he saw, and worked to get better. When he hit his slump, he had to go through the harrowing process of breaking down the movements that made up his swing, and then, with the help of friends in golf—particularly Paul Runyan—memorizing these movements and putting them together.

It was a painful time for Littler, but he is a patient man and he stayed with it, and before too long he was playing excellent golf again. Crenshaw has been going through a similar experience. He was so good so early because hitting the golf ball came naturally to him. "I've always played by feel," he told some friends not long ago. "As a boy, I was able to transmit that feel through my hands to the club head. I don't have the mechanical bent to break my swing down into many separate parts. I've become resigned to the fact that I must depend on my timing the rest of my career. I would like to be less handsy. At my best, I swing more with my arms and my shoulders." With the hint of a smile, he went on, "When I go back to my old teacher Harvey Penick for help, he reprimands me a little more strongly these days for misalignment and not having the club head square at address." A pause. "Maybe it will come around. I'm enthusiastic about getting into golf-course architecture, but I would like to play tournament golf quite a few more years."



In the early stages of this year's Masters, an unusually dramatic tournament, which was won in impressive fashion by Bernhard Langer, of West Germany, it looked for a while as if Crenshaw had found his old groove and regained some of his old assurance. On Thursday, the day of the opening round, he had a well-earned 70, two under par for the course. Only three players in the field of seventy-seven had scored lower: Gary Hallberg, with a 68, and Tom Watson and Payne Stewart, with 69s. Crenshaw's round was encouraging, for he came back staunchly after a very bad break on the eleventh hole, a rugged 455-yard par 4 that plunges downhill to a cape-type green protected along the left by a small pond. Crenshaw's tee shot was down the middle of the fairway, but his ball picked up a rather large glob of mud. Knowing that he would not be able to control the flight of the ball, he aimed it well away from the pond on his approach shot, but despite these precautions the ball curved sharply left and ended up in the water hazard. This cost him a double-bogey 6, but he fought back with birdies on the twelfth—the touchy par 3 across Rae's Creek—and on the 465-yard thirteenth, the first of the two short par 5s on the second nine which have so often played a prominent role in the winning and the losing of the Masters, and were to do so this year. Crenshaw went on to birdie the second short par 5, the 500-yard fifteenth, reaching it with a drive and a 4-wood. After finishing his round, he said he was surprised that the scoring had not been lower on this bright, calm day, even though a fair percentage of the pins had been placed in somewhat difficult positions on greens that had become much firmer over the previous few days. The only sustained stretch of low scoring on the opening round had been a 31 by Watson on the back nine: par, birdie, par, eagle, birdie, birdie, par, par, par. Whew!

On Friday, the day of the second round, the weather in the morning was ideal for golf. Hardly a breath of wind was disturbing the large gray clouds in the soft blue sky. At around three o'clock in the afternoon, however, a gusty wind began to sweep across the broad fairways, further drying out the greens, and making them firmer and faster. As a result, the course played much harder for the late starters—the men who had scored lowest on the first round. The only one of the leaders who had a real chance to bring in a low second-round score was Watson, who plays the Augusta National well. (He has won the Masters twice, in 1977 and 1981, and has been second or has tied for second on three other occasions.) After matching par on the first nine, Watson birdied not only the two short par 5s coming in but the par-3 twelfth as well. If he could play the last three holes in par, he would have a two-stroke lead on the field. That wasn't to be. He dropped a shot to par on the sixteenth, a 170-yard par 3, where the pin was positioned that day on the ledge at the back right corner of the green. Watson was a little unlucky here. He went boldly for the pin with a middle iron and hit his shot extremely well, but the ball, with the wind pushing it on, rolled over the ledge and into the sizable bunker behind that corner of the green. Watson played a deft little bunker shot that looked for a moment as if it would stop four feet from the cup, but then the ball twisted a hair, caught the downslope, and slid some twenty feet away. On the seventeenth, a 400-yard par 4, Watson hooked his drive into a bunker on the seventh hole, but some inspired

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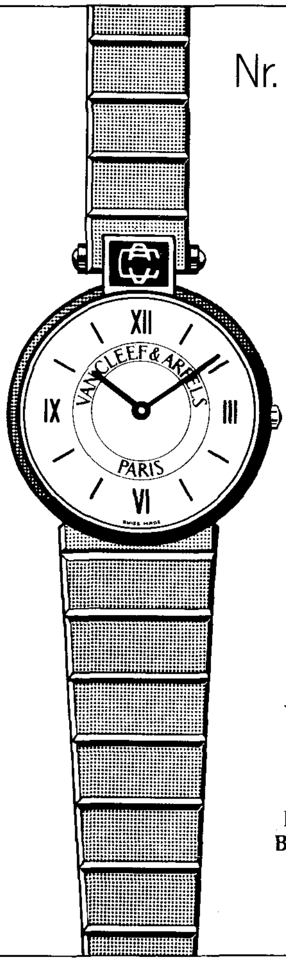
scrambling left him with a putt of three and a half feet for his par. He missed it, and eventually ended up with a 71, for a halfway total of 140, sharing the lead with Craig Stadler, the winner of the 1982 Masters, and Payne Stewart, a strong young player who always wears knickers and a cap on the golf course. A stroke behind them was Gary Hallberg, another strong young player, whose identification badge is the snap-brim fedora he wears à la Harrison Ford in the movie "Indiana Jones." Despite his disappointing finish, Watson was in an amiable, patient mood during his interview session with the press, and he offered a number of interesting observations. Because of what occurred later, on the hectic fourth round of the Masters, I particularly remember one of the main points that Watson made. "I tried to play very aggressively on the sixteenth, and it cost me," he said. "That is the nature of this golf course —you can't be too aggressive."

IT is the practice in the Masters for all contestants within ten strokes of the leader to make the thirty-six-hole cut automatically. When Watson posted his halfway total of 140, instead of the 138 that had seemed within his grasp, it became possible for eleven players with two-round totals of either 149 or 150 to play the last two rounds. Indeed, only seventeen golfers from the starting field of seventy-seven were eliminated, and a full sixty golfers played the full four rounds. It should be noted that on the second round two players, Curtis Strange and Sandy Lyle, shot 65s. Both had the benefit of playing early in the day, before the wind came up, because they had been among the highest scorers on the first day: Lyle had shot a 78 and Strange an 80. Strange, thinking he had little chance of making the cut, had booked himself on a flight leaving Augusta at two-fifty on Friday afternoon. However, he found himself standing, at 145 (80-65), only five strokes behind the leaders in a tournament in which a golfer as many as six or seven strokes off the pace could conceivably win. Crenshaw was six strokes back after a second round of 76, but it was clear that he would not be in the fight. He had not hit the ball anything like as solidly as he can, and he gave one the impression that many weeks of hard work lay ahead for him before he could recover the concentration and the timing that every golfer needs in order to do himself justice both in the tour events and in the major tournaments.

Third rounds in golf tournaments are likely to be confusing affairs in which the heroes of the first two days fall back, unexpected challengers establish themselves, and the spectators who check the leader boards periodically find that as often as not a new leader has emerged from the pack. The third round of the Masters provided just such a gallimaufry of activity. For one thing, the three men who started the round tied for the lead—Watson, Stadler, and Stewart—played rather loose golf and dropped well off the pace. Watson's chief troubles came on the greens. He three-putted four of them en route to a 75. Both Stewart and Stadler frittered away several strokes, and ended up with 76s. Early in the afternoon, Hallberg, who has a lot of dash to him, took over the lead by playing the first nine in 33, but he needed forty-two strokes to negotiate the second nine, and that brought a new set of contenders to the front. Langer, a nice-looking blond twenty-seven-year-old native of Anhausen, near Augsburg, who has twice finished second in the British Open, was six strokes behind the leader when he came to the thirteenth, the 465-yard par 5, which doglegs sharply left. Even though his drive had finished in the rough on the right, he felt compelled to gamble on carrying the creek before the green with his second shot. Going with a 3-wood, he failed to get all the ball on the club face. The ball came diving down short of the creek, which is about seven to twelve feet wide at that point, but it got a lucky bounce over the hazard and finished on the green eighteen feet from the pin. That was all Langer needed. He worked hard on his putt and holed it for an eagle 3. He birdied the fourteenth when he played a 6-iron approach twelve feet from the pin and made the tricky putt. He proceeded to birdie the par-5 fifteenth, carrying the pond with his second and then getting down in two from the fringe of the green. He completed the round with three pars, for a 68 and a three-round total of 214, only two strokes behind the leader at that point—Raymond Floyd, the old campaigner who had carried off the Masters back in 1976. No one realized more clearly than Langer how fortunate he had been on the thirteenth. "If I hit that shot ten times, seven times it's in the water," he said in his light Continental accent, after the round. "I was in no position to play safe. This week, I am playing to win. I felt I was due for some luck."

In a way, it was appropriate that Floyd should have fought his way into the lead. Now forty-two and in his twenty-fourth year as a touring professional, he has a cramped-looking, unpretty swing. Still, it works, and it works under pressure on demanding golf courses. He knows the Augusta National well, and, with the dried-out greens as kittle and as hard to read as those on Scottish linksland, he had concentrated on placing his approach shots on the correct side of the pin, so that he would at least have a chance to make his putt. In bringing in an almost error-free 69, Floyd holed five good putts: an eight-footer for a birdie on the first; a twelve-footer for a birdie on the seventh; a twenty-five-footer for an eagle on the thirteenth; a thirty-five-footer for a birdie on the sixteenth; and a wide-breaking sixteen-footer to save his par on the eighteenth after he had pushed his approach into a bunker. It's splendid to have charisma, but it isn't an absolute necessity if, like Floyd, you can keep the ball on the fairway most of the time under tournament pressure and now and then slide in a putt on the glossy greens. Everyone in Augusta probably would have been raving that evening about Floyd's 69 if Curtis Strange, playing two twosomes in front of him, had not brought in a 68. Strange's only bogey had come on the first hole, which he three-putted. On the next seventeen holes, playing one superb golf shot after another, as he had during his brilliant 65 the day before, he put together a run of twelve pars and five birdies. On this third round, he had hit the ball great distances even for a man who stands five-eleven and weighs about a hundred and seventy pounds. For example, with some help from a following wind he had reached the 500-yard fifteenth with a long drive and a 4-iron that carried about two hundred and ten yards. At the three-quarters mark, after rounds of 80, 65, and 68, for a total of 213, Strange stood only one shot behind Floyd. It was Strange whom everyone in Augusta talked about that night. Wherever one went, people were asking each other whether any golfer in the modern era—the span of years that dates from the resumption of the game at the close of the First World War—had played a round in 80 or in the 80s and gone on to capture a major tournament. A member of the British press corps thought that George Duncan might have done that one year in the British Open, but he wasn't sure of the year or the course. It turned out that he was right. When all of us professed golf historians got home and pulled out our reference books, we found that Duncan had won the 1920 British Open, at Deal, by coming through with rounds of 71 and 72 after starting with a pair of 80s. We also found that Johnny McDermott, the first American-born player to win our Open, captured the championship in 1911 despite taking an 81 on the first round. Of course, what we were wondering about that night, the eve of the final round, was whether Strange would go on to win the Masters. We were hoping he would. It would be an instant kick, and also something to look back on with a gleam of pleasure—to have been present at what loomed as the most amazing comeback in the history of golf since Gene Sarazen played the last twenty-eight holes of the 1932 U.S. Open in a hundred strokes to make his way out of the pack and win by three strokes.

We thought and we talked a lot about Strange the next day, Sunday, when he and Floyd were the last twosome to go out under a glum gray sky on the final round. Playing marvellous golf from the start, Strange seemed an almost certain winner when, after birdieing the long second, the fourth (from twenty feet), the seventh (from six feet), and the long eighth, he made the turn in 32. This put him seven under par for the tournament and gave him a four-stroke lead on Langer and Ballesteros, who were paired in the twosome just ahead of Strange and Floyd. After going out in a rocky 38, Floyd was a full five strokes off the pace. When Strange three-putted the tenth from forty feet, it marked his first bogey in twenty-seven holes, but



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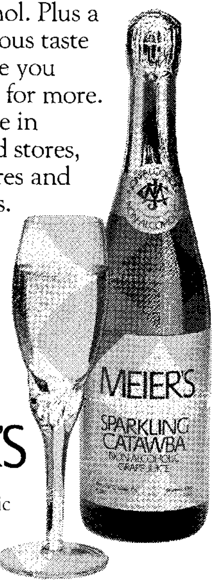
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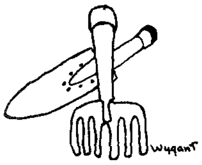
he got that stroke back when he played a nice, soft iron to the twelfth and sank his twenty-foot birdie putt.

I hadn't appreciated that Strange was that remarkable a golfer, though I had known for over a decade that he had an exceptional talent for the game. Born in 1955, the son of the professional and owner of the White Sands Country Club, in Virginia Beach, Virginia, he compiled an outstanding amateur record during his three years at Wake Forest University. I first saw him play at St. Andrews, in the 1975 Walker Cup match, in which he won his two foursomes, halved one of his singles, and won the other. He was a handsome young man with, one felt, a touch of the arrogance that was common among many of the stars of that period who were in college on golf scholarships and were preparing themselves almost specifically for a golden career in professional golf. He could play, all right. I remember being struck by how smoothly and correctly he took the club back. He was in such a perfect position at the top of the backswing that it seemed there could be no other result than a well-struck shot. He turned professional in 1976 and first competed on the P.G.A. Tour in 1977. By 1979, his year's total prize money on the P.G.A. Tour was $138,368. That was only the beginning. In the next five years, his total winnings were $271,888, $201,513, $263,378, $200,116, and $276,773. To quote from his biography in the 1985 *Tour Book*, the official media guide of the P.G.A. Tour, "Curtis Strange is one of the more determined and talented players in the game, and it is his great desire to save every possible stroke that has made him one of the most successful men in the business. But, there's more to it. He has said, 'I play well when I'm able to use patience and control my emotions.' " In the opinion of those who know him, Strange is two different people. Off the course, he is an exceedingly pleasant man, an excellent friend and companion. On the course, however, he plays with an intensity so fierce that it cancels out his awareness of just about everything except his own golf. Three years ago, for example, Arnold Palmer made public a letter he had written to Deane Beman, the commissioner of the P.G.A. Tour, in which he referred to "discourteous and ungentlemanly behavior and thoughtlessness" by several tour players, and also cited certain "abusive language and displays of temperament" by tour players. Palmer named no names, but shortly thereafter Strange sought out the press on his own accord and said that he had verbally abused a woman scorekeeper and a photographer during the 1982 Bay Hill tournament. I think that all of us regarded Strange with increased respect after that. If few of us know him well, the main reason is that he has seldom played his best golf in the major tournaments—the events that most of us attend. The one exception to this was his golf in the 1984 U.S. Open, in which he finished third, with a closing 68, although he was never really in the battle. Fuzzy Zoeller and Greg Norman, who tied for first, came in with totals five strokes lower than Strange's. This year, no one expected that Strange would start the Masters with a round of 80, for he had enjoyed the most successful winter campaign of any golfer on the tour. He had carried off $336,998 in prize money and had won two tournaments—the Honda Classic and the Panasonic–Las Vegas Invitational. In fact, on his last practice round before the start of the Masters he was hitting the ball so far that his drive on the thirteenth ended up well around the corner, about three hundred yards from the tee. Knowing how unlikely it was that he would ever belt so huge a drive during the tournament, Strange had dropped a ball at the angle of the dogleg and played his second shot from there. He had his caddie pick up the other ball.

WHEN Strange came to the thirteenth on the fourth, and final, round, he could hardly have been in a better position to win the Masters. He had just rolled in a twenty-foot birdie putt on the precarious twelfth. This had again put him seven under par for the tournament, and with only six holes to go he held a three-stroke lead over his closest challenger, Langer. On the thirteenth, Strange hit a fairly good drive that finished on the extreme left side of the sloping fairway. He would have a sidehill lie—his feet would be below the ball—and even for a golfer of his experience this would make the second much more than a routine shot. Up ahead on the green of this short par 5, Langer, who had reached the green in two with a gigantic drive and a 5-iron approach, got down in two putts for his birdie 4 and moved to five under par for the tournament. (Ballesteros had to settle for a par and remained at three under par.) After Strange had arrived at his ball, he carefully studied his shot to the green. It wasn't exactly the same shot he had given himself to play on his last practice round—it was nearer the left rough. According to his yardage computation, he had to carry the ball two hundred and eight yards to clear the creek—an arm of Rae's Creek that cuts across the fairway just before the green and then twists along its right side. Strange took a little time mulling over whether or not he should go for the green. The group I was with was of the unanimous opinion that, with his two-stroke lead, his obvious decision was to lay up short of the creek with his second. This would insure him his par, and if he happened to make an extraordinarily good pitch on his third shot he might even come away with a birdie. An experienced golfer doesn't gamble on bringing off a dangerous shot unless he is behind and must make up strokes, and to attempt to get home in two was for Strange a fairly dangerous shot. For another thing, from his stance below the ball he ran the risk of hooking the ball if he made solid contact with it. We were amazed when we saw him take his metal 4-wood from his bag. He was going for it.



I don't know how well Strange hit that shot. He couldn't have hit it squarely, for the ball drifted off a shade to the right. It landed on the fairway short of the creek, bounced into the creek, and ended up at the far edge of the narrow stream, where the rippling water, only two or three inches deep, meets a patchy, rough growth of grass and weeds. Strange climbed down into the creek and inspected the lie of his ball. The safe move for him was to accept a one-stroke penalty, pick up his ball and drop it back on the fairway before the creek, play a pitch to the pin, some forty yards away, and hope he got it close enough to have a chance to get down in one putt for a 5. A golfer leading a tournament should, almost categorically, never trifle with a difficult lie in a water hazard. Four out of five times, what seems like a simple recovery shot turns out to be much tougher to bring off than the golfer's first eager estimate informs him. I was surprised—indeed, shocked—when Strange, after studying the situation, climbed out of the hazard, took a purple-blue rain suit from the pocket of his golf bag, and put it on. He then selected a wedge and slowly descended into the creek. He settled into an uncomfortable stance; the ball, which was lying just under the water, had to be played awkwardly off his right foot and with his left foot balanced some inches above it on the grassy growths at the bottom of the far bank of the creek. Although the creek lies only about five feet below the level of the fairway, its far bank, after rising abruptly for three feet or so, angles upward in a gradual incline another ten or twelve feet over clumps of tufty grass before it reaches the edge of the fairway. As Strange fiddled to get comfortable over the ball, I thought he might still decide to change his decision. He did not. He finally got set, and, thwacking the ball and a spray of water and sand, he exploded the ball up at about a forty-five-degree angle. It cleared the vertical rise, landed some eight feet farther up the sloping bank, slipped a few feet back toward the creek, and then stopped. Strange would now be playing 4. After he got rid of his rain suit, he studied the thirty-five-yard chip he was faced with. It was not an easy shot. He had to run the ball across the lower level of the green and have it climb onto the higher level, where the pin was positioned. He played a pretty fair chip-and-run that stopped about seven feet past the pin. He missed the putt. That 6 was not disastrous, but it certainly wasn't helpful. While all this was going on, Langer had made an orthodox par on the fourteenth and had picked up two strokes on Strange because of the latter's misadventures. Only one stroke now separated them.

Langer proceeded to play the 500-yard fifteenth perfectly. After a very long, straight drive, he hit the heart of the green with a 5-iron and was down in two from twenty-five feet. This birdie 4 put him six under par for the tournament. Strange, after making his par on the fourteenth, came to the fifteenth confronted with the necessity of matching Langer's birdie in order to regain the lead. He ripped a fine drive down the left side of the high fairway. He faced a shot of two hundred and ten yards over the pond to the green. The wind was at his back. The day before, with the same helping wind, he had played a crisp 4-iron shot onto the center of the green. Of course, under the increased tension of this final round he might elect to take more club, or even to lay up short of the pond with his second shot and then

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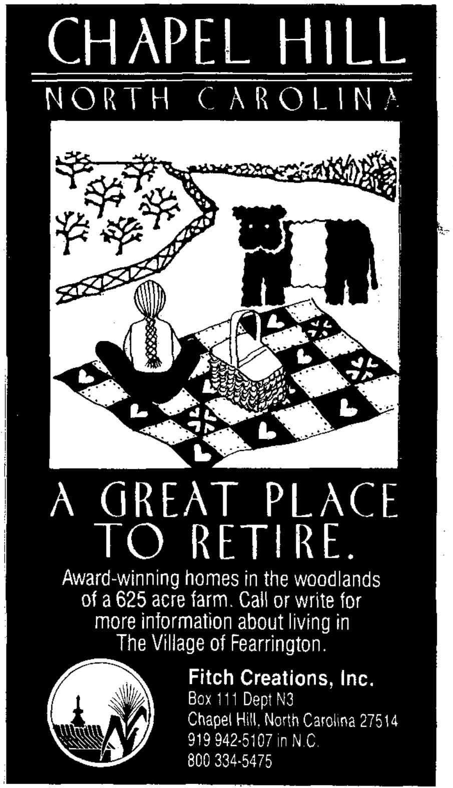
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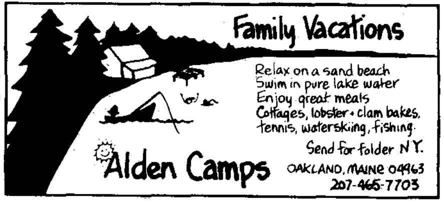
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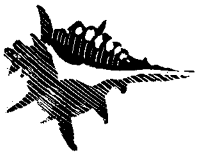
try to get down in two with a pitch and a putt. Strange made up his mind with little hesitation: he was going for the green with a 4-iron. The ball headed dead on line for the pin, but Strange had either mis-hit the shot or miscalculated the distance. The ball thudded into the far bank of the pond only three feet above the water, and it had no sooner landed than it toppled back into the water. Lifting the ball from the hazard cost Strange a penalty stroke, and when he went on to play a very tentative pitch and then needed two putts to get down, that was another big 6. Not only had he thrown away his once seemingly secure lead but he now trailed Langer by a stroke.



The news soon came through that Langer had added to his lead by sinking a fourteen-foot birdie putt on the seventeenth. From that point on, what stands in my mind as one of the most thrilling tournaments of all time ended on something of a down note. Langer, long reputed to be a shaky putter, bogeyed the eighteenth by missing a four-foot putt—the first makable putt I had seen him fail to hole throughout the tournament. This put Strange, who had made his pars on the sixteenth and seventeenth, in a position to tie Langer if he could birdie the eighteenth, a demanding par 4 that runs uphill most of the way. However, he was short of the green with his approach, which he must have expected would bounce onto the green. The fifty-foot chip that he needed to hole for a birdie was struck so briskly that it never had a chance and rolled some eight feet beyond the cup. Strange, in fact, needed two putts to get down. This final bogey gave him a 71 for the round, and thrust him into a tie for second with Ballesteros and Floyd, at 284—two strokes higher than Langer's four-round total of 282 (72-74-68-68).

My own sympathies at the end of that almost epic final day—they were typical of most of the spectators', I think—were split. On the one hand, I was pleased that such a deserving, gutty player as Langer, perhaps the best tee-to-green golfer in the world right now, had won his first major title and had really come into his own. On the other hand, I was hit hard by Strange's collapse down the stretch. From the second hole of the second round through the twelfth hole of the last round—a run of forty-eight consecutive holes—he had played a wickedly slick course in fifteen strokes under par. The elegance of his shotmaking reminded one of Watson and Nicklaus, of Hogan and Nelson. After a performance of this quality following his opening 80, I think that everyone wanted to see Strange rewarded with nothing short of victory for the great courage and the great golf that had sustained his incredible rally. When it came to a halt so ironically, my heart went out to him. I asked myself many times why he had not laid up short of the creek on the thirteenth. I finally concluded that after playing such magnificent, practically errorless golf on the second and third rounds and on the first twelve holes of the last round he must have felt that he was enchanted—that any shot he attempted he could bring off. That is certainly the way things had gone on Friday and Saturday and on those first twelve holes on Sunday. He knew what a feat it would be if he could come back from an opening 80 and win a tournament as important as the Masters, and it was difficult for him to think in down-to-earth terms.

Some golf enthusiasts who were on hand at Augusta for the 1954 Masters remembered that Billy Joe Patton had found the water hazards on both the thirteenth and the fifteenth, and had consequently finished a stroke behind Hogan and Snead, who tied for first. There was a critical difference, though, between Patton's tactics and Strange's. In 1954, well before a giant leader board was installed on practically every hole of the Augusta National, Patton had had no idea of how he stood in respect to Hogan and Snead on the final round. He'd decided that when you were up against the two best golfers in the world, the wisest course was to go for everything. The pity of Strange's errors in judgment or in execution on his second shots on the two par 5s coming in—and on the thirteenth in particular—was that he was aware of how he stood in reference to Langer and the other contenders. As heady as these circumstances were, a player of Strange's experience should have been only too well aware that when a golfer is leading a tournament it makes no sense for him to try to pull off circus shots, like the ones on the thirteenth. I am reminded also of the downfall of top-class golfers when they approach a famous course, like St. Andrews, with insufficient respect. More often than not, St. Andrews makes them pay for their condescension. So does the Augusta National. Sure, a hot golfer can score very well on it—especially on the second nine—but if he forgets for a moment that this is no ordinary layout he is playing, the Augusta National reminds him harshly that it is no course to trifle with.

This thrilling tournament possessed a different kind of suspense from any that a major event has treated us to in quite some time. Indeed, I remember few days of tournament golf that were as starkly melodramatic as the fourth day of the 1985 Masters. In one's sympathy with Strange's ordeal, however, one is likely not to fully appreciate the standard of the golf that Langer produced on the last two rounds—those two 68s, climaxed by a 33 on the final nine. It would not be overstating matters to say that Langer's shotmaking and scoring on the third and fourth rounds—on a course that each day provided several holes on which a golfer couldn't stop the ball on his approach anyplace near the pin—marked the blooming of an authentic international star. An intelligent young man who is as affable off the course as he is all business on it, Langer got his start in golf at nine, when he started to caddie at the Augsburg Golf Club. At fifteen, when he had finished his formal schooling, he became one of the assistant professionals at the Munich Golf and Country Club. At eighteen, he made his début as a player on the European tournament tour, and quickly established himself as a future star, even though he came down at nineteen with one of the earliest cases of putting yips ever recorded. It took him four years to overcome this problem. He cured it in 1980 after experimenting with numberless remedies. He now uses the reverse overlapping putting grip that most professionals favor—the index finger of the left hand overlaps the last two fingers of the right hand—on all putts of over twenty feet. On all shorter putts, he uses the crosshand grip: the left hand is placed lower down the shaft than the right hand. I would hazard the opinion that no player coped with the ultra-sleek greens at the Augusta National more effectively than Langer did. Last year, Langer married a young Floridian, and, partly for this reason, he will be playing more tournaments on our P.G.A. Tour this year than he has in the past. I believe he will become a popular star here. He has improved the rhythm and simultaneously lost the earlier stiffness of his technically sound swing, and he has learned from Ballesteros that a golfer must not allow himself to be distracted by anything during a tournament round. "Seve knows the value of concentration," Langer said to the press in the interview session after his victory. "He doesn't care about anything or anyone else, and that is the way you have to be."

I would think that Langer may join Ballesteros and Watson as the men to beat the next few years in the major events. At the same time, the more I consider it the surer I am that the 1985 Masters will be remembered not as the tournament that Bernhard Langer won but as the tournament that Curtis Strange let get away.

—Herbert Warren Wind

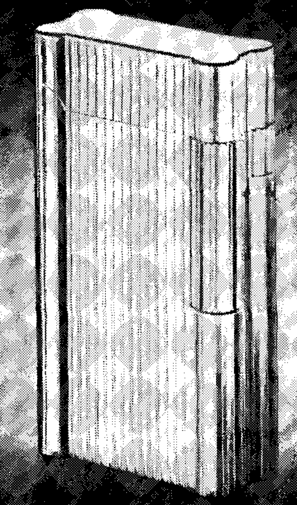
• •

DREAD

Every time the door swings shut
a strangled voice sings out, That's it.
Drive slow, I chant,
go safe, come home—
our family emblem was disaster.
I jump up to smell his discarded shirt,
already busy planning the funeral.

His brow I practice kissing
goodbye—pale, sleeping, and narrow,
taking his pulse between my lips.
The sweet flesh tightens,
a sinking stone.
My song goes dead,
drones mine, mine, mine.
I learned it at my father's knee,
our house key slung around my neck.

—L. M. Rosenberg



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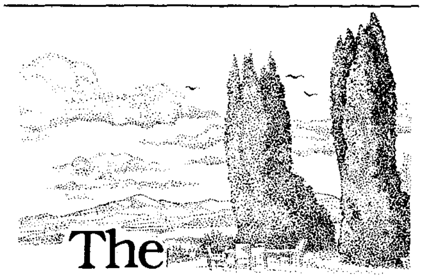

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THE THEATRE

On Patronizing One's Betters

SHAW wrote "Arms and the Man" in 1894. It was his third play and his first attempt, as he later noted, at writing a "pleasant" one. A comedy conventional in form and to present-day audiences conventional in what it attacks, to our great-grandparents it was something of a shocker. In the nineties, with the British Empire at the summit of its glory, military men were held in high esteem and romantic love was in vogue; at that moment, along came a saucy young Irish iconoclast to argue that the secret of military success was cowardice and that romantic love was hypocrisy. Shaw was denounced from the pulpit as an Antichrist; in other quarters he was dismissed as a mere cheeky outsider—what could one expect from an Irishman but insolence? Still, nobody could deny that he had a formidable intellect and a gift for writing playable dialogue; at once a clown and a Savonarola, he delighted his audiences even as he scourged them for the shabby, self-serving falsity of their social, political, and religious convictions.

Given that "Arms and the Man" served as a lively assault upon received ideas in 1894, why is it being revived at the Circle in the Square in 1985? I would like to answer that *any* revival of Shaw, whether of late work or early, is welcome, especially on Broadway in a sorry season, but this production is so radically imperfect as to give us almost no hint of its author's purpose. Under the direction of John Malkovich, all the members of the cast except Kevin Kline continuously, maddeningly overact, in the very fashion that Shaw never tired of deploring; they patronize him by assuming that "Arms and the Man" must be played not for the humor intrinsic to it but for the guffaws that Victorian exaggerations of enunciation and posturing are able to induce in audiences seemingly so unfamiliar with Shaw as to suppose that he was an exponent of the Victorian point of view instead of its adversary. At the performance I attended, some of my neighbors applauded gestures appropriate to Mickey Rooney in "Sugar Babies" and giggled at lines that they appeared to have misconstrued as mildly pornographic; I felt far indeed from the quintessence of Shavianism.

The setting of the play is a small town in Bulgaria in the mid-eighteen-eighties. To let us know that Bulgaria is in the Balkans, the set designer, Thomas Lynch, has ringed the entire acting area of the theatre with a tiny snow-covered mountain range, among whose confectionary peaks and valleys one expects to observe the comings and goings of innumerable toy electric trains. The meteorological conditions under which the play begins are equally unusual: through an open bedroom window snow is seen to be falling, but the heroine's first words include praise of the beauty of the stars. (Starlight designed by Richard Nelson; starlit costumes by Ann Roth.) This heroine is played by Glenne Headly, who employs a whispery baby voice that, though perhaps intended to convey a virginal innocence, puts one instantly in mind of Disney's Snow White. Dimitra Arliss, as the mother of the heroine, speaks her lines with a strong American accent, while Raul Julia, as a resplendently uniformed Bulgarian Army officer, makes use of a lilting quaver of his own invention. What a mercy to our ears it is to hear Mr. Kline, as Captain Bluntschli—a Swiss officer who prefers to carry bits of chocolate into battle instead of bullets—speak in a conversational tone, trusting Shaw!

In his preface to "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant," Shaw wrote, "When a comedy of mine is performed, it is nothing to me that the spectators laugh—any fool can make an audience laugh. I want to see how many of them, laughing or grave, have tears in their eyes. And this result cannot be achieved, even by actors who thoroughly understand my purpose, except through an artistic beauty of execution unattainable without long and arduous practice, and an effort which my plays probably do not seem serious enough to call forth." From the best of critics, words prophesying the fate of most productions of his plays.

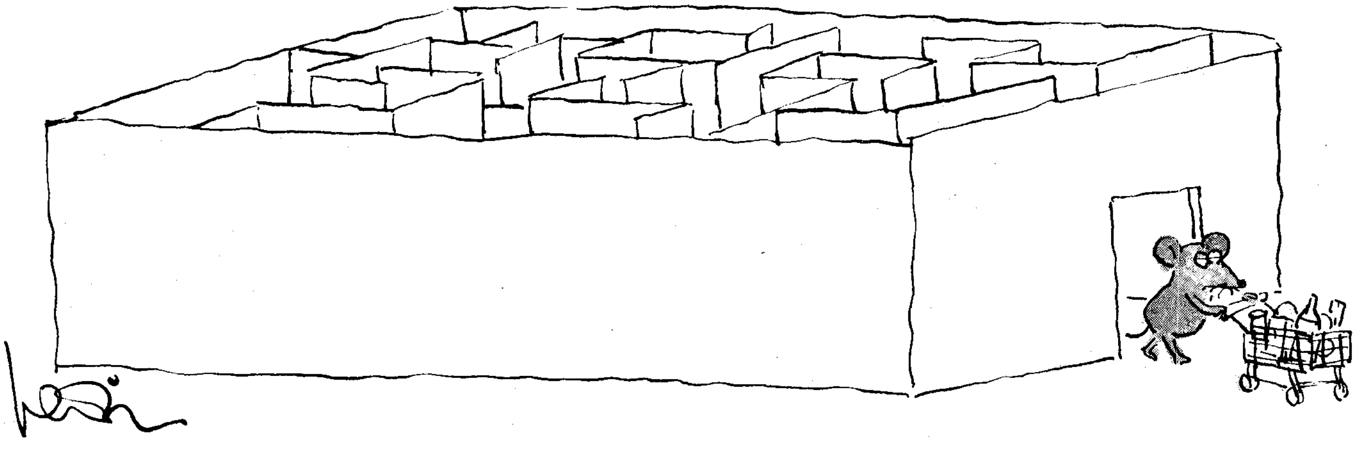
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

One for Four

EVENING B of the Ensemble Studio Theatre's "Marathon '85" of one-acters makes somewhat thinner fare than the lively Evening A, only Horton Foote's "Road to the Graveyard" being a play at all. The evening is not a total loss, though. It opens with "Aggressive Behavior," by Stuart Spencer, which records in a series of cryptic conversations, carried on over several months in a Greenwich Village café, the waning friendship of two homosexual men. They are not lovers, although one of them makes a few overtures—unsuccessful overtures—to the other, and we learn that the actual lover of one character is the other character's roommate. I cannot provide any further enlightenment. Garrett M. Brown and Peter Phillips are the actors; their performance certainly sounds right. Jane Hoffman directed.

"Desperadoes" and "Between Cars" are, in their separate ways,



about role-playing in "Desperadoes," by the extremely talented Keith Reddin, a young man and his girlfriend, having watched too many TV shows and movies about criminals, decide to try a life of crime themselves. They rob a store and kidnap the proprietor, and, as the play begins, are in a messy, cheap motel room with the storekeeper, who is blindfolded and trussed to a chair. The feckless pair intend to drive from where they are—someplace off the New Jersey Turnpike—to Georgia and then to the Everglades, which are meticulously described. There is much conversation, and there are a couple of monologues, to no particular purpose. The captive turns out to be an old schoolmate of the male desperado—a discovery that leads to reminiscence about the days when both of them were little boys and wanted to be astronauts. The girl leaves; the male desperado does not shoot the captive. This is nonvintage Reddin and as silly as it sounds, although there is some effective writing. Karen Young has a charming, daffy quality as one desperado, and Sam McMurray and Michael Kaufman are good, too, as the other desperado and the captive. Mary B. Robinson directed.

"Between Cars," by Alan Zweibel, is an elaborate, jokey fantasy about a young man and a young woman, strangers, who are tolltakers in adjoining booths at an interchange of the Garden State Parkway, in the middle of winter. The junction road their toll station is on leads to the beach, and there are no customers. At his instigation (and to her surprise), they go through a ritual of dating, courtship, and exchange of confidences. There is music and dancing and a number of clever sight gags, and the couple end up as Guinevere and Lancelot, to the accompaniment of the score from "Camelot." Mr. Zweibel is a proficient comedy writer, but I didn't laugh much; although I admired many of his notions and found his actors, Perry Lang and Elizabeth Perkins, delightful, all concerned were too obviously asking for laughs.

Mr. Foote's "Road to the Graveyard" ends the evening and gives it substance. The play, like so many of Mr. Foote's plays and movies, is set in a small Texas town, in the living room of a family on the very brink of collapse, their decorum the thinnest camouflage for desperation. The leading role is that of the aging daughter, who has looked after her now tottery parents and her milksop brother all her life. Among her many terrors and resentments is her fear of being left alone. When the brother, who works for a movie house in town, announces that he is not going to buy a theatre of his own (as the sister has urged him to do) but might be planning to marry, she is shattered and furious—she is tyrant as well as victim. In the hands of the remarkable Roberta Maxwell (and of the dramatist, too, of course), this woman, who could have been a dime-a-dozen repressed spinster, becomes complex, sympathetic, and fascinating. As directed with tact and understanding by Curt Dempster, artistic director of the Ensemble Theatre, the performance is varied and subtle and always on key. The acting is uniformly excellent. Carolyn Coates is the heroine's gossipy, rebellious friend, another old maid whose life has gone down the drain; Margaret Thomson is the genteel, loopy mother, lost in a cloud of senility; Emmett O'Sullivan Moore is the courtly, inept father; and Frank Girardeau is the beaten-down brother. The fine settings, costumes, and lighting for all four plays were designed by Marleen Marta, Deborah Shaw, and Greg MacPherson, respectively.

THE Negro Ensemble Company's revival of "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men," at Theatre Four, is not as thrilling as the original production, in 1969—how could it be?—but there is a lot of life in it anyway. This wonderful play, by Lonne Elder III, is about a Harlem family who turn to private bootlegging and are taken over by a local gangster. It has again been directed by Douglas Turner Ward, who again appears as the father of the family—a former vaudevillian who makes some slight pretense of barbering. At the performance I saw, unfortunately, Mr. Ward, for all his strength as an actor, often seemed to have one foot in and one foot out of the play. It is the excellent young performers, each of them a discovery, who give the show its humor and fire (under Mr. Ward's direction, of course). They are Ruben Hudson (who already has many of the attributes of a leading man), as the older son; Walter Allen Bennett, Jr., as the frisky, irresponsible younger son, a career shoplifter; Patty Holley, as the firm, protective daughter; and Keith David, as the creepy mobster. The good setting was designed by Charles Henry McClennahan and lighted by Shirley Prendergast; the good costumes were by Judy Dearing.

—EDITH OLIVER

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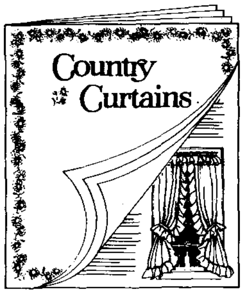

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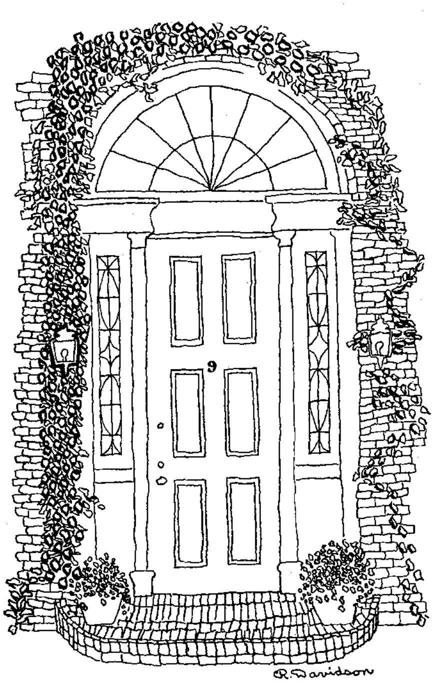
AROUND CITY HALL

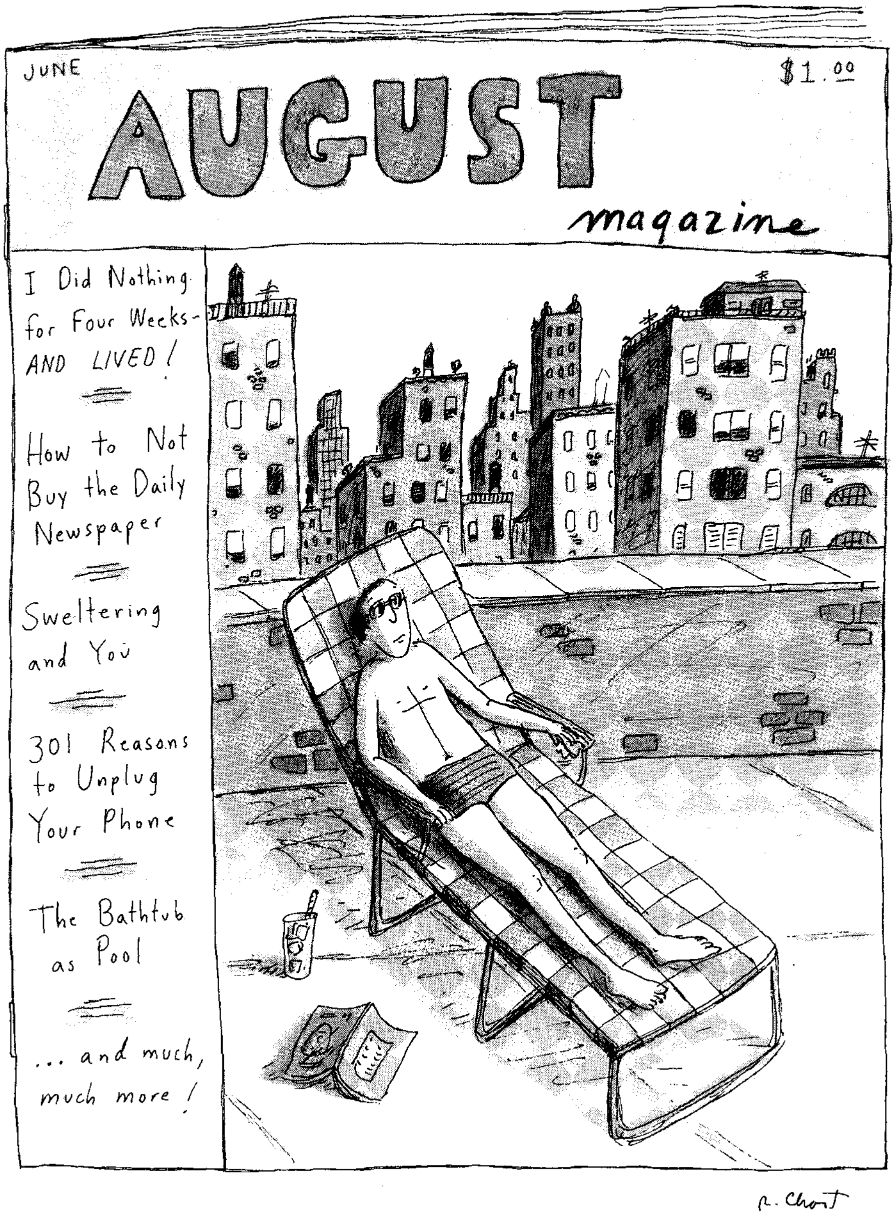
HIGH KICKERS

VISITORS to New York sometimes ask a reasonable question: Why is a certain unofficial local landmark called Madison Square Garden when it is close to a mile northwest of Madison Square? The fact is, the first two of four structures that, beginning in 1879, have been successively known by that name did stand at the northeast corner of the square. By 1925, when the Garden's proprietors decided to build farther north, the name was so firmly established as a byword for a center of entertainment that, in defiance of geographic rules, although the address was changed—it was changed again in 1968—the name stayed. Hardly any of today's visitors ever ask why Madison Square Garden is called a garden. Possibly, out-of-towners accept as one more example of local eccentricity the anomaly that, in the city of skyscrapers, a steel and concrete structure on gasoline-reeking Seventh Avenue should be given a name commonly associated with greenery, flowers, and wholesome fresh air. The original, 1879 designation was a calculated one. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the word "theatre" was redolent of iniquity. Except in the case of a few major stage luminaries, the words "actor" and "actress" generally brought to mind seedy types who operated on the fringes of proper society and whose morals were probably no better than they should be. The first Madison Square Garden, which gave house room to P. T. Barnum's circus and to cakewalks, tumbling acts, and masked balls, did not call itself a theatre or a music hall or by any other name redolent of indoor fun. Instead, it used the euphemism popular among similar local establishments; after all, a God-fearing person could come, and even bring the wife and kids, to a place that called itself a garden.

Among the myriad sights and scenes that would astound an American of 1879—a year when Rutherford B. Hayes and his wife, Lemonade Lucy, were in the White House—if he were to be transported into the contemporary world would be the résumé of the current President of the United States. The tourist from an earlier time would not be surprised to learn that a poor boy from a small Midwestern town grew up to hold the highest office in the land—that's the American way. He might also not be unsettled by the news that at the most recent Republican National Convention the Protestant minister who delivered the benediction indicated that the reëlection of the Republican ticket would fit right in with God's plans. The Democratic Presidential candidate, Walter Mondale, thought he was making a compelling point last fall when he said in a speech, "Most Americans would be surprised to learn that God is a Republican." This was not as outlandish a concept to some Americans—particularly Republicans—as he apparently believed. What would unsettle that visitor from another century is the fact that the minister's fervent endorsement was given to a man whose entire life until his election to public office, at the age of fifty-five, had been spent as an actor or in some other aspect of the entertainment world. Not only has acting become a respectable profession for a politician but there are times when it seems that politics and, indeed, government are turning more and more into branches of show business. In the first few weeks after Ronald Reagan took office, some unreconstructed Washington operatives speculated openly about how Americans would adjust to their first Hollywood President; the answer, it turned out, was quite nicely. These days, polls regularly report that politicians are among the least esteemed of those who practice the various professions. Meanwhile, talk and interview shows, newspaper columns, and gossip magazines keep busy trying to satisfy Americans' apparently insatiable appetite for information about entertainment-world stars—persons they clearly look on with a combination of awe and affection whose benefits politicians would dearly love to share. One Californian who came to the nation's capital with Reagan suggested that to many Americans the people they have come to know on the film and television screens are more real than government officials: *they* are remote and alien sorts. Certainly many citizens who can identify the last three live-in friends of some sitcom actors may not be able to name either of their United States senators. Even people to whom members of the Senate are more real than any celluloid star acknowledge daily, with wonder, the degree to which Reagan's familiarity with the tricks of his former trade eases his political way. Mondale commented sadly after his big November defeat, "I've never really warmed up to television, and, in fairness to television, it's never really warmed up to me." In this year's Democratic primary campaign for governor of New Jersey, one candidate is so sold on the show-business approach that he has commissioned a music video as a campaign commercial.



IT is partly because of a masterly manipulation of television and other branches of the media that New York's Mayor Edward Koch is being treated as a virtual shoo-in for reëlection this year. A recent *Times*-CBS poll showed him forty-five points ahead of his nearest rival—Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council. But Koch, fearful that his supporters will think it's not even necessary to go to the polls, points out that in the spring of 1982, in the race for the Democratic nomination for governor of New York, polls showed him to be almost as far ahead of Mario Cuomo, to whom he eventually lost. Koch is usually on television at least once a day (although he has said he plans to be mayor "forever," he has not formally announced his candidacy for reëlection, so the stations don't have to worry about giving his opponents equal time), but he doesn't have to rely on TV events, or non-events, to keep his name before the public eye. Indeed, except for the Commander-in-Chief, he may be the nation's most prominent example of the new, mutually advantageous alliance between politics and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the entertainment business. So far as anyone knows, no other contender for an important office has had three cabaret shows based on his exploits running at the same time, as was true last month of Koch—though it is also true that all three musical satires were staged far, far Off Broadway. "How Are You Doin', Eddie?" could be seen at the Middle Collegiate Church, on East Seventh Street, and "How'm I Doin'?" was put on at a comedy club called Caroline's, on Eighth Avenue. In the latter show, the leading player was Scott Record, whose voice was featured in "Sundae in New York," the winner of a 1983 Oscar for short subjects, in which the star was a puppet version of Koch singing "New York, New York." In February, at a press conference in honor of the Mayor's proclamation of "New York, New York" as this city's official song, a television monitor was set up in City Hall's Blue Room to show "Sundae in New York" as a treat for reporters, in case they had missed it in the years it had been around. As Record's voice, mimicking his own, began to sing, Koch explained happily, "It takes exactly four minutes. I've seen it a thousand times"—and, indeed, he regularly plays it for Gracie Mansion dinner guests. After the City Hall showing, the Mayor joined the song's composer and lyricist, along with several dozen photogenic first-grade children brought over from a school in Chinatown, in a rendition of "New York, New York," in which he swayed and did a respectable high kick to the beat of his favorite song. In the period last month between a five-day trip to Israel and a five-day trip to Rome, he twice put on song-and-dance shows. In celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Boys Choir of Harlem, he joined the choir in a rendition of "Take the 'A' Train." And for the delectation of visiting members of the House of Representatives at Gracie Mansion, he gave a performance of "New York, New York," complete with top hat and cane, with the help of the All-City High School Chorus; one of the advantages of incumbency is that if you feel like singing, appropriate backups—and props—are always available.

In the revues "How Are You Doin', Eddie?" and "How'm I Doin'?" the answers to the title questions had a generally negative tone. In the third revue, "Mayor, the Musical," a somewhat more ambitious production, at the Top of the Gate, on Bleecker Street, the response to the Mayor's standard question is mixed. Unlike the two other shows, this one was authorized by Koch, and he himself had urged on his friend Charles Strouse, the composer of "Annie" and "Bye Bye Birdie," the notion that a dandy musical comedy could be made out of "Mayor," Koch's political memoir. "Mayor" the memoir is now out in paperback, and as of early this year the book in its hardback and paperback forms had earned him three hundred thousand dollars after he split thirty per cent of his royalties between his agent and his co-author, William Rauch, who is also his press secretary. For both versions of the book, sales were helped along by the fact that Koch, when he had a spare minute, would make promotion trips around the city and the country on their behalf. In February, pushing the paperback, he flew to California to appear on the Johnny Carson show on a night when the guest host was Joan Rivers. Everything went beautifully. Miss Rivers said that she found the sixty-year-old bachelor mayor so sexy she could hardly bear it. ("Be still, my heart!")

Although Koch is collecting one per cent of the gross of "Mayor, the Musical," his City Hall duties naturally prevent him from being available to play himself in its eight shows a week, but few here doubt that he could do it if time were not a problem. Any lingering qualms that a head of government who engages in a public musical-comedy turn (it is interesting to imagine the face of one of Ronald Reagan's favorite predecessors, Calvin Coolidge, if he found such an item on

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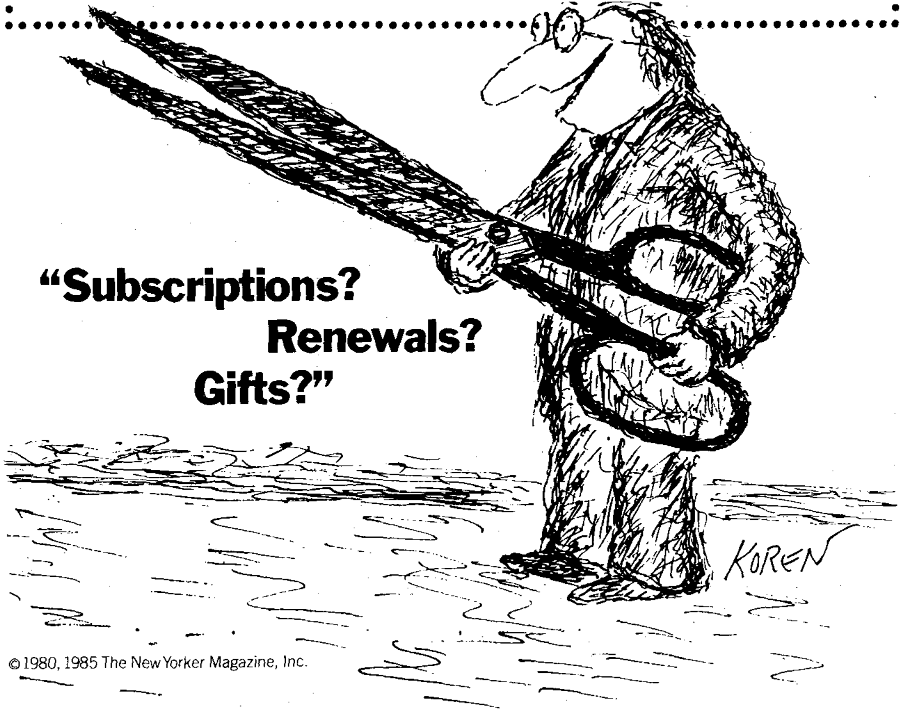
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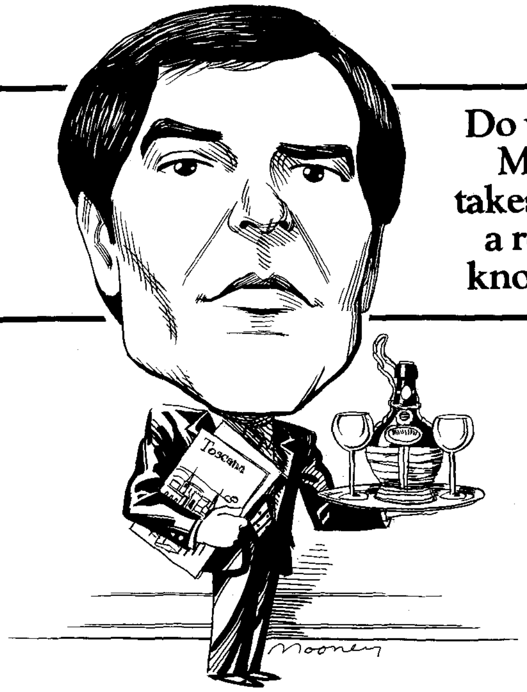
his agenda) would automatically be branded as too frivolous to deal with serious affairs of state was dispelled by the amused national response to the news, two years ago, that at the annual Gridiron Club musical satire put on by Washington reporters the President of the United States had done a Mexican shuffle onstage, wearing a huge sombrero and a serape and singing "Mañana." It was no surprise that Reagan, the entertainment-world veteran, could do a bit of singing and dancing. Koch, however, before he became mayor, in 1978, was considered one of the more colorless members of this city's delegation in the House of Representatives, and had certainly never been known to lift a foot to music. As with Reagan, it was a desire to achieve a little satirical one-upmanship at the gibes of a fraternity of political reporters—the local Inner Circle Club—that brought the Mayor onstage, and, in his case, led to his present proficiency. In each of his years at City Hall, he has delivered at the end of the reporters' annual show, with members of a hit Broadway musical backing him up, a song-and-dance rebuttal in a performance directed by Patricia Reed Scott, a longtime member of his press-office staff, who for some years had a cabaret act with George Segal. In 1983, Koch appointed Mrs. Scott director of the city's Office of Film, Theatre, and Broadcasting, but she continues to be available to help the Mayor with his requisite numbers at Inner Circle time. The spectacle of the Mayor of the city doing a high kick is now such a familiar one here that there is some danger that future New York voters could consider a mayoral candidate who cannot do a credible vaudeville turn to be lacking in a vital credential. It is true that some of Koch's Inner Circle appearances have had political repercussions. Five years ago, his appearance with the cast of "Ain't Misbehavin'," in which he wore an Afro and sang a song about how just putting on the black wig made him feel more like a reckless spender of public funds, caused Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, the city's most prominent black politician, to leave the premises. Last year, joined by the cast of "My One and Only," Koch appeared as a park statue, wearing a gold-spangled stretch suit and with a mechanical pigeon on his head which flapped its wings when he pulled a string—an event that has since provided handy back-talk material for his political opponents. A few weeks ago, after Bellamy, Koch's chief rival in the mayoral race, urged him to appoint a commission with subpoena powers to look into the proliferation of police-brutality charges in the city, his response was that she would apparently do anything for publicity—a remark that laid him wide open to the rejoinder from the Bellamy camp that this judgment had come from a man who once posed with a mechanical pigeon on his head.

Although the reviews of Koch's Inner Circle performances have generally been favorable, none have been hailed as such a significant political event as Nancy Reagan's performance in 1982, when many Americans were suffering in the national recession and the First Lady was under attack for appearing to flaunt a life of unseemly opulence; even ardent Reagan supporters had suggested that she would be well advised to stop acting like Marie Antoinette. In a surprise appearance at the Gridiron Club dinner, she made fun of herself, singing, to the tune of "Second Hand Rose," about the secondhand clothes she would now be forced to wear. ("Even though they tell me that I'm no longer queen, did Ronnie have to buy me that sewing machine?") This self-mocking performance was hailed by many of the reporters and public officials on hand as having as good as disarmed critics of the high-living Reagan style. In a demonstration of the degree to which politics is now seen as being in partnership with show business, Daniel Boorstin, the historian and Librarian of Congress, compared her performance, according to the Washington *Post*, to William Jennings Bryan's fabled Cross of Gold speech at the 1896 Democratic Convention and called the First Lady's act "one of the most brilliant events in American political history."

IT is not only in connection with subjects that lend themselves to song-and-dance treatment, of course, that a knowledge of show-business techniques can be politically useful. In an effort to rescue the President in the crisis over his visit to Germany last month, the *Times* columnist William Safire, who as a corporate public-relations man staged the 1960 "kitchen debate" in Moscow between Nikita Khrushchev and Richard Nixon, laid out a virtual scenario for Reagan in his column, including suggested quotations from the diary of Anne Frank. Some readers were reminded of the old



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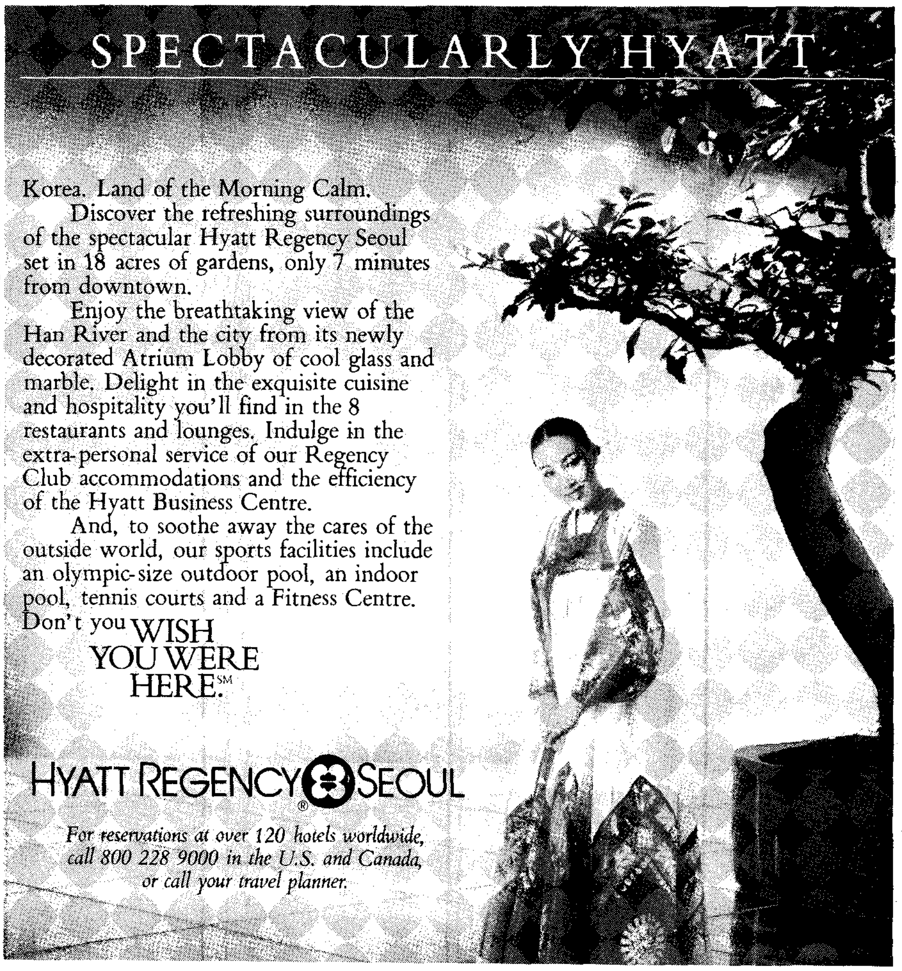

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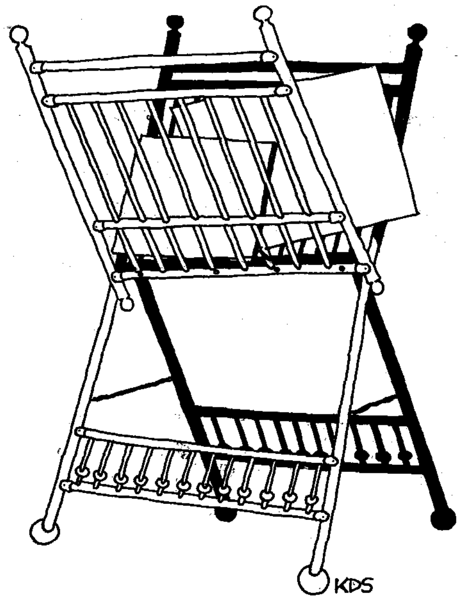
Bob Newhart skit in which Abraham Lincoln's public-relations consultants try to set up a photo opportunity showing the President writing the Gettysburg Address. ("The shawl, Abe! How many times do I have to remind you about the shawl?") Reagan followed some of Safire's advice at Bergen-Belsen, and the columnist then wrote a rave review of his performance. Not all attempts to stage public events work out as planned. A couple of weeks ago, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, who may be interested in running for governor next year against Mario Cuomo, held a one-day hearing in the State Office Building here on the subject of brutality in the New York City police force. Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward was the first witness. Goodman had with him in his briefcase a stun gun, which emits electrical charges that can burn human flesh. Accounts of how police officers in the 106th Precinct, in Queens, now routinely referred to as "the Torture Precinct," had used stun guns to force confessions from suspects in minor drug busts had been on the front pages for weeks, and five policemen from the 106th were under indictment. Pictures of the burly Commissioner with the stun gun in his hand would be a surefire scene on the evening news. Ward, however, declined to play his assigned role. As Goodman pulled the stun gun out of his briefcase, Ward said, "What are you going to do with that? You're not giving it to me. Barnum & Bailey is up the street." Afterward, Goodman told reporters that the city government was not facing up to the salient issue: the need for management changes that would prevent police brutality. It is most often the challengers, or putative challengers, who call for a discussion of more serious matters and the darker implications thereof, rather than the incumbents, who denounce the issue-raisers as spoilsports, party-poopers, breast-beaters, gloom-and-doomers, and other no-fun characters. After all, the incumbents' traditional role is to spread the word about how everything is flourishing in the world they are in charge of. Even if they can't dance, it helps if they are adept at one-liners, winks, and stick-with-me-kid smiles, which play so well on the soft-shoe circuit. Even in non-election years, New York's Mayor is celebrated for emphasizing the positive. When party-pooping City Hall reporters suggest that everything isn't quite as rosy as he's painting it, he says, "You don't expect me to call a press conference to announce *bad* news, do you?" In a joint appearance with Governor Cuomo this spring, Koch expounded to the crowd at length about how well everything was going in the city, and especially how everything was "booming and zooming" in Queens, which was the borough they were in. "I hate to see him when he's down like this," said Cuomo.

CHARLES STROUSE, the composer and lyricist for "Mayor, the Musical"—which contains not a single line from "Mayor" the memoir, and can't make Koch nearly as rich, since there are only three hundred seats in the house—has explained that since he wanted to be fair in an election year he had intended to offer a relatively evenhanded version of the Koch City Hall. The intention largely foundered, because the central character, as he is played by Lenny Wolpe, who once appeared on Broadway as Mr. Dick in a musical version of "David Copperfield," is presented as egocentric ("Why should I deny you me?" is his message to New York voters) but also, noted Frank Rich, the *Times* drama reviewer, as "cuddly." Even Koch's most devout admirers have never described him as Mr. Cuddlesome. There are frequent references in the show to the good times that have overtaken New York in the Koch era, but the point is also made that the beneficiaries of the good times are mainly the rich and the real-estate owners, who are described as "working hand in pocket with the city." A nether side of the Koch domain is offered—way down nether in the subway. (Naturally, Bernhard Goetz does not go unmentioned.) Probably the harshest treatment is meted out to the real-estate baron Harry Helmsley and his wife, Leona. "Don't encourage him!" cries Leona when her husband hands a homeless man a very small coin. Carol Bellamy is treated as a plausible mayoral candidate. ("It's time to go," she sings to Koch. "You're not the mayor until you show that you care.") In real life, she often describes him as "dancing around the issues." In the show, the character of the tap-dancing mayor is not entirely spared. ("See, teen-age thugs are dealing drugs, see our Mayor with a case of smugs.") There is a line about child abuse and how hard it is to get City Hall to answer the phone on the subject. Writing in the *Post*, which, Koch declares in the show, "likes me the most," Clive Barnes identified such unjolly touches in a generally jolly show as "nearly false notes." In those terms, the falsest note of all comes near the end, when Koch is visited in a dream by Fiorello LaGuardia, who he often says is the mayor he would most like to be compared to. "Something's missing, Ed," LaGuardia says, and reminds him that "this is a town of immigrants"—as it has always been—"from the South and across the sea," and that he had better wake up and "listen." On opening night, Koch appeared onstage with the cast and—possibly not having listened to every word—said he had loved the show from beginning to end. When he was asked about the scenes that suggested he was mostly sympathetic to the rich and the propertied, he said, "Oh, but nobody believes that."



Even when a show is going very well—as Koch's reëlection effort is surely going these days—a performer sometimes enjoys the novelty of taking it on the road. On May 7th, right after the big Vietnam veterans' parade down Broadway to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War, Koch left for Israel to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War. The Israeli government paid all the expenses of Koch and an aide; the cost of two bodyguards was charged to the city. The stay in Israel was not without mishap. When Koch was twenty minutes late for an appointment with President Chaim Herzog, Herzog cancelled the meeting. Although Koch explained that he had been held up by Prime Minister Shimon Peres, who was "interested in my comments,"

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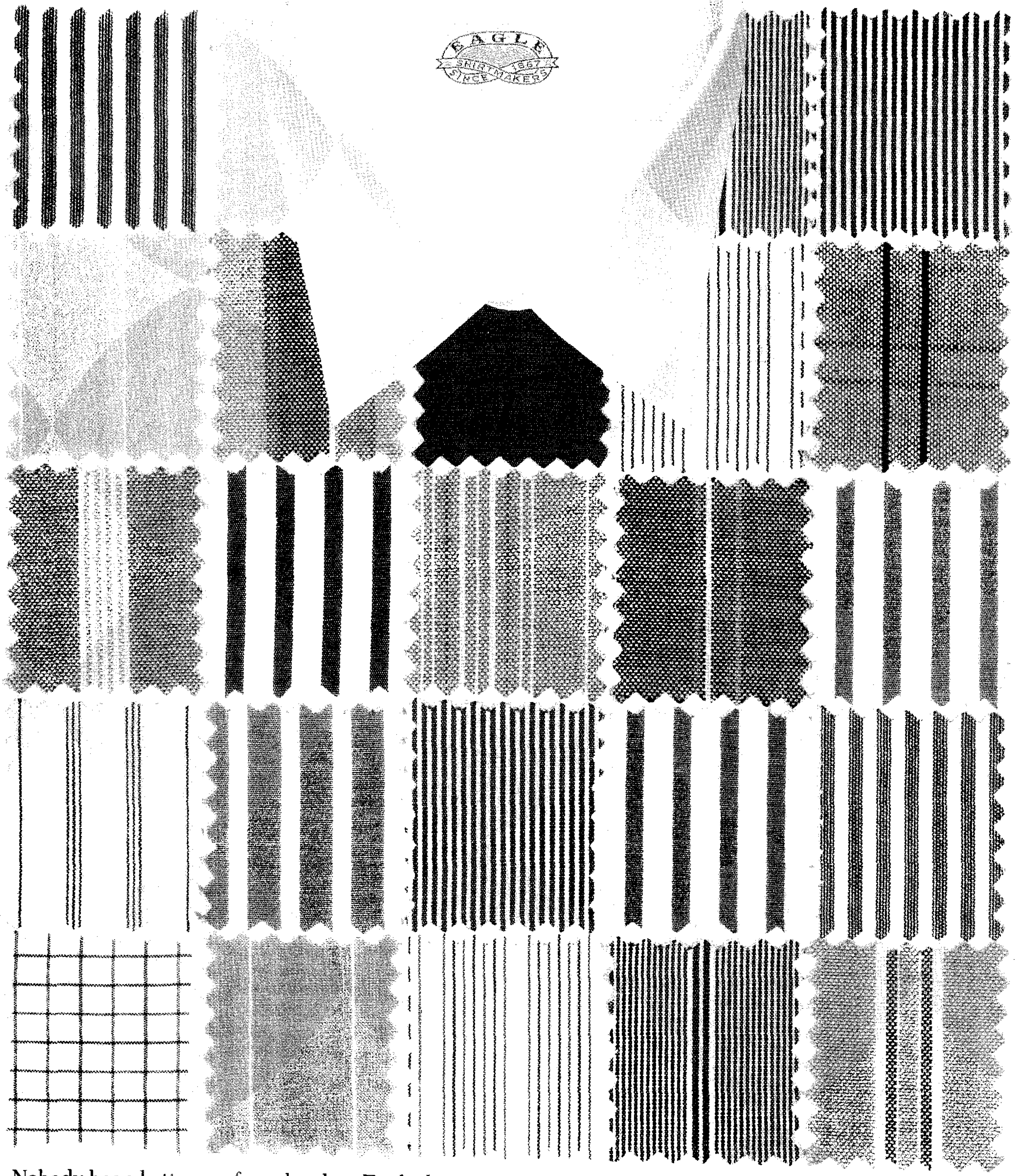

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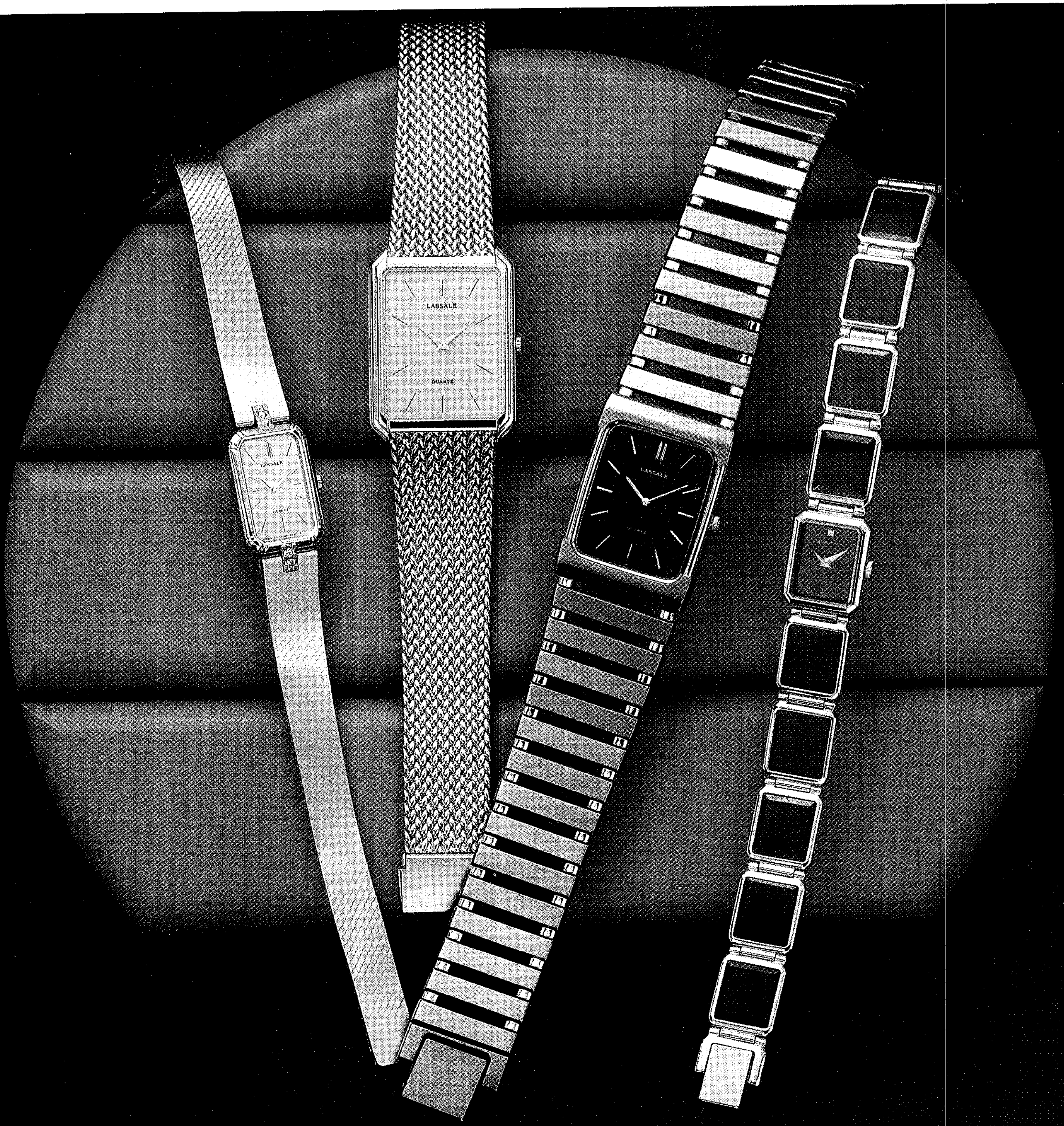

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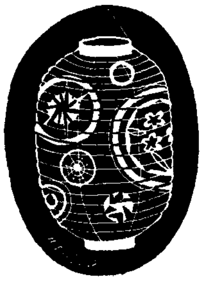
Herzog told the Mayor later, at a ceremony, "I hope that you are more prompt when you have to meet Reagan. After all, he is not Jewish." Koch explained that he couldn't be a referee between Presidents and Prime Ministers—"I got my own problems." Still, it never hurts for a candidate for office in New York to visit Israel—or, for that matter, the Vatican. Koch returned from Israel in time to attend the opening of "Mayor, the Musical," and ten days later he left for Rome, to be present at the elevation of New York's Archbishop John O'Connor to cardinal. (O'Connor, no slouch himself as a public performer, explained before he left that being a cardinal should make his voice stronger in New York, "the media capital of the world.") The Mayor had not been among the officials originally announced as attending the elevation. A few days after the list was published, however, he encountered the Archbishop at the dedication of a Bronx housing project for senior citizens and afterward announced that he would be going to Rome. As he explained matters, he had not asked to be invited. "I indicated great joy at his elevation and how much I would look forward to seeing it happen." The invitation had then come "simultaneously," he said. From Rome, he provided on-the-spot commentary several times a day for local television stations, which showed him moving around among hundreds of New Yorkers who had also travelled to Rome for the event, "working the crowd," as one commentator described his performance in St. Peter's Square. Since he was representing the city at the Vatican, all the expenses of his party were paid by the city. Local politicians, especially in an election year, do their best to get to the three "I"s—Israel, Italy, and Ireland—in honor of three of the city's largest ethnic voting blocs. By good fortune, Koch, who has already raised over three million dollars for his reëlection race, had—in another dramatic demonstration of incumbent advantage—been able to visit two of the three at no cost to his campaign. "I'm still Jewish," Koch assured reporters on his return, although he had commented in Rome, "I've gone to Mass more in the last week than to synagogues all last year." Indeed, he had scarcely left the new Cardinal's side during his stay in Italy. "The Cardinal and the Mayor sometimes sound like a great vaudeville team," wrote Charles W. Bell, the religion editor of the *News*, in a dispatch from Rome, and he mentioned that as Koch sat in the front row, waiting for O'Connor to say Mass in an ancient Roman church, the new Cardinal told the congregation, "He knows a great deal about ruins. After all, he's got the subways."



When Koch said in Israel, "I got my own problems," he must have known that there would be quite a few waiting for him here when his travels finally ended. Three days before he left for the Vatican, a preliminary hearing was held in the trial of a local police sergeant who had shot a Queens woman to death after a minor traffic accident. It has seemed that every few days this spring another member of the New York Police Department has been arrested or indicted for the beating up, running down, or shooting of a civilian, often with fatal results. During the Mayor's trip to Italy, a special Bronx grand jury released a report on the treatment of children in the city who are the victims of child abuse—a crime that, like police brutality, is increasingly becoming a symbol of the contrast between the cheery photo opportunities that daily assure New Yorkers of City Hall's concern for them and the cruelty and heedlessness that individuals may encounter when they are face to face with representatives of the same government. The day after the Mayor's return, the head of the city's Office of Special Services for Children, which is charged with protecting children formally reported to have been abused, usually by their parents or other relatives, told reporters that eight such children had died of abuse or neglect since the beginning of the year, and added, "Is it anybody's expectation that the agency is going to stop the death of children?" A special Bronx grand jury had been empanelled last year after a series of tragedies involving the Office of Special Services for Children, in which a deputy supervisor, Irwin Levin, had fought to get his superiors to act in time to save twenty-two children who he knew were at risk. By the time bureaucratic attention was paid, nine of the children had died, and Levin had been demoted, fined, and transferred on the ground that he had broken city rules

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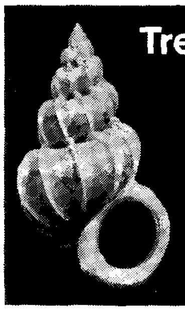
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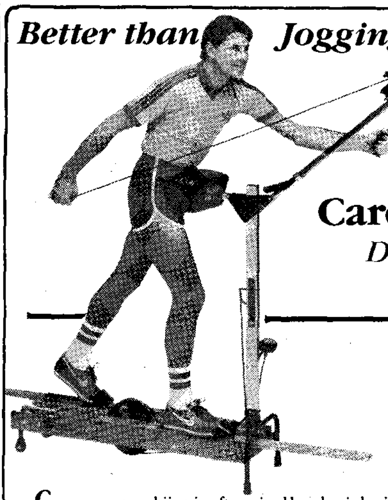

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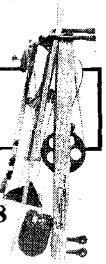

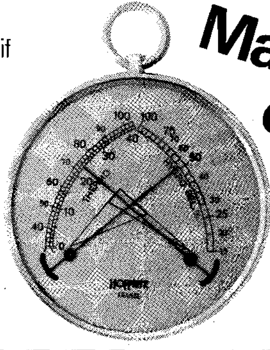

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by violating the confidentiality of the children and their families. Eventually, after repeated questioning by the City Hall press corps as to the justice of such punishment, the Mayor reinstated him with back pay. Now, demonstrating that the entertainment world attends to the drama as well as the vaudeville of government, CBS has an option to make a television film about Levin's lonely fight. There is now even a possibility of a love-interest angle. Along the way, the fifty-three-year-old Levin fell in love with Isabelle Nadelman, a business associate of the film's producer. Among the guests at the wedding were Bruce Lambert, Jr., City Hall bureau chief of *Newsday*, who had been one of the reporters who had helped Levin get reinstated, and other officials who had fought along with him. (Now there's a finale for you.) The television drama will not provide any suitable vignettes for a Koch music-video commercial, and it will presumably offer a relatively favorable view of Carol Bellamy, who tried to get the Koch administration to listen to Levin—but then it is not likely to reach the screen until sometime after the election. Meanwhile, Bellamy, evidently sensing that show business may be the only way to go, has already made a foray into that world. She rode the lead elephant, Susie, through the Queens-Midtown Tunnel and the streets of Manhattan to the opening performance of the circus at Madison Square Garden. (Some things do not change.) On being asked if this wasn't a publicity stunt, she said, "If the elephant needs publicity, I'm very happy to help her out." —ANDY LOGAN

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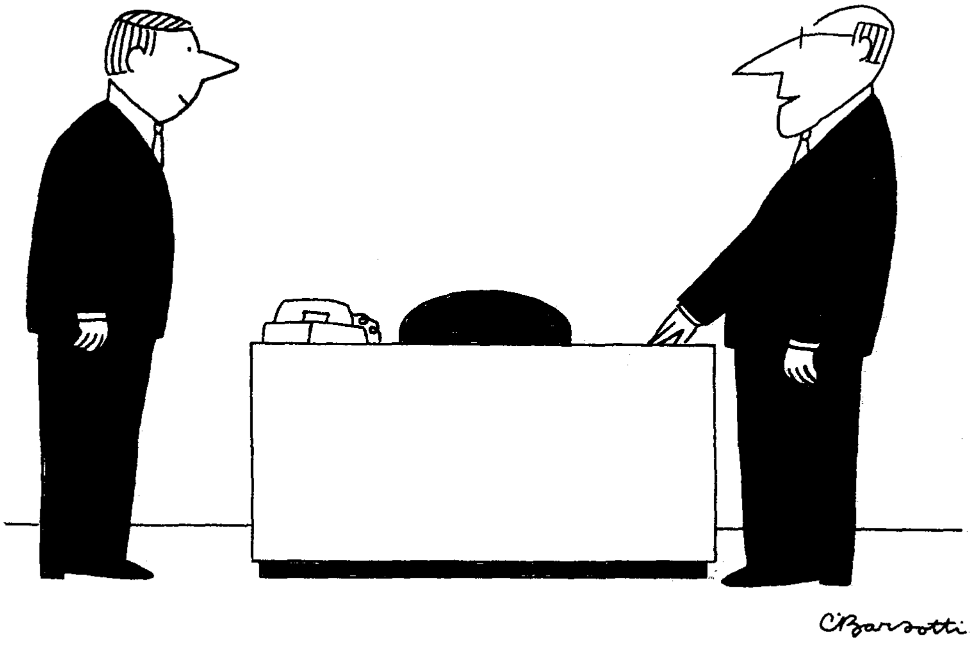
DANCING

The Fire This Time

THE revival of "Firebird" by New York City Ballet brings back a famous décor, by Marc Chagall, and a famous piece of choreography—the role of the Firebird as set by George Balanchine for Maria Tallchief. Chagall's designs, originally executed in 1945, are among his most successful works for the theatre. His enchanted forest has an iridescent glow that matches the colors in the music, and there has never been anything in this repertory—or in many another—to equal the impact of the vibrant ruby reds in the throne room when, to the spaced hymnlike chords of the finale, the curtain rushes up and reveals them. There are also two frontcloths painted with themes and motifs from the ballet and from Chagall's imaginary world; these have not lost their fascination. Chagall's fantasyland and Balanchine's choreography were not created together, and there has always been a degree of tension between them. Balanchine in 1949 took over the décor from its owner, S. Hurok, and staged within it a likable but disconcertingly whimsical and modest little ballet. The staging expressed not a personal vision so much as the lack of one; Balanchine appeared to be saying that this wasn't, of course, *his* ballet—it was Fokine's and Stravinsky's, and now it was Chagall's, too. The only part of the show that seemed to interest him deeply was the ballerina role, but even the Firebird, even in 1949, was not a Balanchinean conception. Chagall's view of this mythological creature takes several forms; Balanchine ignored them all and presented Tallchief straight out as a virtuoso ballerina in a flame-red tutu. This was also the conception embodied in Diaghilev's revival of 1926, with the Gontcharova sets and costumes—the revival repudiated by Fokine. Fokine saw his creation (which had had overtones of the bayadère) reduced to a "ballerina stereotype." Balanchine, however, filled the stereotype with new content. The Firebird of the fifties danced steps that could never have been imagined in 1926. In Tallchief's depiction, the element of fire was conveyed by bravura—by qualities of force and speed in her technique, of intensity in her temperament.

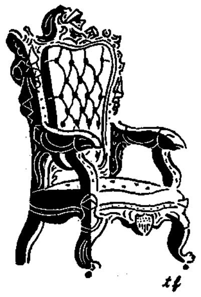
In 1970, Balanchine redid the ballet as an extravaganza, with new choreography, enlarged sets, and costumes based by Karinska on Chagall's drawings. One of these, showing the Firebird in a short gold tunic with panniered wings jutting from her hips and a little cockade trimmed with a spray of feathers on her head, inspired the costume for Gelsey Kirkland. Her dances were filled with dainty beats and with jumps of all kinds, notably gargouillades. Balanchine was evidently searching for something different from the demonic strength he had found in Tallchief; he wanted an airy, impersonal, twinkling Firebird. I don't think he got it, but in any case the Kirkland version of the role was soon eliminated and a whole new set of characteristics was introduced. The dancer (Karin von Aroldingen) was now tall and statuesque. The costume was a long gown of mottled blue-and-white silk with big white wings sticking out of the shoulders and a train trailing behind. It was another Chagall inspiration, but it was not a dance costume, and comparatively static choreography was designed to accommodate it. When Kyra Nichols took the part, she was given an all-gold version of this confining outfit. "The Firebird," said Balanchine, "is *zhar:* incandescent, gold, like the sun." And that was his last word on the subject.

The music for Balanchine's ballet is the "ballet suite" arranged by Stravinsky, some seventeen minutes shorter than the original score. The current production includes the Firebird's waltz variation (she goes straight into it on entering, without first crossing and recrossing the stage, as in the Fokine version), her pas de deux with Prince Ivan, and her long solo in the Lullaby—all this in the Tallchief choreography of 1949—together with the Scherzo and Round Dance of the Maidens, the monster scene, and the finale, all from the revival of 1970. What with Stravinsky's musical cuts, the ballet resembles more than ever the "Highlights from 'Firebird' " that it always essentially was. The monster scene has choreography by Jerome Robbins in his best musical-comedy tradition—lively, detailed, satirical. At its height, the Firebird appears, thrown upward from the center of a huddling group and holding high the sword with which the Prince will kill the enchanter Kastchei. As the music continues to build, she makes her exit in a circle of ever-higher split jetés. This passage was created for Kirkland; Tallchief's exit was a streaking series of déboulés. The original Balanchine version followed the original Fokine in making the Firebird the only character who dances on point. As a magical benevolent being, she opposes the magical evil being Kastchei, who at the sound of the climactic ostinato in the Infernal Dance rises onto his toes and scuttles sidewise in diabolical bourrées. In 1970, the Princess and the Maidens were also put on point. It makes a difference in the spirited Scherzo but none whatever in the grounded steps of the Round Dance. (Is this the reason, perhaps,



"And this will be your new home."

that Balanchine's 1970 Round Dance is less inspired than his 1949 one? With no apparent motive, he appears to have changed it for change's sake.) The fact that the Princess now appears on point, however, strengthens her identification with the Firebird and suggests a duality similar to that depicted in the two-headed Bird-Bride creature who appears on Chagall's first frontcloth. And the duality is borne out at the end of the ballet, when the cast takes its bows and the Prince is flanked by the Firebird, in her flame-red costume, and the Princess, in her garnet-and-ruby velvet gown. If you are lucky, you see Lourdes Lopez as the Firebird and Hélène Alexopoulos as the Princess—two handsome brunettes of Chagallian sensuousness. What it all means, though, should not be thought about too deeply, at least from Balanchine's standpoint. If the Firebird and the Princess are "sisters," surely it's because all the women in every Balanchine ballet are sisters. His work is innocent of psychology, and he has always been uneasy with symbolism. For Balanchine, ballet deals in hard reality: what you see is what you get. Interviewed by Nancy Reynolds for the book "Repertory in Review," he came down heavily on the idea of "Firebird" as a ballet: "Right from the beginning, it didn't work. You can never make it convincing that the ballerina really is fire—she's just a dancer in a red tutu."



The two characteristics that are immediately striking in Tallchief's role are its variety and its womanliness. The dynamic variety of the pas de deux—the push-pull oppositions of the bird's struggle with her captor, the taut and then the loosened, relaxed line of her poses as she coils about him—is derived from Fokine. But the rhythmic drama of these dynamics seems to me pure Balanchine: the way the tensions shift to the music, following it like light in a dark tunnel. A sharp turn, a convoluted one, a spasmodic one may be followed by a full recovery on balance; a delicate flutter is the preamble to a direct rush. Then, there is the wide-ranging vocabulary. The bird's strategy (for it is she who dominates the pas de deux) is devious, "Oriental;" step by step, she pits her strength and cunning against the man's. The step that does it best, for me, is the lunge on point braced by him from behind. This pose, with the legs in profile and the torso turned front, seems to *say* "strength and cunning." It's related to the wonderful moment that comes when the bird is completely lulled and bound over to the man—when, again standing on point and braced from behind, her arms intertwined with his, she slowly and deeply bends and straightens both knees together, moving her body in a languorous S-curve. (And isn't *that* related to the "Oriental" pas de deux in "Symphony in Three Movements"?) A couple of times, the bird flies at the Prince, feet first through the air, like a deadly projectile. Another time, held by one hand, body arched and fully extended in a split, she is swung around and around by him in a huge circle. These acrobatic-adagio effects, souvenirs of the night clubs that New York was then full of, are what Balanchine would have called "calculated vulgarity." The instant or two of flashiness that they supply are immensely invigorating to the ballerina's classical demeanor, like the rippling "Hindu" port de bras that Balanchine also gives her at one point. If the Firebird is not made of fire, perhaps she is made of mercury. She is many beasts, shapes, and colors. She is bird but also cobra and jaguar. She is woman, not girl, and for this reason we may see the encounter with the young Prince as a sexual one, providing for him a rite of initiation, for her a lesson in tenderness. In his subsequent revisions, Balanchine steered away from the "woman" aspect of the Firebird; he may have felt that he had closed that chapter with Tallchief. The Firebird was only the most spectacular of the roles that Balanchine made for her—roles that in many instances were reconceived versions of the canonical ballerina roles. Tallchief was also Balanchine's Odette, his Sugar Plum, his Sylphide, his Raymonda. She was "woman in ballet," and she became herself the ballerina archetype of her generation.

The Firebird's choreography is still difficult. The balance is often off center, with the upper body canted far forward or backward over the points. Step follows step without pause in a continual, scrolling Art Nouveau line. It doesn't look old-fashioned—not when one thinks that it is now nearly as old as Fokine's choreography was when it was made. Lopez, the ballerina who fits into it best, was given one performance, impressive in every way but somewhat too cautious. She needs to show more freedom of accent, more relish. Joseph Duell was a strong and serious Ivan. He understood the naïveté of the character and only once failed to project it—in the monster scene. The production was directed by Robbins; Violette Verdy, Rosemary Dunleavy, Francisco Moncion (Tallchief's Ivan), and Tallchief herself all had a hand in the reconstruction. The Firebird costume, beautifully cut, with a small tutu, was supervised by Dain Marcus.

As the Raymonda of the fifties, Tallchief appeared in "Pas de Dix," a reduced version of the Hungarian suite in Act III of "Raymonda." In the seventies, Balanchine did this one over again, too, creating a longer and grander work and using a full complement of the forces that are traditional to the ballet. "Cortège Hongrois," also revived this season, gives us Balanchine's mind at work on preëxisting material that he obviously cared for a good deal. He didn't have to reckon with alien and intractable conceptions or with painters' images that clouded his vision. As always in his after-Petipa pieces, his method is clear-sighted and touched with divination. "Cortège Hongrois" has a corporate bulge and sheen. It's the most "Maryinsky" of his various versions of these third-act dances; some of it even evokes the Kirov, and pointedly, too. I am thinking not of the overblown pas de deux (the resemblance to Kirov Petipa is here quite unconscious, it seems to me) but of the grand adagio, which is done from start to finish by eight ensemble couples in unison. Kirov practice (reflected in the Baryshnikov version at American Ballet Theatre) has the adagio performed by the principal couple in concert with the eight couples of the ensemble. The difference isn't a major one; it's just Balanchine's way of announcing that *his* ensemble doesn't need stars fronting for it. Another, more important difference is his insistence on up-tempo performance; there are none of those frozen-on-the-brink relevés-passés so dear to the hearts of A.B.T. ballerinas. But N.Y.C.B. might well relax its vigilance slightly in the ballerina's czardas variation; it was so brisk the night I saw it that Kyra Nichols couldn't get any mileage out of its meandering phrases or much contrast out of its terse ones.

Among other revivals—if by "revival" we mean the return of a work that has been out of repertory two years or more—we have "La Valse" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Unlike "Firebird" and "Cortège Hongrois," these are pure Balanchine ballets; though "La Valse" may derive from "Cotillon," which had a book by Boris Kochno, and though "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has a book by William Shakespeare, we have no doubt that it is Balanchine who has created the poetic worlds we enter. And how securely he shapes those worlds, defines those characters, directs their destinies. I suggest that people who know Balanchine only as a master of abstract ballets study his work here and see for themselves what a great storyteller he was. I have my reservations about the way certain of the male roles in these ballets have been cast, but male casting has become a general problem in this company, and meanwhile there can be nothing but praise for the performances of Nichols and Suzanne Farrell as the heroine of "La Valse," for Maria Calegari and Darci Kistler as Titania, and for Judith Fugate and Stacy Caddell as Hermia. But Hermia's solo is becoming too gestural, and losing dance momentum. And what about that second-act set? It's as ugly as the Chagall throne room is beautiful.

Did the Chagall-Dufy-Bemelmans era of set design know something that we don't? Ballet Theatre's revival of Antony Tudor's "Dim Lustre" (1943) includes the original décor by Motley. This should have been interesting; instead it looked like a page torn out of a fashion magazine of the period. Chandeliers are painted in white dots on a borscht-colored background; floating in front of it are ballgowns and tuxedos in solid colors like écru and coral and apricot and maroon. The principals are in white. As for the choreography, it's so notional that it would have driven Balanchine crazy (and maybe did, when he had it in repertory back in the sixties): the lead couple at a ball keep having blackouts and going back into the past. The irregular timing of these flashbacks in relation to the episodic score (Strauss's "Burleske") is the chief point of interest for me. The flashbacks themselves are like movies I'd rather not see again. Come to think of it, so is the whole ballet.

—Arlene Croce

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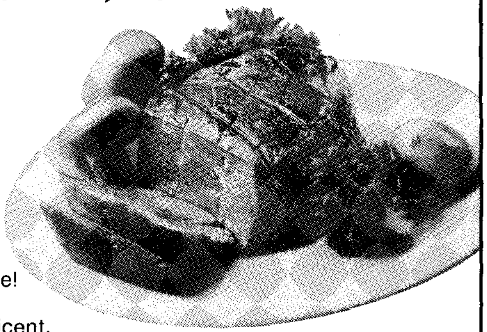

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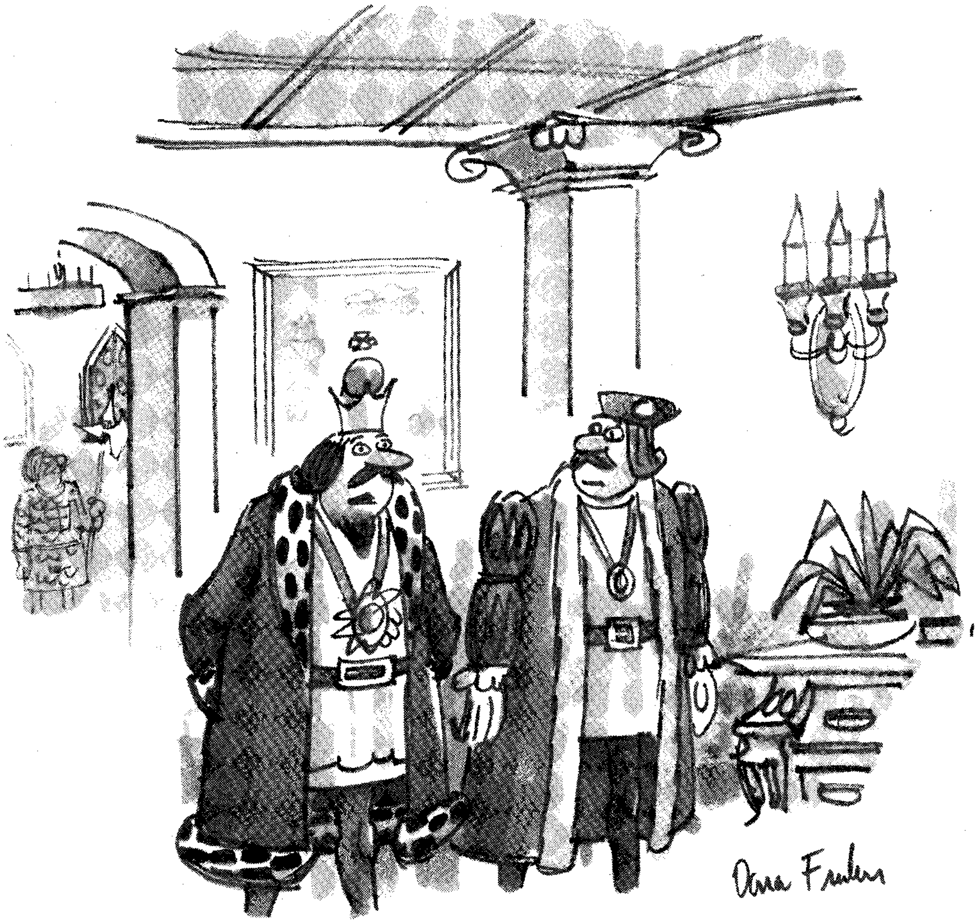
MUSICAL EVENTS

O Glad, Exulting Song

Lawrence Kramer's "Music and Poetry: The Nineteenth Century and After" (University of California Press) is an intelligent, perceptive, and elegantly disciplined investigation into ways that poetry and music affect readers and listeners. The study grew from the author's conviction that "the way I read certain poems was intimately bound up with the way I heard certain pieces of music." Kramer is well-read, "well-heard," and persuasive. His book runs from Wordsworth and Beethoven to John Ashbery and Elliott Carter, and their "Syringa." Using, and adapting, some approaches more familiar in literary than in music criticism, he pursues analogies and also the direct confrontation of the two arts when they are brought together in song. Recurrent names are Walt Whitman and Wallace Stevens, two poets who were much concerned with the effects of music and with "musical effects" achievable by verse. Kramer is both a critic and a composer: his song cycle "That Music Always Round Me," for tenor and piano, was performed at Bard College in April and (again billed as a "world première") in Merkin Hall in May. It is a setting of three Whitman poems: "I Hear America Singing," "Dirge for Two Veterans," and "That Music Always Round Me." The first song begins with wide, open sonorities, defining a space that is gradually filled, texturally and rhythmically, as the poet catalogues the "varied carols" rising from carpenter, mason, boatman, woodcutter, plowboy, mother, young wife at work, girl sewing or washing. The "Dirge" is one of the "Drum-Taps" poems, its scene a double funeral, of father and son, beneath a moon like "some mother's large transparent face." Kramer's setting makes mimetic use of "the great drums pounding, and the small drums steady whirring," and the "coming full-key'd bugles," but does so in no obvious way: the beats and calls are transmuted into musical imagery. In the last song the singer threads a free, rhapsodic line, almost as if improvising his commentary, through long, surging, ebbing and flowing but unbroken music—music that sounds big, brave, and sonorous independently of the vocal line.



"On the one hand, I know I could make more money if I left public service for the private sector, but, on the other hand, I couldn't chop off heads."

There are dozens—probably hundreds—of Whitman settings: inspired ones by Delius, Vaughan Williams, Roger Sessions, Carter, and Hans Werner Henze. Rutland Boughton and Arthur Bliss, Carl Ruggles and Ned Rorem, Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Coleridge-Taylor, Holst and Hindemith, Charles Villiers Stanford, Franz Schreker, and Othmar Schoeck have set Whitman. He's a poet that (like Vaughan, Herrick, Milton, Pope) I first met in music, piping his verses well before I read them unclad in harmonies other than their own. Whitman, along with James Fenimore Cooper (whom Schubert read avidly, whose "The Bravo" Wagner borrowed from his stepdaughter when in need of light reading) and Mark Twain, provided the European's romantic vision of America. It's a vision still recapturable, even in days when "Dallas" and "Dynasty" are the images of America propagated abroad. Whitman's range is wide. He didn't only sing in exuberant celebration or exhortation. What he wrote in 1865, on seeing Union soldiers returned from Southern prison camps, sounded echoes in 1945, and again this year when 1945 was recalled:

> Can those be *men*—those little livid brown, ash-streak'd, monkey-looking dwarfs?—are they really not mummied, dwindled corpses? . . . *Probably no more* appalling sight was ever seen on this earth. (There are deeds, crimes, that may be forgiven, but this is not among them. It steeps its perpetrators in blackest, escapeless, endless damnation.)

Rorem in the powerful, chilling, tender cycle "War Scenes"—dedicated "to those who died in Vietnam, both sides," during the ten days of 1969 in which he composed it—found song for this side of Whitman. (There is a recording on Desto.) Sessions in the great requiem "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"—dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert F. Kennedy—sang Whitman's deep, beautiful song of healing. (There is a recording on New World.) In the very multiplicity of the musics Whitman has called

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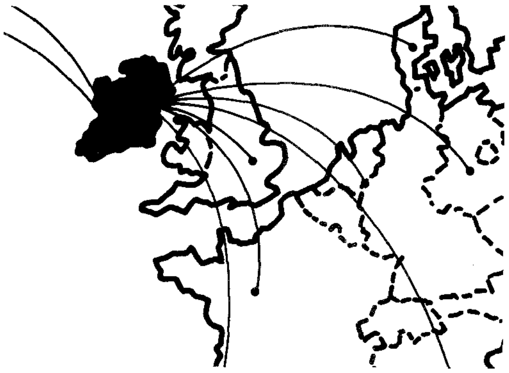

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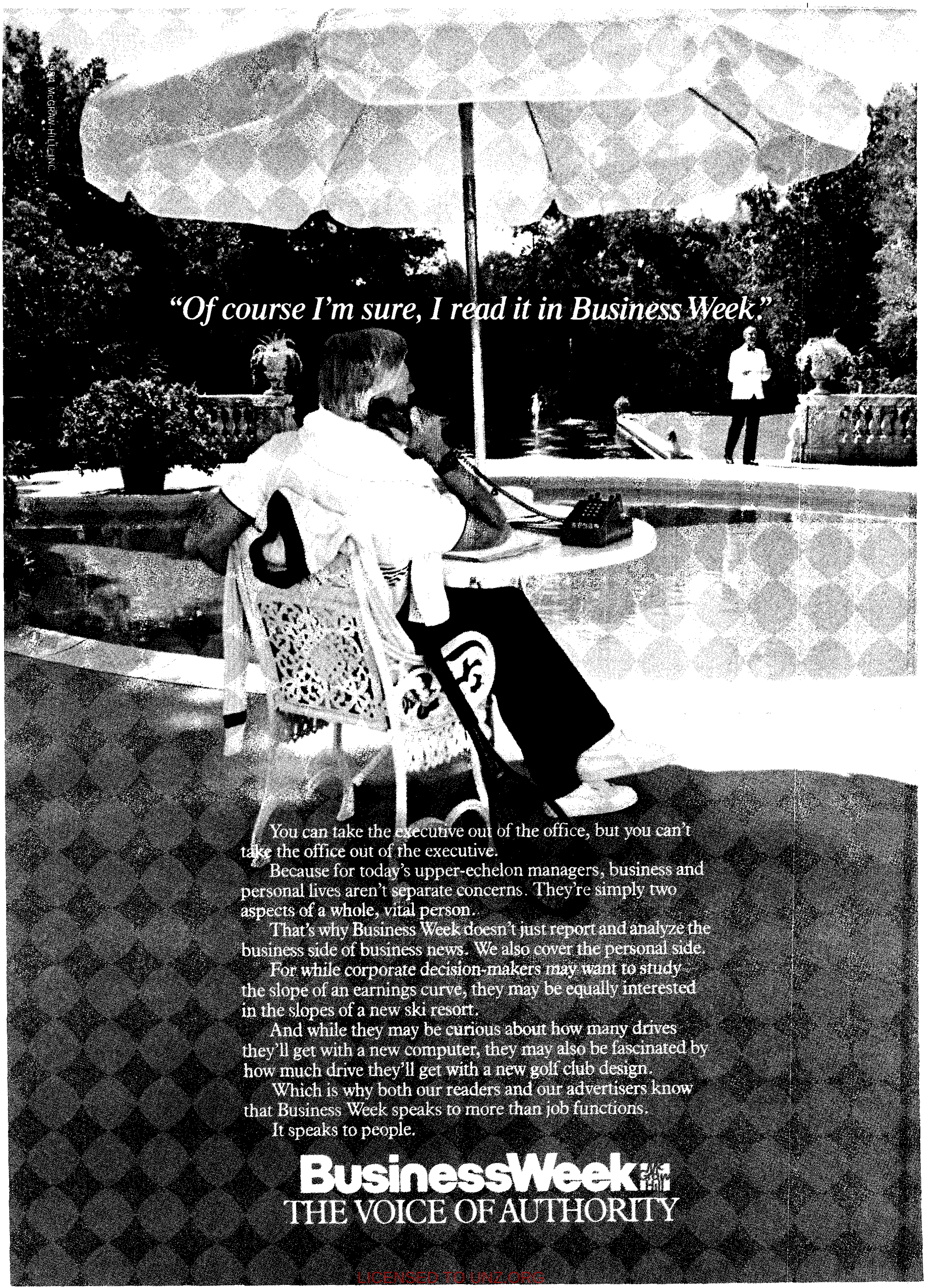
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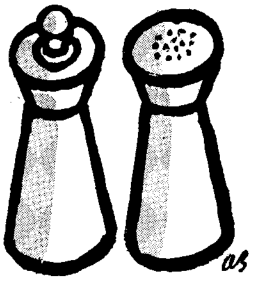
forth there is an image of his abundance. One could embark on an invocatory catalogue in his own exuberant manner. Kramer adds a new voice to the chorus: lucid, lyrical, unemphatic, quietly fervent, exact.

The songs (which I heard in Merkin Hall) were written for and were sung by Darrell Lauer, who has a small, ripe tenor and uses it with art and with charm. He gave a pleasing recital: an old-style program of carefully chosen groups in which familiar and rarer songs were mingled—each of them carefully studied, lovingly presented, and sung by heart. The first half was three songs by Beethoven, five by Brahms, and Ottavio's airs from "Don Giovanni;" the second, three of Liszt's Victor Hugo settings, the new Whitman cycle, and a clutch of ballads, including "I hear you calling me" and "Mother Machree." John McCormack seems to be Mr. Lauer's exemplar, and he's a good model. There was care for communication, feeling for line, and detailed shaping of the phrases. But by comparison with McCormack Mr. Lauer was a shade lazy-lipped; the sounds of the words (whether German, Italian, French, or English) were not always savored. Michael May was a fluent accompanist; on a smaller piano he could have played out more bravely.

TWO works performed by the Cleveland Orchestra in Cleveland this season would have been welcome in New York when the orchestra came here last month to give three concerts: Charles Wuorinen's "Movers and Shakers" and Henze's Seventh Symphony. "Movers and Shakers," which Wuorinen composed for the Cleveland Orchestra, arrives in Carnegie next March, brought by the San Francisco Symphony. Henze's new symphony had its world première, amid international publicity, in Berlin last December, and its American première, without national publicity, in Cleveland in April. (It has also been heard in Munich and Paris; Vienna and London performances are scheduled.) The programs the orchestra did bring, under its new conductor, Christoph von Dohnányi, were not exactly conventional, but they contained nothing newer than Bartók's Divertimento, composed nearly half a century ago. They closed with Brahms' First Piano Concerto, with Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, and with the "Eroica."

The Bartók was played with slightly—not much—leaner sound than it had been the day before by the Toronto Symphony, and it was not particularly exciting. Janáček's heroic tone poem, or "rhapsody for orchestra," "Taras Bulba" followed. It's a strange work, as is the epic tale by Gogol on which it is based. In the book there's a touch of Fenimore Cooper (whom Gogol admired) and the oddest mixture of rough humor, tender romance, adventure, and tragedy. Janáček's response was vivid. He composed the piece, in 1915-18, because, he said, "in the whole world there are neither fires nor tortures strong enough to destroy the strength of the Russian nation." There are three movements: the indomitable Cossack hetman Taras kills his second son, Andrei, who has fallen in love with a Polish maiden and joined forces with the Poles against his people; he witnesses the death by torture, in Warsaw, of his elder son, Ostap; and, captured by the Poles, being burned alive, he cries the words that Janáček paraphrased as his reason for composing "Taras Bulba." In Gogol—but not in Janáček—Taras continues by prophesying that one day "a czar will arise on the Russian land, and there'll be no power on earth that won't submit to him." The prophecy was quoted in the Cleveland program note, and presumably it incited the comments from the *Times* critic that "Taras Bulba" is a "noisy and tawdry essay in pre-Soviet Realism" and that Janáček "was not the first nor the last Slav to yearn for domination by Mother Russia." I don't see—or hear—how anyone familiar with the mind and thought and nobly generous personality of the composer, detester of tyranny in any form, can bring that charge. "Taras Bulba" played in Poland today could be a musical symbol of solidarity and hope. Jaroslav Vogel, Janáček's biographer, is nearer the mark when he likens the final pages to "the arch of a rainbow of peace spanning the earth" and records that "even in countries where the background . . . could not be expected to commend it to the listener," the tone poem was highly successful—"proof enough of its musical wealth and elemental expressive strength." "Taras Bulba" is no simple hymn to heroic resistance and national freedom but, like Gogol's, a complicated and not uncritical one. Andrei is beguiled into treachery not merely by love but by his glimpse of all the allurements of a life gentler and more chivalrous than the rude, hard-drinking barbarity he was raised in. And some of the most beautiful, tender music is devoted to them. The scoring is as personal and colorful as anything in Janáček. For an episode in Gogol where Andrei, on his way to his beloved, passes through a Catholic service, in all its mystic splendor, and is deeply moved by the sound of the organ, Janáček makes use of that instrument; and he brings it back to underpin the final pages. Carnegie Hall has no large pipe organ but only an electronic substitute, and the sound was not pleasant. Otherwise, the performance was stirring.



In the Brahms concerto that followed, Alfred Brendel was the soloist. His playing was active and energetic, but it wasn't really an enjoyable performance. The piano tone was shallow, clanking. It wasn't a big, warm, noble interpretation. Let me, after disagreeing with my *Times* colleague about "Taras Bulba," agree with him about Brendel: "In agitated passages he sometimes sounded like a professor angry over the loss of an umbrella rather than a heaven-storming Brahmsian."

Two questions for some chronicler of concert-hall practice to answer: When did it become the rule for the conductor of a piano concerto to tuck himself away on the far side of the piano, unable to see the soloist or the first violins except by craning over his left shoulder? And when did the current introductory rituals become standard practice? I mean expectant hush, entry of the concertmaster, applause for him, bow, public tuning session—first winds, then strings—directed by the concertmaster, entry of the conductor, more applause, acknowledgment of it, orchestra brought to its feet, more applause, resettling, and, at last, the concert. (A simplified variant of this is for the players to rise in tribute at the conductor's entrance, instead of waiting for his signal to rise and be applauded along with him.) Nothing so elaborate happened in my young days. Henry Wood, it's said, made the players file past him, each sounding his A, on their way to the platform: Concertmasters didn't make formal solo entrances and take pre-concert solo calls; tuning sessions were

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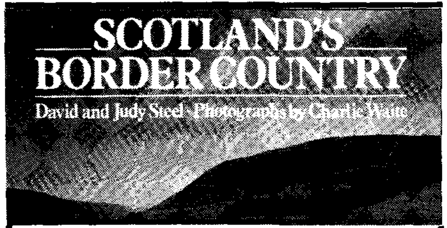
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swifter and softer. And in Sir Henry's little handbook on conducting he instructs the conductor of a piano concerto to be sure he is stationed where he can see the keyboard clearly.

The Cleveland's first concert was in Carnegie Hall. The second was in Avery Fisher Hall. It began with Ruggles' "Men and Mountains," a good, strong piece. Then Stravinsky's "Reynard," sung in French translation. (When it's not done in the language of the singers and the audience, it might as well be done in the composer's original Russian; "Reynard," he said, "is phoneme music, and phonemes are untranslatable.") It was mimed and danced by members of the Cleveland Ballet and was neatly played by an ensemble from the orchestra. But it needs a smaller hall. The third concert, back in Carnegie, began with Haydn's Symphony No. 64, subtitled on an early manuscript copy "Tempora mutantur, etc." It's certainly an extraordinary and adventurous piece, evidence of changing times; Dohnányi's performance was a little ordinary, a "Kapellmeister" performance—nothing exactly wrong and nothing memorably right. Then Schoenberg's Six Songs, Opus 8, with Anja Silja the soloist. I'm always glad to encounter Miss Silja, who made her début at fifteen, who has tackled roles from the Queen of the Night (I first heard her in that part, twenty-six years ago, when she was nineteen) to Isolde and Brünnhilde, and who has been arresting in everything she does—a magnetic performer even when her singing has been shrill or strident. In Carnegie, she was on her best vocal behavior—perhaps even too much so. The songs were sung more carefully than in her recording of them (with Dohnányi and the Vienna Philharmonic, on London) and a shade less impulsively. Next season, with Dohnányi and the Cleveland, she brings us Schoenberg's "Erwartung." Her voice still shines.

In London, with its five full-time symphony orchestras, there's usually a kind of "ranking table," its order determined largely by who "has"—who is the chief conductor of—each orchestra. (At the moment, Klaus Tennstedt has the London Philharmonic, Claudio Abbado the London Symphony, Giuseppe Sinopoli the Philharmonia—posts held before by Bernard Haitink and then Georg Solti, by André Previn, and by Riccardo Muti. The BBC Symphony gives adventurous programs; one hears

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less about the Royal Philharmonic.) Management also plays its part in making reputations: orchestras in robust financial health can attract the best players and engage eminent guest conductors. In New York, with only one full-time symphony but a splendid parade of other orchestras passing through Carnegie Hall, the league table is on a national basis, and although the positioning is usually less clear, there have been times when the Chicago under Fritz Reiner or the Cleveland under Georg Szell or the Chicago under Solti has seemed by consensus to head it. On the basis of what I've heard this season, I'd be inclined to put the Philadelphia under Muti current top—while readily admitting that scattered concerts afford but a flimsy basis for any such opinion. The Cleveland under Dohnányi has still to regain the distinction and character that the Cleveland under Szell once had. I don't have a clear idea of Dohnányi; I've not heard enough of him in basic classical repertory, and what I have heard hasn't tempted me (amid the orchestral riches offered in this city—the Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner from the world's greatest) to hear more. I first heard him conducting Schreker's "Der Ferne Klang," in Cassel, and the première of Henze's "Der Junge Lord," in Berlin, twenty years ago, and was impressed; also at the première of Henze's "The Bassarids," at Salzburg in 1966. He's probably best known for his recordings of "Wozzeck" and "Lulu," with Miss Silja their heroine. Perhaps his forte is as a champion of the new and the neglected. "Taras Bulba" was the high point of the Cleveland concerts.

—ANDREW PORTER

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CORRECTION

The ad for Huckleberry's that appeared in Wed., March 27, 1985 edition of the Lexington Herald-Leader, contained an error. The ad read: 1 Free Draft Beer to first 20 people. The ad should have read: Ask about our private catering for your Sunday or Monday Final Four Celebration in our establishment.—*Adv. in the Lexington (Ky.) Herald-Leader.*

Noted. With regret.

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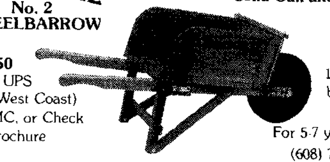

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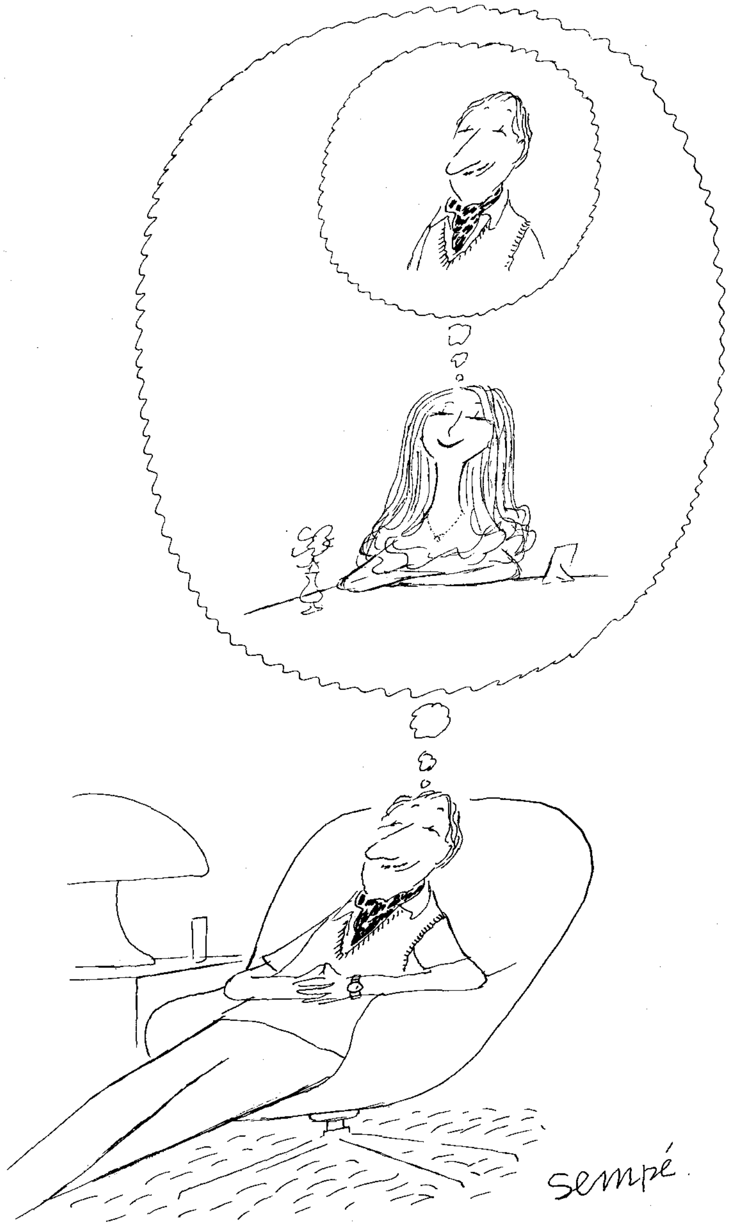
BOOKS

Climbers

“MONEY” (Viking; $16.95), the fifth novel of Martin Amis, is an old-fashioned cautionary tale got up as a swinging, funny, indecent, up-to-the-minute anti-novel. The publisher labels the book “a novel,” but Amis subtitles it “A Suicide Note.” In explaining this, he says that by the time we have read the book its hero, John Self, “will no longer exist,” and that the suicide note, if indeed that is what the book is, is addressed to us. Now and then, we are addressed directly: “If you were here now, I’d probably slip you some cash, twenty, thirty, maybe more. How much do you want? What are you having? What would you give me, sister, brother? Would you put an arm around my shoulder and tell me I was your kind of guy? I’d pay. I’d give you good money for it.” It is not the author who is talking to us but Self, as the first-person narrator. Martin Amis is a character in the book—a somewhat dour, bookish individual who meets Self in a London pub and eventually rewrites a movie script for him. They run into each other for the last time just before the end of the book, and Amis says to Self, “Hey, what are you doing here? You’re meant to be out of the picture by now.” Self shouts an obscenity at him, and Amis leaves, “woodenly, stung, scared.” Amis is saying that Self is supposed to be out of the motion picture he has been involved in for the previous three hundred and fifty pages (he is), and, more than that, he is supposed to be dead. He attempted suicide not long before, and failed. Suicide note or not, “Money” has such strength and velocity that it takes on a life of its own. It doesn’t seem to have been written. It seems to have been painted—wildly, expressionistically—and it is John Self’s pitiable, headlong picture of his obsession with money: how he loves it, how he squanders it, how it almost destroys him.



There is no plot—only various motivating tricks, some of which are not clear until the final pages. John Self is thirty-five and English-born. His mother, an American, dies when he is seven, and his ruffian English father ships him to an aunt and uncle in Trenton, where he lives until he is fifteen. He finishes growing up in and around the Shakespeare, a London pub owned by his father, and the environs help make him into the complex shambles he is—an alcoholic who is overweight, lecherous, hyperactive, gluttonous, anti-intellectual, shameless, pugnacious, and invariably likable and kind. (When he is grown, his father, a horseplayer, bills him for the cost of his childhood, which he estimates at nineteen thousand pounds.) Self does well in the advertising business in London and catches the public’s attention with some daring, tasteless commercials, and when the book opens he is about to direct his first feature film, “Good Money”—later prophetically changed to “Bad Money.” He shuttles between London, where he lives, and New York, where the film’s stars are. In London, he lives a serene, salacious life with his friend Selina Street, and in New York, when he is not tending his stars’ egos, he patronizes sex parlors, drinks and eats unimaginable amounts, suffers from cruel multiple hangovers, and does outrageous things in fashionable East Side bars and hotels. His pivot in New York is a young financier named Fielding Goodney. (Amis’s names are Dickensian inventions, modernized and consciously cheapened. Two aging film stars are Caduta Massi and Lorne Guyland, and two young stars are Butch Beausoleil—a girl—and Spunk Davis.) Goodney, who, like other people in the book, is not what he appears to be, gives Self giant checks and urges him to spend, spend, spend. Self does, until suddenly, when he charges a meal with a credit card, the waiter returns the card cut in four pieces, and the whirlwind is over.

Amis is canny and poetic about New York. He talks of the “lunchbox

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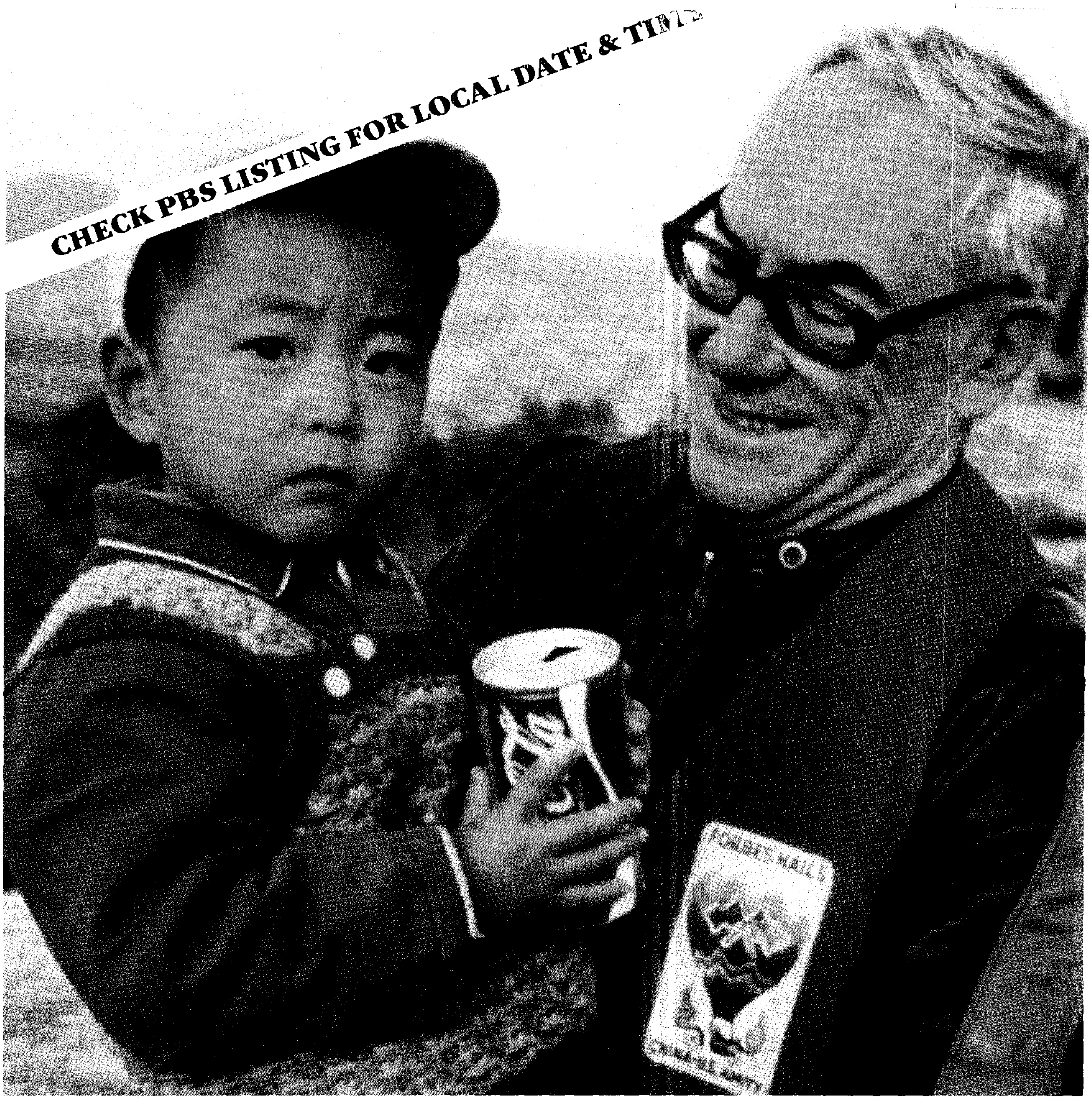
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faces and truant eyes" of men at noon on Forty-second Street, of a skyscraper "whose glassy lines climbed like a strip of film into the open blue." He describes how Self walks "across the Chelsea teen streets to Eighth, past the slumped bars in their blue or purple light, past the black antimatter recesses of heartbreak hotels (some boxy black chick doing a tough rap at the desk), and then [stands] in perfect Manhattan twilight, the air now holding its components of grey, silver and yellow." The rush of Amis's imagery, the rhythmic sentences summon up the dense, lilting, hyphenated flow of Dylan Thomas's prose. (Thomas, who seemed so ribald thirty-five years ago, is a teacake beside Amis.) But Self calms down whenever he returns to London, and he reveals to us in this passage just what kind of soul he is beneath his bluster and hysterics:

> This morning in the sunshine I saw a pale boy, three or four years old or however old kids are these days, wheeled by his father in a hoodless pram. The boy wore thick glasses with thick black rims. Like the pram the specs were cheap. Unhinged, they slipped from the child's pale ears and he groped at this thing on his face, gazing up, appealing to his father, who was thirty-odd, skinny, with long skinny hair, T-shirt, winded denims. The child's face had the gently suffering look you sometimes get among the pale, the small, the hard of seeing: he showed his milky teeth, the expression rapt, expectant, forming a rightful entreaty. The father made his brisk adjustments—not unkindly, no, not at all. The child's pale hand was raised and with its fingertips lightly steadied the darker, busier hand.

Amis has a funny ear. The bartender and chief bouncer at the Shakespeare talks:

> "I seen him in the street Sunday," said Fat Paul. "I said—Phwore! You just had a curry? He said, 'Nah. Had a curry Froyday.' I said—what you have today then? 'Free spoyce pizzas and two Choynese soups.' He's only on antiboyotics as it is, for this zit on his armpit and his impetoygo."

And Amis likes to hand on wisdom:

> You know, it takes you by surprise, how you secretly weary of the ungrown state, the childless, the childish state. A man is womanish without a woman, and vice versa. An adult is childish without a child. Kids, change, it's just the next thing, like leaving home or getting to know women and finding your own place and job and joining the dance, the lively and frightening conspiracy.

At the end, Self sits on a bench near the underground and waits for his new girl, a fat and very strong secretary named Georgina. He takes his cap off and puts it in his lap, and a passing woman throws a coin in it.

GOING from "Money" to Peter De Vries' new novel, "The Prick of Noon" (Little, Brown; $14.95), is like stepping from a riot into a stretch limo. Indeed, a stretch limo has a prominent part in the book. The hero, an undereducated pornography king named Eddie Teeters (his working name is Monty Carlo), buys a twenty-eight-foot secondhand lilac-colored limo to impress the country-club set he is trying to break into in the posh Connecticut town where he lives. He paints the name Land Yacht on its door and considers installing a Volkswagen or similar small car on its roof as a kind of dinghy or tender. The book concerns Teeters' attempts to move up from his class into that of a local beauty and bluestocking named Cynthia Pickles. De Vries' opening sentence sets the tone perfectly: "The trouble with treating people as equals is that the first thing you know they may be doing the same thing to you." Teeters' ascent is tenuous and exciting, and we do not know until the closing pages whether he will pull it off. The book limps a little at first, then abruptly takes off and lifts us again into De Vriesland, where sentences like these stand around and laugh:

> I liked Mrs. Pickles, though I wished she didn't look so much like William Powell.

> There were sounds behind the door like someone rhythmically scraping burnt toast, and then it was opened by an eighty-year-old man in a shawl given to his grandfather by Abraham Lincoln because Lincoln very much wanted him to have it, and a pair of slippers improvised out of leftover pancakes.

> The single most painful memory of my childhood was the discovery that my mother was paying the neighborhood kids to play with me.

De Vries likes to lay about him in his books at old and new idiocies, and in "The Prick of Noon" he pulverizes photography (as an art), the Moral Majority (Teeters receives an unsolicited Moral Majority membership card in the mail), rich dilettantes (the dilettante here is named Chirouble—a variation on the Beaujolais and the brothers Cheeryble in "Nicholas Nickleby"), and graphic sexual descriptions (he gives several hilarious ones). This is De Vries' twenty-second book, and it gives no indication that his vision is fading, his invention tiring, his canon cooling.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

a. ehrenberg

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

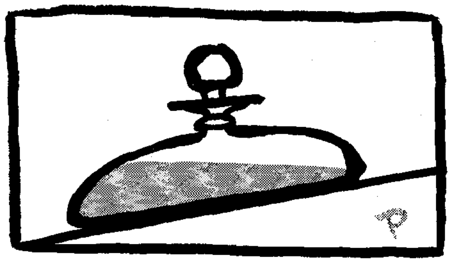
ZUCKERMAN BOUND, by Philip Roth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22.50 cloth, $9.95 paper). To the previously published short novels "The Ghost Writer," "Zuckerman Unbound," and "The Anatomy Lesson" Mr. Roth has added a bleak epilogue, "The Prague Orgy," which shows his protagonist, the American literary man Nathan Zuckerman, involved with some raffish Czech counterparts in an attempt to smuggle out of Prague a manuscript of short stories by an unknown, dead Yiddish writer. In toto, "Zuckerman Bound," subtitled "A Trilogy and Epilogue," shows the author's always ebullient invention and artful prose at their most polished and concentrated, the topic of authorship clearly being, to this author, a noble one. Described as "the American authority on Jewish demons," Zuckerman counters the pangs of apprenticeship, success, and writer's block with a mounting irritability and a frantic, hilarious, anguished eloquence that leave little air for any other characters to breathe; indeed, except as irritants and as display windows for Mr. Roth's powers of mimicry, characters other than Zuckerman scarcely exist in this saga. Though a number of biologically complete females add to the hero's embarrassments, the nearest approach to a heroine in nearly eight hundred pages is Anne Frank's ghost; Proust, the author of another epic of the self striving to bear fruit, by comparison gave us Albertine, Odette, and Marcel's mother. But perhaps an analogue closer than "Remembrance of Things Past" would be Melville's "Pierre," in which another driven young author tortuously struggles with the besieging shadows of a somehow claustrophobic America. All of "The Ghost Writer" and a fraction of "Zuckerman Unbound" first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

TOKYO WOES, by Bruce Jay Friedman (Donald I. Fine; $14.95). Squatting with his host, Bill, for a midnight snack of raw fish and rice balls, an American named Mike reports on his new attention to "small things"—"The striping on this carp, for example. The way the room screens whistle in the wind. The nape of a girl's neck." A day or so before, Mike went out to pick up a paper for his lady love and wound up flying (he called her first, from the airport) to Japan. A few days later, he has increased production on an assembly line by piping in "Sweet Georgia Brown;" has eaten prawns for breakfast and had lunch in the rain; has mediated crises involving an electric futon and mile-long noodles; has been treated to a pornographic "Peeping Tour" by an aging kamikaze pilot; has communed with his dead Uncle Dan; has learned the ideograms for "peninsula" and "curvature of the spine;" has resisted correcting Bill's English when Bill complains about his "rife;" has declined Bill's request to chop off Bill's head; and concludes this very funny, compact comedy by heading, homesick, home.

THAT'S LIFE, by William Herrick (New Directions; $17.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). Maxie Miller, a one-eyed, two-fisted union organizer, talks into a tape recorder for the first eighty pages of this "fiction" (as the title page puts it), and what comes out is a portrait of a saintly Italian anarchist whom he met on the road in the Midwest during the Depression. Maxie's two sons, his wife, and her mother are featured in the five chapters that follow, which are separated by five frank letters that his daughter mails home from boarding school. A more conventional narrative structure might have inspired Mr. Herrick to tie up a few loose ends (there is a good deal of multigenerational extramarital heartbreak) before tacking on a pat happy ending, but the trouble here begins at the beginning, with Maxie's monologue, which veers from "She was legit, I was gonna go with a girl that was legit" to "A dismal blub [sic] hangs overhead. Murph's talking, gesticulating, but nothing he says is distinguishable."

GENERAL

BEFORE THE TRUMPET: YOUNG FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT 1882-1905, by Geoffrey C. Ward (Harper & Row; $19.95). In a brief introduction, the author tells us that three years ago, when he was the editor of *American Heritage*, he was asked "to help decipher secret recordings made by Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Oval Office of the White House in the autumn of 1940," and was struck by the ebullience and assurance in the voice he heard—it expressed not a trace of anxiety, despite the war and Roosevelt's own campaign for an unprecedented third term. Mr. Ward writes that he felt impelled to investigate the sources of Roosevelt's firmness and optimistic assurance. He sought the answer in family papers, from which he has reconstructed the President's formative years in an engrossing biography that evokes the world of the Hudson River gentry in the nineteenth century: old families and new ones; eccentrics and upholders of convention; wastrels and alcoholics as well as men and women who dominated stock exchanges or tea tables. F.D.R.'s parents were exceptionally good-looking, but he, like his cousin Eleanor (the book closes with their marriage), was unusually slender in an era when bulk was admired, and both young people seem to have been overlooked and underestimated in the family and the world. When Franklin left home for Groton and Harvard, he had difficulty in winning acceptance, and Mr. Ward sees him as physically and emotionally a late bloomer. It is not clear why F.D.R. aspired as he did: neither his father nor his older half brother played a part in public life; President Theodore Roosevelt, his distant cousin, was physically remote from the young Franklin; and his mother dealt with the management of a narrow world. Although the mystery of Franklin's later greatness remains unsolved, the book itself is magnificent social history.



ENLARGING THE CHANGE: THE PRINCETON SEMINARS IN LITERARY CRITICISM, 1949-51, by Robert Fitzgerald (Northeastern; $19.95). After a glance at the table of contents—Erich Auerbach on Pascal and Baudelaire, Francis Fergusson on the "Purgatorio," Mark Schorer on the modern English novel, a team of six tackling Mann's "Doctor Faustus"—one might take these chapters for a festschrift, but they are more like minutes, of four series of six weekly meetings organized by the critic R. P. Blackmur, under the auspices of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, with the blessings of its director, Robert Oppenheimer. "The artificializing formulas which make problems easy to discuss and easier to escape in discussion"—thus did Blackmur express after an especially fruitless session the ambivalence of each of his colleagues toward the formulas of anyone else. The late Robert Fitzgerald did his best to trace themes and find a consensus, but what the reader will remember is his telling marginalia, which are as good as his translations of Homer. Jacques Maritain, for instance, wrote in a "cobwebby serene hand;" René Wellek "had not Auerbach's ready flair for talk; he never got up to sit on the edge of the table;" and Auerbach was "steeped in the old universities cosmopolitan as seaports."

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE, by Ronald Dworkin (Harvard; $25). A collection of essays on legal theory by a professor of law at both Oxford and New York Universities. Mr. Dworkin's underlying position is suggested by his title: law is about principle, and is not, in the legal-positivist catchphrase, merely what the courts decide. In his discussion of judicial decisions with political implications in this country and Great Britain, Mr. Dworkin distinguishes between principle and policy, maintaining that courts may decide matters of principle—ends, if you like—but, ideally, should not base their determinations on questions of policy, or means. He is a close arguer, with an imagination that enhances his earnestness. There are two essays comparing law and literary criticism as instances of interpretation. His more general essays—on, for example, procedure or the nature of liberalism—complement essays that discuss such current legal questions as civil disobedience, affirmative action, pornography, and the press and the First Amendment.

VOICES OF THE OLD SEA, by Norman Lewis (Viking; $15.95). Mr. Lewis's new book is a kind of latter-day version of Elliot Paul's "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town." Mr. Paul's town lost its life in the Spanish Civil War to the forces of General Franco. The town that Mr. Lewis writes about is a Catalonian village called Farol, just up the Mediterranean coast from Barcelona. He spent three long seasons there (from early spring through autumn) in the years just after the Second World War, and saw it change from a remote fishing village into one of the emerging tourist jewels of the Costa Brava. Mr. Lewis is not a romantic. It is unclear what attracted him to Farol, but he sees it as it was—dirty, cat-ridden, populated by rigid, superstitious, xenophobic, Church-hating innocents—and as it soon became: clean, relatively rich, populated by vulgar visitors and confused and aimless natives. There are no conclusions here. He takes no stand. He simply takes us through the years, introduces us to his hard-won friends, repeats the village legends, follows the village scandals and pleasures, lets us see and hear and decide for ourselves.

•

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Nickerson, of Nantucket, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Gail Furber Nickerson, to Bertyl V. Johnson, Jr., son of Mrs. Bertyl Johnson, Sr., of Brownsville, Vermont.

Mrs. J. Wood Rutter, of Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, and Nantucket, is the grandmother of Miss Nickerson.

The wedding will take place at the First Congregational Church in Nantucket on June 8, 1985.

In some parts of the Orient people were occasionally married to trees.—*Nantucket (Mass.) Inquirer & Mirror.*

Just give the news, please.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Jeff Gerth in the Times*]

Under President Reagan, the Pentagon has spent hundreds of billions in procurement, over $133 billion last year alone, and made waste, fraud and abuse a major priority.

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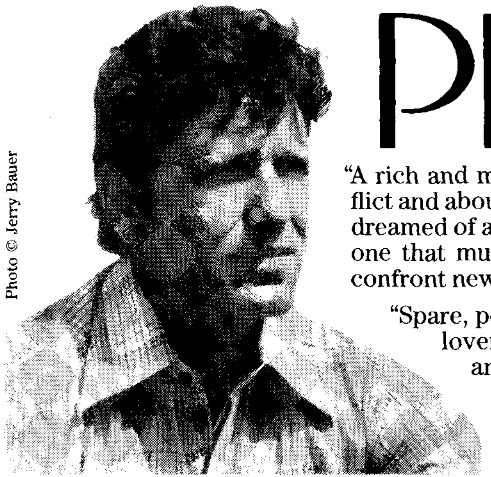

Photo © Jerry Bauer

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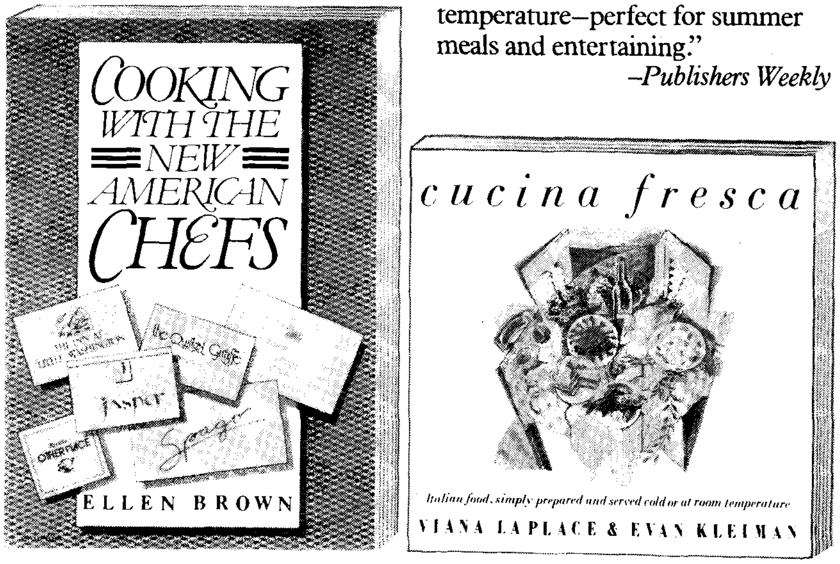
–*Publishers Weekly*



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CARMINE PEPPE

Carmine Peppe, who was the makeup editor of *The New Yorker* for fifty years, was born on Laight Street, in lower Manhattan, in 1907, and died in Brooklyn on May 22nd. Little known in the outside world, he was a truly mythical figure in our office. A few months after the magazine was founded, in 1925, he came to work here as what was then called an office boy. He was soon seen to be a person of extraordinary intelligence and resourcefulness, and was promoted to being a "proof boy" and then an "art boy"—keeping track first of proofs and then of the drawings submitted by our artists. Not long after that, he moved into a still unnamed makeup department, where he learned all that he then had to know about typography, layout, printing, photo-engraving, and the mechanics of putting the magazine together. He thereupon became our makeup editor, and that he remained until he decided to retire, in 1977. Carmine was the fourth of a family of thirteen children, and he is survived by his wife, Marie; his daughter, Elaine; his son, John; and six grandchildren. It was impossible to distinguish between Carmine the family man and Carmine the makeup man, because he turned his department into a second family. Just as his actual family did everything in a body—went to church, went to a baseball game, went picnicking or fishing—his *New Yorker* family moved and acted in a body, its four or five members lunching together every day, working in an uncannily harmonious way at their intricate tasks, sending out for sandwiches and coffee together when, as too often happened, they had to work into the night or early morning.

Carmine Peppe had the hands of a master craftsman, and he had the eye and the soul of an artist. He lived with love at home, and he worked with love at his demanding job. He did not read much, but as he laid out our pages he seemed to see through the type and the words to the essential meaning of what he was physically occupied with. It was as if in measuring lines, and the words in the lines, and the characters in the words, he sensed something mysterious and profound that the other editors, and even the writers themselves, did not realize was there. He could look at a page of print and intuitively absorb the value of what lay beneath. It was his special subtext. Carmine was a natural inventor of systems, creator of order. He was also a natural teacher and organizer. He chose his assistants wisely. For his department he devised a hierarchy of equals: each man learned everything the man above him was doing and could step into that man's job without a moment's lost motion or a moment's doubt.

When insoluble makeup problems arose, Carmine Peppe resorted to magic. If a piece of writing ran longer than had been anticipated, he was able to pull extra columns of space out of the air. If something ran short, he was able to produce the illusion that it didn't. His aesthetic instinct for what drawing should appear on what page and what its size on the page should ideally be was faultless. If, say, a drawing was an eighth of an inch too wide, he saw it as jumping off the page, and he was right. His meticulousness, his precision, his attention to detail were fanatical. In the last analysis, it was Carmine who determined, early in our history, how the pages of *The New Yorker* should look, how the magazine as a whole should look. Since what he designed for us was appropriate to our intentions and was classic, we stayed with what he gave us. Just as the family man and the makeup man could not be separated, Carmine's devotion to his family and his devotion to his profession were really one. Both began with his sweetness of nature and his sheer goodness. At times, as he worked his long hours and his late nights, as he measured his way toward mechanical perfection, his face would become white with fatigue, but he never left the office until he was certain that the last line, the last letter, was in place. It was Carmine Peppe who saw to it that *The New Yorker* went to press.

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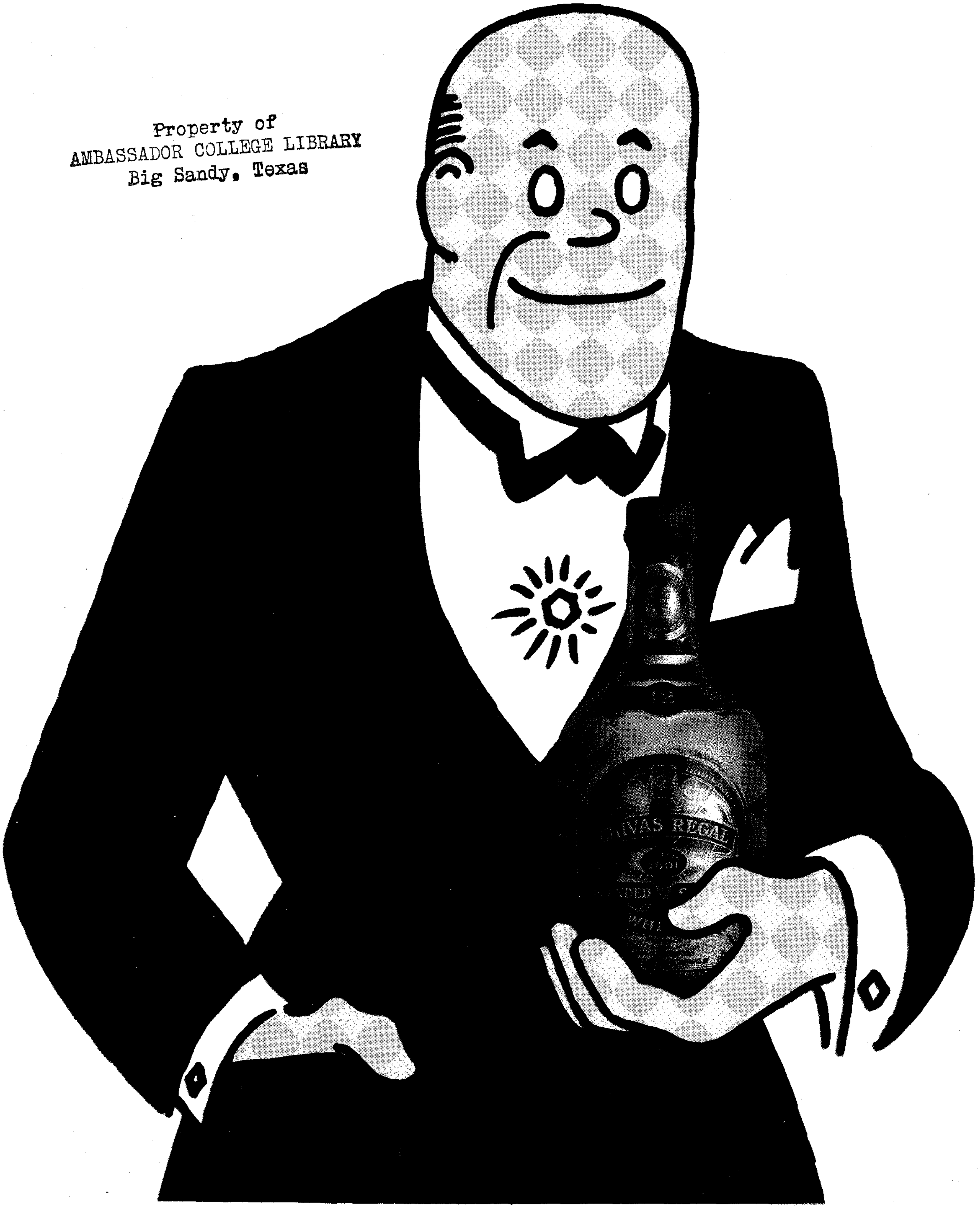

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